FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

oui

NOVEMBER 1972 • ONE DOLLAR

MARLENE:
THE BLONDE ANGEL

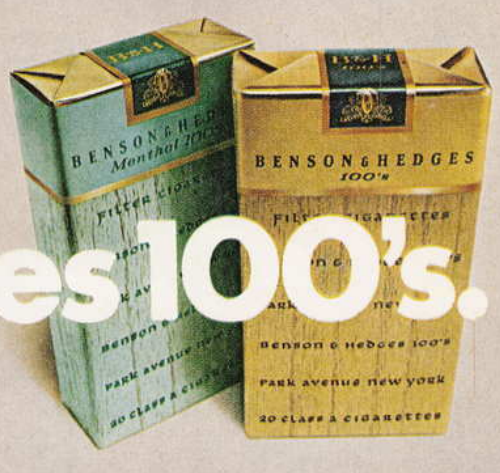
JEAN GENET AND
THE BLACK PANTHERS

DRUG CITY

BRIGITTE BARDOT
AND FRIENDS

PLUS: PINBALL,
BEER CANS, VIRGIN WOOL,
SEX, DOPE AND
EXPENSIVE THRILLS

America's Favorite Cigarette Break.



Benson & Hedges 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Apr. '72.

© Sony Corp. of America. Visit our Showroom, 714 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Take-along Stereo.

You don't have to settle for monaural any more when you go to the beach or the park or on a picnic.

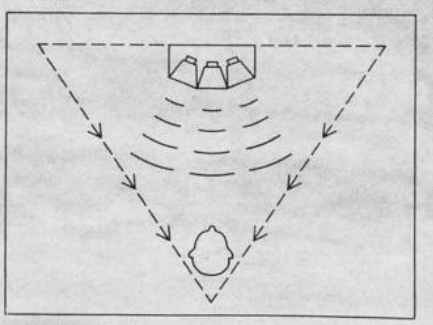
Just take along a Sony MR-9300WA.

It's a portable stereo radio that's as easy to take along as any good monaural, because it weighs less than 6 lbs. with batteries.

And as easy to operate because you don't have to swing out or detach any speakers.

The 9300WA has three speakers, but they're mounted side-by-side inside the radio.

They disperse the sound into the air in front of the radio, eliminating the "hole-in-the-middle" effect, and give you a much fuller sound than is possible from conventional, two-speaker stereo radios.



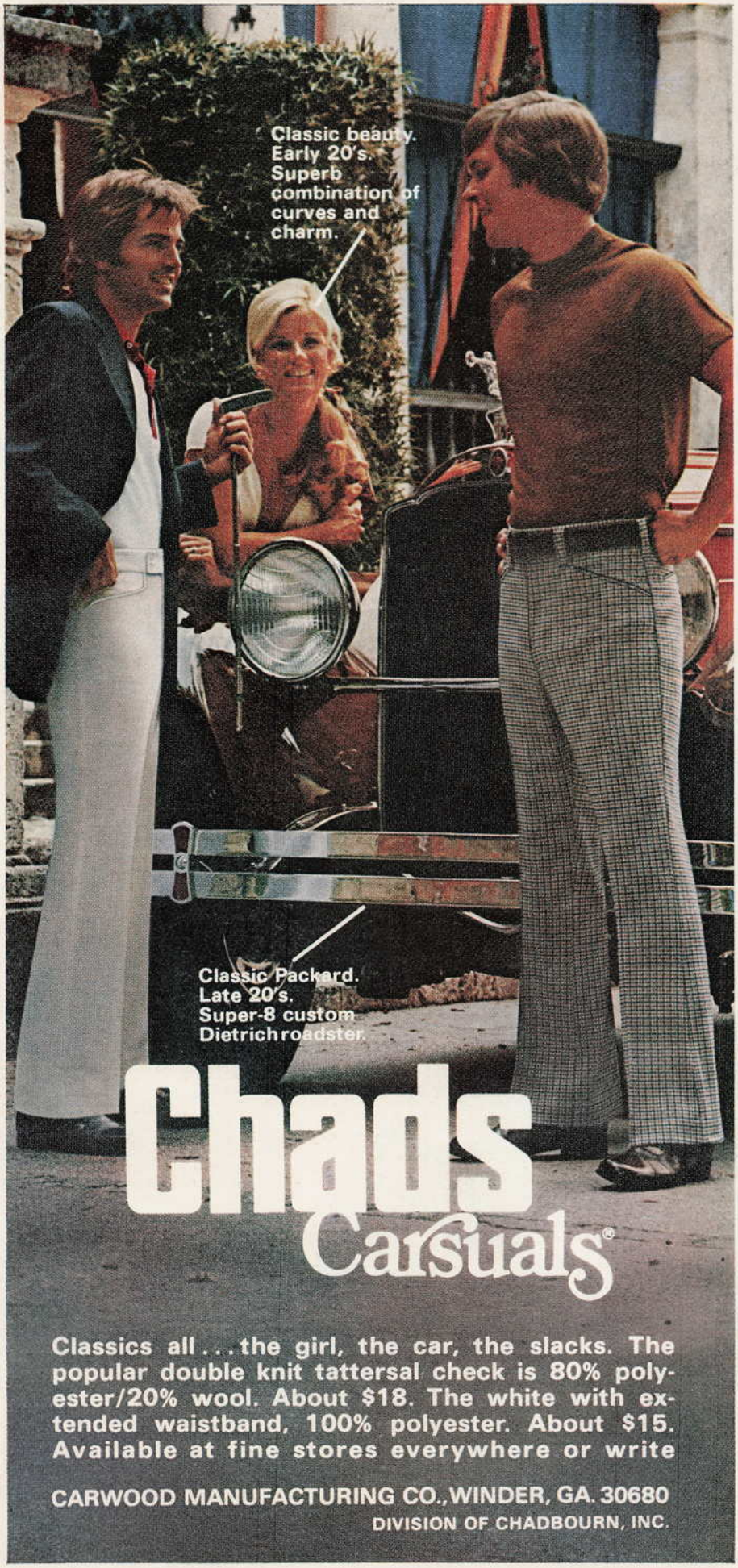
Why it doesn't need separated speakers to create stereo sound.

Besides three stereo speakers, the all-solid-state 9300WA has FM with AFC to driftproof your station, AM, stereo indicator light, and an AC cord.

Remember, though, it's not the three speakers that make it a great portable stereo radio.

It's the sound.

The SONY® one-piece Portable Stereo Radio


Classic beauty.
Early 20's.
Superb
combination of
curves and
charm.
Classic Packard.
Late 20's.
Super-8 custom
Dietrich roadster.
Chads
Carsuals®
Classics all . . . the girl, the car, the slacks. The popular double knit tattersal check is 80% polyester/20% wool. About $18. The white with extended waistband, 100% polyester. About $15. Available at fine stores everywhere or write
CARWOOD MANUFACTURING CO., WINDER, GA. 30680
DIVISION OF CHADBOURN, INC.

HUGH M. HEFNER
Publisher
DANIEL FILIPACCHI
Co-Publisher

JON CARROLL
Co-Editor
JEAN-LOUIS GINIBRE
Co-Editor
AHMAD SADIQ
Art Director
JON BORGZINNER
Managing Editor
JOHN LOMBARDI
Articles Editor
CAROL TROY
Associate Editor
MICHELLE URRY
Cartoon Editor
AMY TEPLIN
Fashion Editor
GARRICK FELDMAN
Copy Editor
RODNEY WILLIAMS
Art Assistant
NANCY KAPLAN
Administrative Assistant

RICHARD M. KOFF
Assistant Publisher
DON HANRAHAN
Advertising Director
JOHN MASTRO
Production Director
ALLEN VARGO
Production Manager
RICHARD MENDRALA
Assistant Production Manager
THOMAS G. WILLIAMS
Customer Service
ALVIN WIEMOLD
Subscription Manager
VINCENT THOMPSON
Newsstand Manager
CAROLE CRAIG
Reader Service

With special thanks to Andrea Adam, Jack Altman, Gloria Biedron, Reno Bracci, Don Davenport, Mary Ann Entzminger, Fran Hahn, Judy Jones, Gloria Kaiz, William McMahon, Chantal Monterastelli, Joy Moorman, Mary Louise Muehlhausen, Tom Nolan, Velveteen Rose, Genia Tchoryk, Nick Tosches, Ed Ward, Thelma Young and especially our friends across the waters, the staff of *LUI* magazine.

oui

GENERAL OFFICES: 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted if they are to be returned and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights in letters sent to OUI will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to OUI's unrestricted right to edit and to comment editorially. Contents copyright © 1972 by Playboy Publications, Inc. © Lui Magazine, as to material which first appeared in the January 1969, June 1970, February and December 1971 and February 1972 issues of Lui. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between the people and places in the fiction and semifiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. COVER: Frank Gitty. GATEFOLD: Pompeo Posar. Photographs on pages 46 and 47 by Eugene Anthony and David Chan. Illustration on pages 72 and 73 by James Grashow.

OUI, November 1972, Volume 1, Number 2. Published monthly by Playboy Publications, Inc., a subsidiary of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $9 for one year.

FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

oui

VOL. 1 NO. 2 NOVEMBER 1972

34
THE MALTESE FOX
Marie-Sophie discovers Malta, and we discover Marie-Sophie.

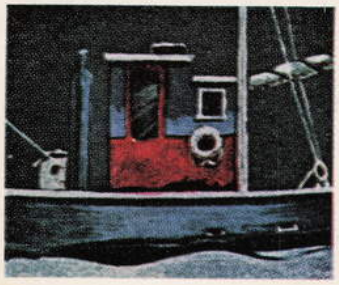
40
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE AT ALL TIMES?
Watch it.

43
YOU'VE MADE YOUR BED; LIE IN IT
French cartoonist Guerrier examines the nature of retirement and discovers that different folks have different strokes.

46
THE BREAST AESTHETIC
By Roberta Ostroff
Mother Nature clearly didn't know how important big boobs were going to be when she started making women, so a friendly California doctor has leaped in to fill the breach. With plastic bags? Yes.

5
OPENERS
Monty Python strikes again; Alice Cooper receives a bouquet; an obscene phone caller becomes discouraged; a town in Illinois is prevented from falling off the earth; the Incredible Zebra-Striped Bow Tie appears briefly; plus books, movies, games, records and odd occurrences from the far corners of the globe.

30
DRUG CITY
Marseilles, where the French Connection made his first score, is still the heroin capital of the Western world. The straight skinny.



50
THE UPHILL STRUGGLE AGAINST THE BIG TILT
By John Morthland
Pinball considered as a narcotic. Various wizards are interviewed. Old techniques are abandoned. Free games for all.

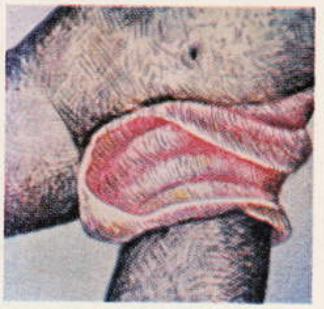
52
LAST YEAR AT MARLENE'S
Our gatefold person speculates on her past triumphs, but reaches no conclusions.

62
CONVERSATION WITH JEAN GENET
The French poet, playwright and pederast wanted to talk primarily about the Black Panthers, whom he admires, and Americans in general, whom he doesn't.

66
THE GOLDEN FLEECE KIDNAPPING
What to wear during that all-important first abduction.

72
THE COMPLEAT IDIOT'S GUIDE TO CLASSICAL MUSIC
By Ed Ward
The demystification of serious music, from the beginning. Sex and dope in the 14th Century. The stuff your parents never knew.

75
YOU ONLY GO AROUND ONCE IN LIFE
So grab for that beer can with all the gusto you've got. It might be worth big bucks someday. Ever heard of *Soul, James Bond 007, Bullfrog, Olde Frothingslosh, Playmate*? Beer can collectors have. Sometimes they even drink the beer.



78
LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES
A famous French poet (he asked us not to use his name but generous hints are scattered about) tells of his unconventional sexual awakening.

82
THE FRENCH COLLECTION
Everyone knows that French movie stars are the best movie stars. We've got the best of the best, from Bardot to Deneuve, naked as jaybirds. Suitable for framing.

92
SPARE PARTS
A nice story by Gerard de Villiers about nice people who use the living bodies of poor people as . . .

118
MAIL
Our readers, bless them, tell us what they liked, and what they didn't like. We make a few comments. Watch this space.

Landlubber jeans, bells, shirts, jumpsuits, overalls, jackets, pants, western-wear and other gear. That's all there is.
For a full color poster of this ad send $1.00 to Landlubber poster #12-O, Box 8006, Boston, Massachusetts 02114.

OPENERS

Futures: Bare Girls Glow Like Tostadas

We know people who hoard strike-anywhere matches. They're stashing them away against the day people are forced to be safe. Gone would be the days when you could strike up on your Levis, or snick one alight with your fingernail. Strike-anywheres go real well with kerosene lamps. We love them. Lots of lovely light. Human light. Beards glisten. Bare girls glow like tostadas. Skin melts with the softness of hot wax. Everything becomes parchment, patience and pearls. No pores. Old-style kerosene lamps are cheap, too—only $3 to $30, depending on who's telling you they're antiques. Wicks are still available, and the glass chimneys and mantles are virtually standard. Beats Edison.

One of the best is the Aladdin lamp. Yes, that's its patented name. Magical. Their unique shape reminds you of Mae West. Rub one and see. The big bosom holds the juice. The ingenious thing about Aladdins is that they have tubular wicks, and therefore circular flames. A one and a half inch flat wick is thus replaced by seven inches of illumination. Turn it up, and you can fine print. Down, and the world's a dim lustre. The smell of kerosene is kicky, too. Low general pollution, but keep Mrs. O'Leary's cow away. You can almost hear the horses clopping by.

Another whisper of the past worth cornering as a future are Barlow jackknives. They say BARLOW right there on both sides of the metal hinge bolster, although most of them come from Imperial in Providence, Rhode Island. Pure Tom Sawyer—even better than having a live frog in your pocket. The boy's dream pocket knife, complete with big 2½ inch and baby 1½ inch blades (you never use the littler one—it's the reserve). We don't know who Barlow

Someone to Look Up To

***Vogue* magazine's lady in Rome says that the men there think women's lib is just dandy, but the big platform shoes that the Roman women are wearing are driving them bananas. Women's lib is one thing, but to have your lady towering over you in six-inch heels just won't do. Machismo dies hard in Rome.**

Monty Python Strikes Again

Monty Python is not a real person. You needn't worry about this. *Monty Python's Flying Circus* is not a real circus. So much for your childish illusions. What it is, really, is the looniest television program in England, a feast for the senses and the hope of tomorrow. And now those same demented chaps have made a movie called *And Now For Something Completely Different*. It features faggy mounted policemen, lustful toad sexers and crazed clerics, plus a mind-boggling amount of bizarre graphics, from whence the policeman with the tits above these lines proceeds. It is one of those movies which some people will understand and other people won't. If you understand it, award yourself 20 bonus points and move immediately to the troubled inner city, where your services are required. *And Now For Something Completely Different* is being brought to you by Playboy Productions, and you know they always have your best interests at heart.

was, but he must have been a lot shorter than Jim Bowie. He designed this baby 250 years ago in England. Today, this cheapie is sharp, useful and classic. But we suspect it's part of the passing parade. Fill your kitchen drawers with them. Don't forget, if it doesn't say BARLOW right there on the handle, it ain't.

If you really start taking all this seriously, you might consider saving eggs. Yes, eggs. Live dangerously. After they leave the coop, these too become collectors' items. Unfortunately, a low resale value.

In a Taxi? Yes. Now? Yes. How Much Do We Tip the Driver? Yes.

Come inside me!
Hurry up . . .
I am inside you.
All the way!
I don't dare.
This isn't the first time. With Cytise . . .
But you're so delicate.
Harder!
I don't want to hurt you. That would be serious.
Nothing is serious except getting sick.
Exactly, you might get sick.
You exaggerate. Put it in. Deeper.
Yes!
A perfect fit.
Locked together.
Be careful.
Why?
We'll get stuck. They'll have to carry us away.

So goes the opening dialogue of Violette Leduc's **The Taxi**, now out in translation from the French. The entire book is dialogue. Who's carrying on this dialogue? An adolescent brother and sister, doing their act in the back of a taxi, on a mattress, with blinds drawn and a bucket of champagne. They've decided to take this incest trip for one, and only one, perfect day in their lives. The late Violette Leduc also brought you *Thérèse and Isabelle* back in 1967. She has a certain taste for these arcane couplings. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95.* —*J.B.*

An Orgy of Machismo

Deliverance asks viewers to accept not only an outlandish series of events but a cast of characters who border on caricature, all of which taints the film's credibility. But *Deliverance* is so enthralling that audiences may decline to be fussy.

Four men in search of adventure leave their placid environment for one of drastic dissimilarity—their ultimate search, ironically, is for deliverance. They undertake a canoe trip down a treacherous South Carolina river that is about to be dammed in both homonymic senses of the word. Driving deep into backwoods mountain country, they confront what at first appears to be a colorful and exotic segment of Americana: mountain folk and the wildlife paradise that they inhabit. Before long, the men recognize the indifferent brutality of both the land and its people.

Lewis (Burt Reynolds), full of Hemingwayesque chutzpah, leads the group to the river "because it's there." His shtick is thick enough to cut with a knife; you can't see the man for the machismo. In one crucial scene he finally comes across as a man of believable force and conviction. Whereas Lewis's life force is ego, Drew (Ronny Cox) is driven by fear of God and law; Bobby (Ned Beatty), by fear of society; and Ed (Jon Voight), by the question of his own manhood. Though all the other actors are more than adequate, *Deliverance* is clearly Voight's vehicle. His performance is not unlike his Joe Buck of *Midnight Cowboy*. While Voight's range seems limited, his expression is brilliantly capable of the despair, tension and startled innocence that characterize this role.

Vilmos Zsigmond's photography (he also shot *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*) is hauntingly applied to evoke foreboding and the supernatural among the rapids and steep cliffs. Director John Boorman provides an unsuspecting tranquillity in the opening scenes that belies and jarringly contrasts with the events that follow. His pacing and the camerawork give *Deliverance* the rapturous mood that is its greatest strength: It draws one completely within itself to the exclusion of any other actuality, letting the viewer experience the taut tale from the characters' vantage point. If you can refrain from investing this film with your own theories of reality, illusion and manhood, it can be enjoyed as superb adventure, at times overpoweringly emotional. —*M.K.*

Animal Farm

It seems that just outside Copenhagen, the pornography capital of the known universe, there is a farm where they raise and train animals to appear in dirty movies. The local branch of the ASPCA is still trying to decide whether that's cruel or not.

Good Cops. Bad Cops. Who Cares?

The New Centurions in its initial incarnation was a best-selling novel about policemen written by a policeman, an L.A.P.D. sergeant. It was a readable book, full of action, with the Watts riot at its core; and the rather wishy-washy points it had to make above and beyond its principal purpose were bearable in the context of daily squad car adventure. The film *The New Centurions* unadvisably underplays confrontation (the Watts rebellion is eliminated entirely) and chooses to emphasize the frustrations inherent in police work.

The policemen's personal dilemmas are believable, as far as they go: the marriage that founders on the rocks of work schedules; the jumpy rookie who kills the wrong running figure. The sudden danger possible in the most innocuous-seeming situation is conveyed effectively, and the meaninglessness of enforcing laws against consenting adults is hinted at. Agreed: A policeman's lot is not a happy one, and cops are real people with real human emotions. Yet the problems that plague these officers are always things like boredom and anguish and helplessness in the face of mounting crime, rather than bigotry or brutality. The men in blue are all unfailingly polite. And when a black man is shot by mistake, it is a regrettable but understandable accident. We are being fed a rather one-sided version of the supposed reality of life on the street, one with which many a citizen might take issue.

Attempts are made to amplify and make meaningful this simplistic view, but they only muddy the waters. A veteran sarge glumly forecasts failure for the new centurions holding the line against the rising tide of, uh, barbarism, but it remains unclear exactly what it is that appalls him: topless bars? Supreme Court decisions? When a dying cop moans, "I was just beginning to know," the audience is left with its ignorance intact.

George C. Scott and Stacy Keach are front and center in this exercise and are

Salem refreshes naturally!

Natural Menthol™ is why.

Salem uses only natural menthol, not the kind made in a laboratory. Like our rich, full-flavored tobaccos, our menthol is naturally grown.

Then we blend natural menthol with our superb golden tobaccos. It is a unique blend found in no other cigarette. A blend that gives Salem a taste that's never harsh or hot . . . a taste as naturally cool and fresh as Springtime.

© 1972 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine,
SUPER KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '72.

Columbia brings you the

12" STEREO RECORDS

8-TRACK STEREO CARTRIDGES

Any 9 records, cartridges,

218529

217299

214650

217356 *

219063

219030 *

212852

221424

221390

217844 *

219022

216804 *

215772

218511 *

219485

221176

218497 *

217679

216580

218263 *

218610

191809

214395

218701

214981

218156 *

218685 *

220723

216341 *

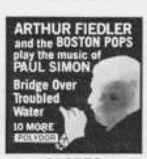
216564 *

217273

187112

215459 *

216572 *



212753

215251

210765

215236 *

212845

214973 *

206573

210773 *

208363

215111 *

219634

196246

210369

202523

210179

202796

203919

171504

210229

217224 *

216416

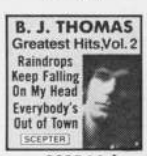
201772

211540

212480 *

211565

216820



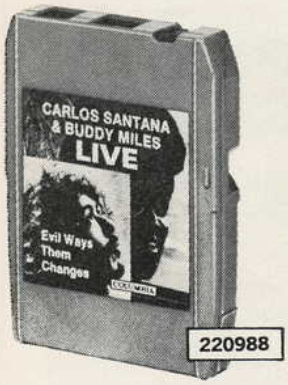
209544 *

187088

201780

* Selections marked with a star are not available in reel tapes

best of everything in all recorded entertainment...



STEREO TAPE CASSETTES

7" REEL-TO-REEL STEREO TAPES

cassettes or reel tapes for only $2.86 plus processing and postage

if you join now and agree to buy as few as seven selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years

213538

218354

218842 *

218560

215848

220772

218446

218438

218669 *

215137

216093

218289 *

215392

218040

217307 *

217422

218180 *

215400

212134 *

214387

203539

217851 *

216861 *

219782

218198 *

207324

220335 *

215434

185843

220327 *

207522

214403

207662

216952

192583 *

221192 *

216945

212159 *

186809

210781

196444

Just look at this great selection of recorded entertainment — available in your choice of records *or* tapes! And if you join now, you may have ANY 9 of these selections for only $2.86. Just mail the postpaid application (be sure to indicate whether you want your 9 selections on cartridges, cassettes, reel tapes *or* records). In exchange . . .

You agree to buy just seven more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years and you may cancel membership any time after doing so.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment . . . and the selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club prices: cartridges and cassettes, $6.98; reel tapes, $7.98; records, $4.98 or $5.98 . . . plus a processing and postage charge. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: every four weeks you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine, which describes the regular selection for each musical interest . . . plus hundreds of alternates from every field of music.

. . . **if you do not want any selection offered,** just mail the response card always provided by the date specified

. . . **if you want only the regular selection** for your musical interest, you need do nothing — it will be shipped to you automatically

. . . **if you want any of the other selections offered,** just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified

. . . **and from time to time** we will offer some special selections, which you may reject by mailing the dated form always provided . . . or accept by simply doing nothing — the choice is *always* up to you!

You'll be eligible for our bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement — a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases. Act now!

Columbia House
Terre Haute Indiana 47808

F58/F72

The One and Only, World's First, All-Time Polyunsaturated Corn Palace

It's the kind of prairie baroque that gives a man heart, that gives a man just enough of a vision of the beyond to help him make it through another day behind the plow in the flat burning sun. This moorish heaven was the brainchild of two 19th Century hustlers by the name of L. O. Gale and Louis E. Beckwith, who in 1892 sweet-talked the town of Mitchell, South Dakota, into putting it up after a similar venture of theirs failed over in Sioux City, Iowa. William Jennings Bryan spoke here once, flailing his arms about in front of the farmers, little rivulets of sweat pouring off his brow, working up the crowds with his Cross of Gold speech. John Philip Sousa's Band played here right after a triumphal European tour in 1904. Mitchell had a population of 3000 by then, and when Sousa saw that Main Street wasn't paved, he demanded payment in full before disembarking from his prairie steamer. In 1948, a Dakota boy with a funny accent shattered Corn Palace attendance records—Lawrence Welk and his Champagne Music, hitting the farmers where they lived, building visions of a bubbling splendor. Perhaps now the Corn Palace will play host to yet another hometown boy whose private reveries were furnished with its shimmering domes and minarets. Perhaps George McGovern will someday return in triumph to the World's Only Corn Palace, drink a little too much California champagne, and thank the mayor as he gets introduced to Lawrence Welk. Of such stuff are dreams made.

certainly fine in their roles. But except for one brief affecting telephone monologue in which the Scott character hints at his terminal despair, there are no dramatic fireworks to utilize the presence of these talented leads.

Adam-12 with an R rating. —*T.N.*

Super Fly Scores Big

Priest, an elegantly dressed black cocaine dealer, tours his New York turf in a customized limo fit for royalty. Wants out. Runs one last big number —30 keys. Meets some corrupt white cops. Will they ice him after he's been used? Can he outsmart them, save his beautiful black head *and* escape with enough bread to strut in style? It's a good bet! It's a good plot. **Super Fly**'s plot takes a back seat to:

Dazzling Technicolor technique. Harlem, splashed in sunlight, has the appeal of the Beatles' London in *Help*. Penthouse pads with cut-glass chandeliers are comprehended as immediately as an Andy Warhol video tape. Street paintings and slogans look like Godard messages. The Big Apple is rotten to the core, coated with candy, full of danger.

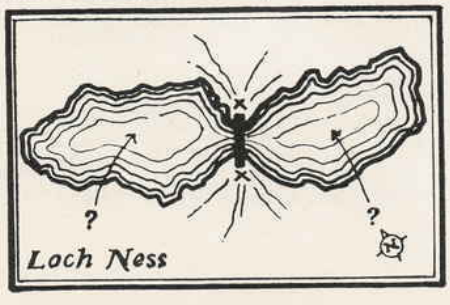
Righteous acting: Ron O'Neal as Priest; everyone else as everyone else. Great faces: pushed-in or unblemished, noble or for sale, whining or powerful.

Accurate, comic slang. Silly romance; great sex (in a bathtub). One complaint: snorting dope treated casually; no coke convulsions here at all. Curtis Mayfield's sounds are super. James Signorelli looked through the lens. Gordon Parks, Jr., directed the women and the men. Really good. Fine, superb, swell. —*T.N.*

How to Catch a Monster (And Other Schemes)

And here we have Lowell Darling, who is the director of the Fat City School of Finds Art and a mail artist. He writes letters. He once wrote the mayor of Carbondale, Illinois, announcing that he had placed four nails in the ground at strategic points around Carbondale to prevent the city from falling off the planet. The mayor sent him a dollar and a big thank you. He'd been worried, too.

Lowell Darling sent a letter to the American Bible Society asking how many angels, in their opinion, could dance on the head of a pin. He was doing this painting, and he wanted to be accurate. The Bible people replied that they had no official position on the matter, and referred Mr. Darling to Thomas Aquinas. The chairman of the University of Montana School of Fine Arts volunteered to help in determining how many pins could go into one angel.



One time, Mr. Darling, worried about the effects of nuclear testing on our neighbors to the north, wrote Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau with a solution: a network of 400-feet-tall fans all along the U. S.-Canadian border (to prevent the radiation from getting in) and an equally large plexiglas screen along the northern border (to prevent the chilly arctic air from being drawn across Canada by the fans). An aide to Mr. Trudeau pointed out that the plan would leave Canada in something of a vacuum.

Mr. Darling also wrote the Loch Ness Investigation Bureau of London, monster-seeking headquarters, with a plan to tie a piece of wet rawhide across the middle of the Loch. As the rawhide dried, it would shrink, pulling the shoreline with it and eventually cutting the Loch in half, making the search for the monster twice as easy. Responded the Loch Ness Investigation Bureau: "It might require less force (and rawhide) if we just filled the Loch with jelly crystals, dropped in a 10-ton maraschino cherry, issued spoons to all the kids in the U. K. and let them eat the beast out."

Mr. Darling was enchanted.

Does He Make You Shudder in Bed?

The new English version of *Cosmopolitan* is just as crazed as its American momma. For instance, "How to Trap a Rich Man" offers the following advice: **"Never sleep with a man unless it is to**

CAN A DRINK THAT HELPED DEFEAT THE JAPANESE SECRET SERVICE IN WORLD WAR II, HELP YOU GET THROUGH COLLEGE?

Answer the ten questions
of the Brass Monkey Undercover Scholarship Contest,
and win a year's tuition to college.

About a year and a half ago we introduced a drink called the Brass Monkey. It's made from a secret recipe we learned from an old friend of H. E. Rasske, who was purported to be the Brass Monkey himself, an allied secret agent, operating out of Macao during World War II.

The legend of the Brass Monkey was so fascinating, we pieced together and reconstructed as much of it as we could in our advertising. It reads like a B-movie script, complete with spies, counterspies, smugglers, soldiers-of-fortune, mercenaries, river pirates and mysterious disappearances.

If you've ever tasted the Brass Monkey and are familiar with the three ads that we've been running, you've got a pretty good shot at answering the following ten questions. To make it a little easier, we'll give you the headlines of the ads and where they appear.

Headlines: "The Brass Monkey Returns"
"The Brass Monkey Is Worth Two Aircraft Carriers In The Coral Sea"
"Was The Brass Monkey A Woman?"

Where They Appear:
"Rolling Stone" October 12, October 26 and November 9

Remember, the best answers to these ten questions win a year's free tuition at any college of your choice in the country (provided you're enrolled, of course). Give it a try. You've got nothing to lose, and considering the price of education nowadays, an awful lot to gain.

Please mail all entries to:
Brass Monkey
Undercover Scholarship Contest A
Post Office Box 2016
Hartford, Connecticut 06101
Good Luck!

The Ten Undercover Questions

1. What was the name of the Japanese Secret Service?

2. How did the Brass Monkey Club get its name?

3. What was the name of the street where the Brass Monkey Club was located?

4. If the Brass Monkey was a woman, what two possible names could she have had besides H. E. Rasske?

5. What is the color of the Brass Monkey Cocktail?

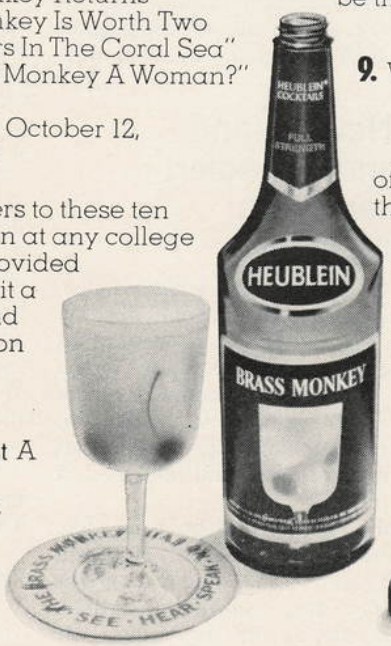
6. How did Admiral Kokura die?

7. Where is H. E. Rasske reputed to live now?

8. During World War II, what was reputed to be the principal form of commerce in Macao?

9. What was the name of the quinine dealer?

10. Loyana sang "My Love is a Man of Gold." What do you think the lyrics of this song might have been?



HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS

All entries will be judged by an independent judging organization. No entries will be judged after 12/31/72. Employees and their dependents of Heublein, Inc., its subsidiaries, affiliates and their agencies or judging organization are not eligible for this contest.

Heublein Brass Monkey.® 48 Proof. Made with Rum, Smirnoff® Vodka and Natural Flavors. ©1972 Heublein, Incorporated, Hartford, Connecticut 06101.

your advantage." This blanket statement is followed by a question: "Does he make you shudder in bed? If you don't fancy him now, what will he be like later?"

A Toke with Smoke

The Egyptian hieroglyphics on the title page of Smokestack el Ropo's **Bedside Reader** translate as: "The Book of Hashish." You may wonder how I come to know this.

Remember when there were books about whether dope was good for you? Remember when psychedelic was a word you used a couple of times a week? A day? Well, times have changed.

Today (shift from black and white to color, maybe open the curtains and go to CinemaScope) we have a collection of writings on the subject of being more or less stoned; selected, pruned, orchestrated and occasionally written by Smokestack el Ropo. El Ropo: fabled wino and ex-drug-tester who has something to do with what he calls "America's only rolling newspaper," chronicler of whispered exploits and weaver of the Fables.

The Fables, which you may have read in *Rolling Stone*, are elegant bits of instant folklore, polished to a vanishing surface of stoned profundity. Six are far too few, but el Ropo cannot be hurried.

The Fables are only a small part of the dope tales in the *Reader*, and the dope tales themselves are only a large part. (There are also a number of small boldface boxes containing old dope rumors, new dope folklore, short takes and odd news stories.) These diverse writings are a well-mixed bag—a few flowers, a few seeds and stems.

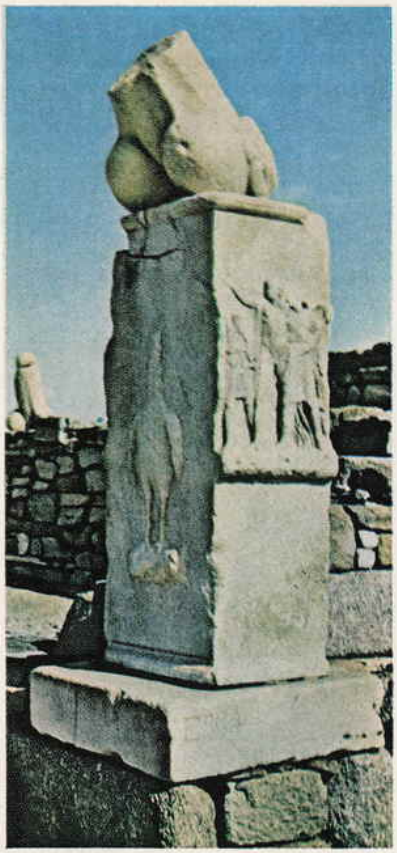
Among the flowers are several of my favorite stories from the rolling newspaper: a B movie by Sheila Weller called *A Dealer's Dozen Incidents in the Dope Trade*, featuring a heroine (Donna) who should probably be played by Diane Varsi, action that burns up the screen and a last paragraph that ends the story with a gorgeously ambiguous freeze-frame; Charles Alverson's *Nervous Journey to the Hash Capital*, capturing a complex scene with detail and grace; a sad, beautiful short story by poet Tom Clark, *100 Locomotives in the Roundhouse*; a surrealistic slapstick comedy of midnight dope harvesting by Charles Perry, *By the Light of the Kennedy Moon*; Jon Carroll's interview with Tim Elborn (one of Nixon's press flacks); Dr. Elmo Rooney's rightly famed essay on *How to Play the 12-Button Telephone*.

Then there's a lot of middlin' smoke, and the above-mentioned seeds and stems. The seeds and stems include too much Hunter Thompson and a long article by Scot Morris on do-it-yourself psychedelic playthings that reads like "What to Do with the Children on a Rainy Afternoon."

Nice graphics, good layout, beer-resistant cover. All in all, a pretty good count for $3.50. *Straight Arrow Books.*

—B.S.

Flaccid Marble



If you turn this postcard over, you will see that the caption is in Greek. And the English translation goes like this: "DELOS—Antiquities." Somehow, we got the feeling that the Greeks had more in mind than that.

Huey Newton and Raymond Chandler: Together Again In Living Print

Books on movies are seldom entertaining, especially to someone like me who doesn't go to the movies very often and couldn't be considered a "movie nut." But when you run across a movie book that is both a book on movies and pretty much a movie itself, you find that you can be entertained and informed at the same time.

Especially when the book is like **Double Feature** by Michael Goodwin and Greil Marcus. *Double Feature* is what it says: two feature-film articles with a cartoon at the beginning. The overriding subject is politics—the first feature is an interview with Jean-Luc Godard and Jean-Pierre Gorin, and the second a film script based on the Marin County shootout entitled *This Is It*.

Double Feature's focus is on the problems of making, and even the feasibility of, a "political movie." The Godard interview is in many ways a documentation of Godard's continuing experimentation in the genre and an examination of his failures and near successes. *This Is It* goes even further—it is a political film script about an undeniably political happening, featuring vignettes of Huey Newton's career, clips from several classic films and a wonderful character called The Detective who comments, in his Raymond Chandleresque way, on the various narrative threads.

It could have been an unreadably heavy book, but, as I say, it's not. The authors have enough perspective to realize that didacticism is one of the easiest traps to fall into. The key to understanding the book is the cartoon, *The Garbage Truck Of The Proletariat*, which takes Howard Hawks's 1941 comedy, *Ball Of Fire*, and demonstrates the film's high level of political—and specifically Marxist—awareness. The result is both hilarious and thought-provoking.

You certainly don't have to be a film freak or a heavy Leftie politico to like *Double Feature*. I have read *This Is It* several times, in fact, and each time it gets clearer and better. My only quibble with the book is the $5.95 price for some 125 pages. It is to be hoped that Outerbridge & Lazard will include a paperback edition in their coming attractions so that *Double Feature* can play the nabes.

—E.W.

Octobriana in Wonderland

Peter Sadecky was a young Czechoslovakian scholar when, in 1961, through a complex chain of events, he found himself in a well-concealed cellar in Kiev attending a meeting of Progressive Political Pornography dissidents. The PPP is a super-secret group waging ideological warfare against the Soviet government.

Sadecky soon joined the Kiev cell of the PPP. Although there are cells throughout the USSR, only one member of each cell knows anything about any of the other cells. Sadecky worked with his cell for several years and because he was soon entrusted to take material to the West, he visited other cells as well. When he got the opportunity to flee to the West, he managed to bring along samples of the material they produced. That material, along with his brief text, makes up **Octobriana and the Russian Underground.**

Most of the book concerns Octobriana, a mythical heroine whose name is loosely translated as "the spirit of the October Revolution." The Barbarella-like heroine of the PPP's bitterly ironical comic strips is not only sexy but also fair-minded. Her superpowers are

Now from Kool, for low-tar smokers looking for taste...

KOOL MILDS.

The taste of extra coolness with lowered tar, too.

© 1972 BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

Now for the first time low-tar smokers can enjoy the extra coolness that makes Kool Kings and Kool Longs so popular.

New Kool Milds' tobaccos are light, mild, and lowered in tar.

Just the right amount of pure menthol. Pure white filter, too.

Here is the taste of extra coolness low-tar smokers have waited so long to enjoy.

14 mg. tar
1.0 mg. nicotine

Enjoy a cooler kind of mild.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined, That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kool Milds 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method. Kool Kings 18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine; Kool Longs 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 72.

always used for the benefit of the underdog, the common people.

Sadecky also provides background on official political art in Russia and intimate portraits of his PPP friends. The book is valuable both for the story it tells and for the lavish consideration given to the graphics themselves. Two complete Octobriana stories are included, as well as many other drawings and panels. The comic strips and sketches are quite similar to Western pop art, even though Russians have almost no access to such material. Octobriana's adventures are steeped in both folklore and real history, and the pity is that most Russians will never see them. For security reasons, the work of only one PPP cell is distributed to the other cells. What this book mainly shows is that old and inflexible governments are oppressive regardless of the form they take; it's only a small part of a much larger, more awesome monolith, but Sadecky tells his story of Russia with clarity and a spirit that is hard to ignore. *Harper & Row, $5.95 paper.* —*J.M.*

Hot Tip

Addendum: If you buy the cassette version of the new Rod Stewart album (*Never A Dull Moment*), you get an extra song, the old Jerry Lewis lament, *What Made Milwaukee Famous (Made A Loser Out of Me)*. This is not mentioned on the cassette package, but it's there anyway, after 15 seconds of dead tape, at the end of the first side. Just thought you'd like to know.

Punk Rock

Everybody loves Alice. I love Alice, you love Alice; your mom likes Alice 'cause she knows he's just good theater like we've always had; Virginia Graham likes Alice. He was on her show and the old lady told him, "You're a very nice boy."

Such universal acceptance seldom bodes well for a rock and roll star, though. People in certain quarters have begun to get down on our hero lately. Gay Liberation objects to his sexism. Rock critics point to his contrivance and gimmickry and either attack him for being insincere or dismiss him as irrelevant. There's a revolution going on, remember? And all Alice can tell us is to get drunk and turn back into juvenile delinquents looking for a lay.

That's always a timely message, though, and Alice's stuff acts as a perfect antidote to the oppressive self-righteousness of the counterculture. There are those of us who just can't help applauding when he tells an interviewer, "I couldn't care less about the Vietnam war."

It is this cheerful sense of breezy derision in the face of all morality that informs **School's Out** more than any of his previous records. Like the last one, it's all sort of a story, with the songs related to each other in a loose way that's occasionally somewhat strained, but an enormous amount of fun overall. If you've heard the title song on the radio, you've probably already got the album, because both are irresistible. "Well, we got no class!" yells Alice with his inimitable Freddy Cannon shrillness. "We got no principles! We got no innocence! *We can't even think up a word that rhymes!*"

What a great line, what balls! That's what rock and roll's all about. Not all of the rest of the album is as fine—there's a boring instrumental closer with *Walk on the Wild Side* quotes, a good-bye-to-Alma-Mater ballad that's really too self-conscious to make it, and some *West Side Story* cops ("When yer a Jet, yer a Jet all the way!") that he's used before, although I understand all the high school kids really get off on 'em—but the good parts are tiptop. One jazz number shows clearly the band's Peter Gunn roots. The lyrics are as crassly titillating as ever (from *Gutter Cat vs. the Jets*): "*Some bad cats from Fourth Street come down to our alley. Well, we say that's cool, but just stay away from me 'n' my boys! Eyes clash! Claws slash! . . . Midnight cat fight. Neck bite, DIE!*" Who else do you know who would put a psychedelic raga into the Tex-Mex styled arrangement of a song about hoodlums slashing each other to bits with switchblades in 1972, and make it all mesh so beautifully?

Really, Alice is the Harold Robbins of rock and roll, and he'll always be my hero. —*L.B.*

Profound Regret

Erratum: The cartoon on page 110 of the October issue of OUI, incorrectly credited to Zoll, is by B. Kliban. In the jargon of journalism, this is known as a "mistake."

An Exhibition of Art

This was photographed at the Gallery of Erotic Art in New York City. Occasionally, they have openings. People come to them. Things happen. For example, what's happening here is an unclothed woman writhing on a waterbed that was illuminated from the inside with colored lights. The rest of the room was pitch-black, leaving the woman only as an undulating silhouette. That's what was happening until the 29-year-old photographer Charles Gatewood opened the 21-mm. Super Angulon lens of his Leica M2 camera for 1/50th of a second at f 3.4, fired a bounce flash strobe light and later developed his Tri-X film at 800 ASA. William S. Burroughs comments: "What do the expressions on the faces of the spectators express? Substitute a car wreck, an epileptic convulsion, a lynching, and the expressions would be equally appropriate."

Jackie DeShannon Gets Tough

In the Sixties, the girls who reigned were pure gold. Big blonde babies. There was Anita Ekberg swirling for Fellini in low-cut black and silver. Nico, the husky white queen of the underground. Edie Sedgewick, the true heroine of Dylan's *Blonde on Blonde* and the ermine-haired power behind Warhol. Anita Pallenberg, the seductive virgin with the big martyred eyes. Completely golden-haired.

And there was everybody's favorite

With a Panasonic cassette deck you can listen to uninterrupted music for 1½ hours.

No matter how much listening time you have, Panasonic has a stereo cassette deck for you.

If you've got the stamina, there's the RS-296US. We call it the Juke Box. It plays 20 cassettes in a row. Both sides. Without stopping. In any order. So you can mix Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. With a little Blood, Sweat and Tears. There's a noise suppressor system. So the machine won't hum along with the melody. And Auto-Stop shuts off the machine at the end of the last tape. So you can forget about everything but the music. For up to 2½ days.

But if you don't have that much time. There's the RS-277US. It

can give you up to 3 hours of uninterrupted music. Because it has Automatic Reverse. To play the second side when the first side is finished. There's a tape selector for regular or new chromium dioxide tapes. And 2 VU meters. One for each channel. So when you're recording or listening, you can see what you're hearing.

For people with less time, there's the RS-262US. It has pause control. So you can stop the tape when you're recording. Without shutting off the machine. There's also a tape selector switch. Slide lever volume controls. And a safety-lock record button. So you don't erase all your notes.

Finally there's the RS-261US. With a lot of the features we put in our bigger, more expensive models. Like pushbutton controls. Two big VU meters. And Auto-Stop. In its midnight black cabinet, this recorder looks as rich as its big brothers.

So visit your Panasonic dealer. He's got just the cassette deck you'll want to listen to. But remember. Some take longer to listen to than others.

Or 2½ days.

Panasonic®

just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Avenue, New York 10017. For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call toll free 800 243-6000. In Conn., 1-800 882-6500. Ask about any model.

818 THE ASSASSINS
Elia Kazan
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Powerful bestselling novel

823 FIELDS FOR PRESIDENT
W. C. Fields
(Pub. Price $5.95)
He wrote it himself!

836 THE FRIENDS OF EDDIE COYLE
George V. Higgins
(Pub. Price $5.95)
Great underworld novel—Bestseller

848 OPEN MARRIAGE
Nena O'Neill & George O'Neill
(Pub. Price $6.95)
A new life-style for couples—Bestseller

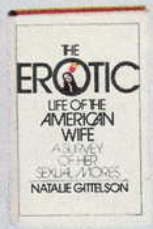
850 BLANDA: Alive And Kicking
Wells Twombly
(Pub. Price $6.95)
Football fame at forty

851 THE EXECUTIVE JUNGLE
Irwin L. Rodman
(Pub. Price $7.95)
How to hack it to the top

802 PLAYBOY'S COMPLETE BOOK OF PARTY JOKES
(Pub. Price $8.95)
Comic encyclopedia

860 HAIR
Wendy Cooper
(Pub. Price $12.95)
Brush up on its role in sex, society & symbolism. Illustrated (Counts as two books)

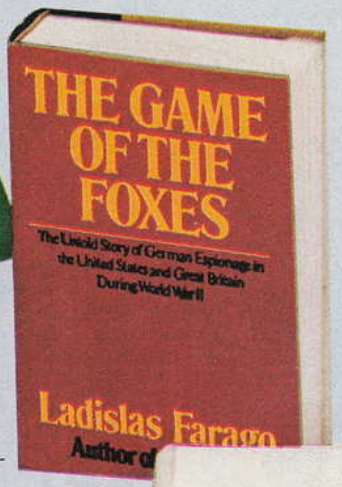
841 MILLIONAIRES
Herbert Kastle
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Erotic crime-adventure novel



852 THE EROTIC LIFE OF THE AMERICAN WIFE
Natalie Gittelson
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Inside Mrs. America

857 CORPORATION MAN
Antony Jay
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Survival kit for business world

731 SCARNE'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO GAMBLING
(Pub. Price $10.00)
Games classic


THE GAME
OF THE
FOXES
The Untold Story of German Espionage in the United States and Great Britain During World War II
Ladislas Farago

825 THE GAME OF THE FOXES
Ladislas Farago
(Pub. Price $11.95)
Nazi spies—"sensational revelations" —Bestseller

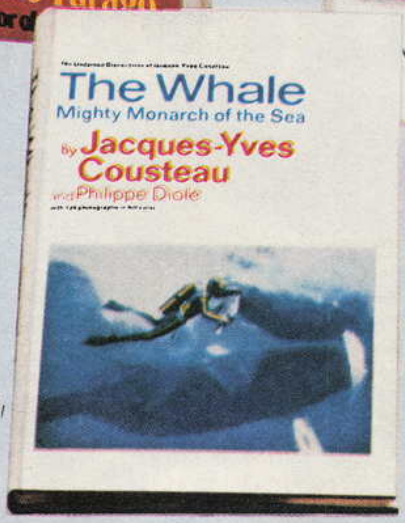
849 SCORING
Dan Greenburg
(Pub. Price $6.95)
Frank and funny sexual memoir

737 THE MOVIES
Richard Griffith & Arthur Mayer
(Pub. Price $19.95)
Movie history—1300 photos (Counts as two books)

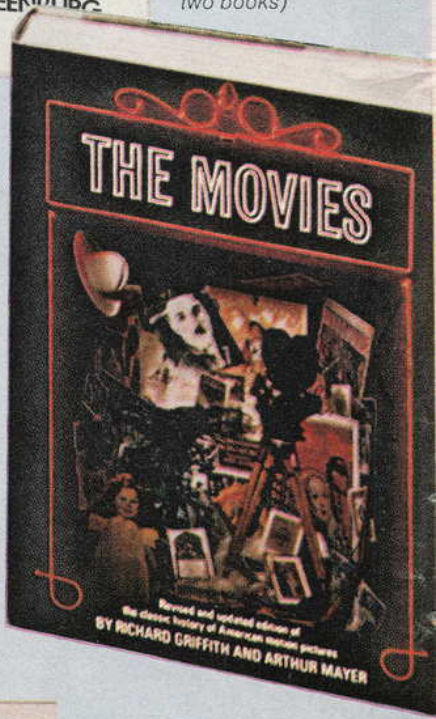
855 MY LIFE AND TIMES
Henry Miller
(Pub. Price $17.95)
All-out living, loving, writing. Deluxe, illustrated volume (Counts as two books)

858 FLEECING THE LAMBS
Christopher Elias
(Pub. Price $6.95)
Vital reading for every investor

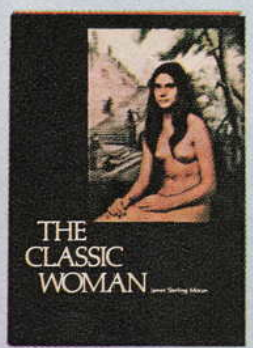
827 THE WAY THINGS WORK
(Pub. Price $9.95)
Illustrated encyclopedia—International bestseller



859 THE WHALE
Jacques-Yves Cousteau & Philippe Diolé
(Pub. Price $9.95)
Close-up living with giants of the seas. Magnificently illustrated.



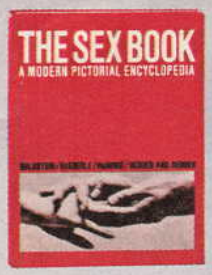
795 RODEO!
The Suicide Circuit
Fred Schnell
(Pub. Price $12.95)
The glory and the pain. Illustrated (Counts as two books)



845 THE CLASSIC WOMAN
James Sterling Moran
(Pub. Price $16.95)
Unique photographic work—60 illustrations of lovely women (Counts as two books)

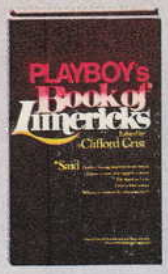
854 FASTER!
A Racer's Diary
Jackie Stewart & Peter Manso
(Pub. Price $7.95)
"Delightful, eminently readable"—N.Y. Times

853 COSMOPOLITAN'S LOVE BOOK
(Pub. Price $5.95)
A guide to ecstasy in bed



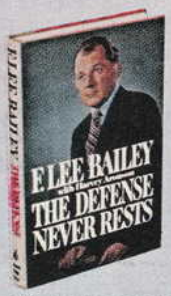
784 THE SEX BOOK
Goldstein, Haeberle & McBride
(Pub. Price $9.95)
Pictorial encyclopedia—"revolutionary" bestseller

771 BLUE MERIDIAN
Peter Matthiessen
(Pub. Price $8.95)
White shark hunt



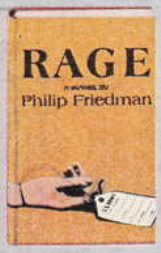
856 PLAYBOY'S BOOK OF LIMERICKS
Clifford Crist, Ed.
(Pub. Price $8.95)
Candid, complete—the definitive collection

719 UNLESS THEY KILL ME FIRST
Vincent "The Cat" Siciliano
(Pub. Price $5.95)
Marked for execution—Mafia!



810 THE DEFENSE NEVER RESTS
F. Lee Bailey with Harvey Aronson
(Pub. Price $7.95)
His famous murder cases—Bestseller

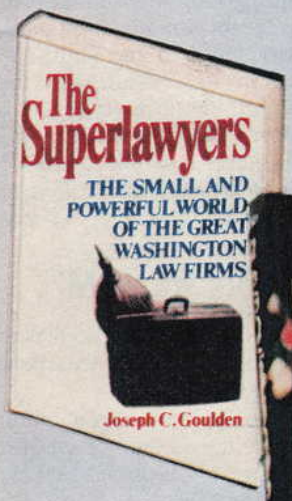
757 SEX AMERICAN STYLE
Frank Robinson & Nat Lehrman, Eds.
(Pub. Price $7.50)
From PLAYBOY



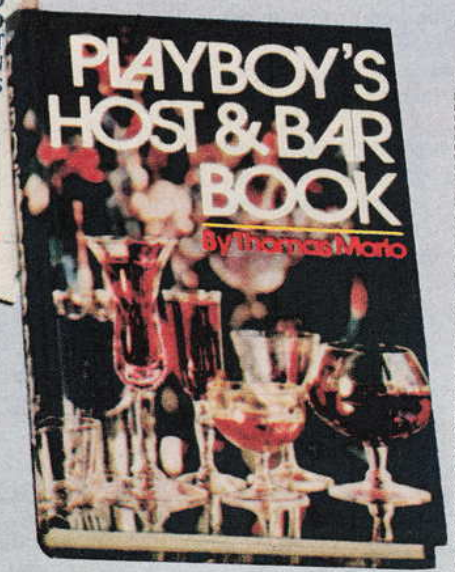
861 RAGE
Philip Friedman
(Pub. Price $6.95)
Deadly gas escapes—timely, chilling novel

798 DUCE!
Richard Collier
(Pub. Price $10.00)
Mussolini's biography

742 MIRROR OF VENUS
Paine, Sagan & Fellini
(Pub. Price $22.50)
Women explored—magnificent photographs (Counts as two books)



862 THE SUPERLAWYERS
Joseph C. Goulden
(Pub. Price $8.95)
The Washington wheeler-dealers—Bestseller



809 PLAYBOY'S HOST & BAR BOOK
Thomas Mario
(Pub. Price $12.95)
For the Superhost
Illustrated (Counts as two books)

844 THE VERY, VERY RICH AND HOW THEY GOT THAT WAY
Max Gunther
(Pub. Price $7.95)
Super-success stories

If you enjoy PLAYBOY, you belong in the Playboy Book Club

Just as PLAYBOY is different from all other magazines, Playboy Book Club is different from all other book clubs. It is a book club designed by our editors to match your tastes, your life-style, your point of view.

In the pages of PLAYBOY we bring you the finest and most provocative articles and fiction by many of the world's most prominent writers. Now we will make available to you—at significant savings—what we consider the most candid, contemporary, swinging and thought-provoking books of permanent value published this year.

And we'll offer you a wide choice of books at savings up to 33% under retail prices. The best from the publishing world selected for you by PLAYBOY editors.

"Playboy's Choice," an illustrated monthly bulletin, will describe our editors' selections. Your only obligation is to add as few as four Club Selections (or Alternates) to your library during the first year. (Sorry, but orders from outside the U. S. and Canada cannot be processed.)

Remember, if you enjoy PLAYBOY, you *belong* in Playboy Book Club. Fill in the application today—and embark with us on a reading adventure that knows no boundaries.

Bonus: PLAYBOY'S GIFT PACK of three provocative paperbacks (a $2.85 value) yours FREE for prompt action.

Introductory offer: Choose any 4 books* for only $1.95

(value up to $44.45) when you agree to become a member of the Playboy Book Club

*Deluxe volumes count as two selections
Publishers' prices quoted are U.S. prices; Canadian prices may be slightly higher

A854-II

Playboy Book Club | Playboy Building
919 North Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Please enroll me as a member in the Playboy Book Club and send me the books whose numbers I have listed below, billing me only $1.95. I understand that some deluxe volumes count as two selections.

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

I understand that for $1.95 I may choose books worth as much as $44.45, and that you will also send PLAYBOY'S GIFT PACK of three provocative paperbacks, a $2.85 value, as my free bonus for prompt action.

I understand that you will send me "Playboy's Choice," the monthly publication describing the Selections and Alternates, together with a dated Member's Instruction Card which I may mail back, by the date shown on the card, to reject the Selection or to choose any of the Alternates. I understand that if I wish to receive the Selection, I do nothing and it will be mailed to me automatically AFTER the date shown on the card.

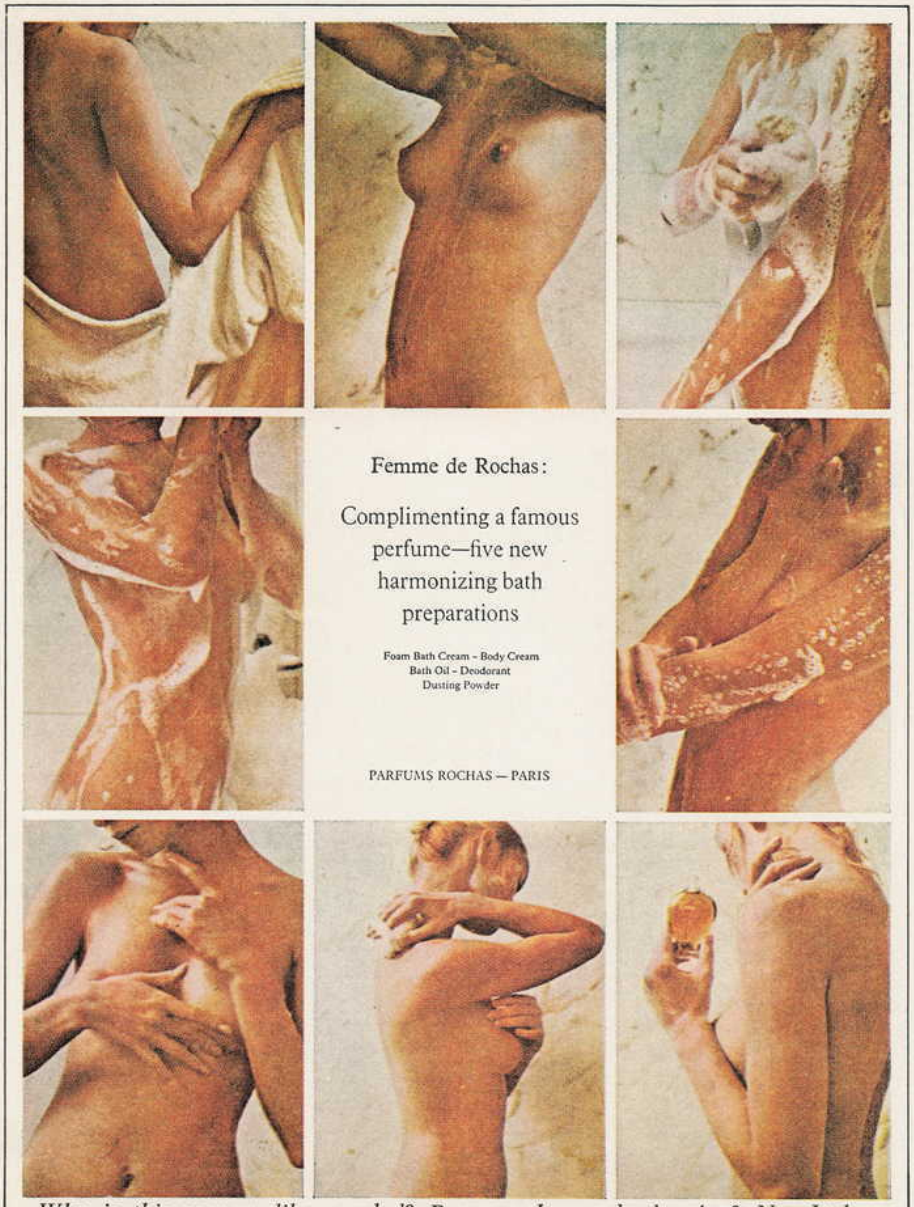
My only obligation as a member is to accept four Selections or Alternates during the coming year from the many titles offered each month. My membership is cancelable any time after buying these four books. In all cases, I will receive books identical to the publishers' editions. A modest postage and handling charge is added to all shipments.

2-19

NAME _____
(Please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____


Femme de Rochas:
Complimenting a famous perfume—five new harmonizing bath preparations
Foam Bath Cream - Body Cream
Bath Oil - Deodorant
Dusting Powder
PARFUMS ROCHAS — PARIS

Why is this woman like a salad? Because she needs dressing? No. It has something to do with Roquefort, and something to do with bath oil. For the whole story, just look to the right.

A Woman Is Like a Salad

In the English *House and Garden* (incorporating *Wine and Food Magazine*) there are pictures of a naked girl. This fact alone will startle many people.

Finding a naked form in a family magazine *is* a discovery, sure, but it's really nothing compared to the discovery of *Femme de Rochas*, the product that the naked girl is demonstrating in *House and Garden*. Food is the first find here, followed closely by Femme and the Famous Five, which you will meet in a moment. First, some history.

In the beginning there was only almond rocha. Then came pineapple rocha (which you don't hear much about anymore) and the cheese rochas, which brings us to Roquefort cheese and Roquefort dressing, the best thing that ever happened to a crisp, green salad. But a salad by itself just isn't enough, even with lots of Roquefort; in fact, the whole salad scene is pretty blasé these days, as blasé as the price of meat is high. Given these simple facts, it's only logical that someone has come up with *Femme de Rochas*. *Femme de Rochas* is a dressing for the body. Instead of just one flavor (as in the old days of Roquefort) there are five, the Famous Five. But they're not really flavors, they're harmonizing bath preparations. What they harmonize with is your perfume, your Parfum Rochas, that is, made by the Paris outfit of the same name. The recipe is not only simple, it's *soothing*, as the naked girl clearly shows us. Just fill your bathtub with water, add the first of the Famous Five—Foam Bath Cream, then, using long, smooth strokes, rub on some Body Cream (optional), pour some Bath Oil into the bath, immerse yourself in it, dry off with the palms of hands (NO toweling), add a dash of deodorant, dust with Dusting Powder, dab on the Parfum Rochas—Voila! *Femme de Rochas!* Just ask your waitress. —*R.S.*

tomboy. The girl who wrote hits like *Come and Stay with Me*. Songs that were masculine/feminine, sexy and conversational, a true blend of *Positively 4th Street* and Bobby Womack. The perfect writer: good little bad girl Jackie DeShannon, the only chick who had the balls to take on songs like *The Sunshine of Your Love*, a girl who was firing from the hip before it became hip to be a hard-edged female. Jackie is finally on a label that loves her. Atlantic, with the great white legend Jerry Wexler, is watching over her.

Produced and arranged by the likes of Wexler, Tom Dowd and Arif Mardin, **Jackie** is wrapped in magic. Memphis magic, sweet mixture of dirty rock and Dicky Betts guitar. Guitar enough to make you cry. The opening chords to *I Won't Try to Put Chains on Your Soul* are painful—so nostalgic, familiar; a string of chords hitting the chord deep inside you that activates an eidetic barrage of experiential rock and roll sounds. And there are the back-up vocals, produced with the same care and quality that made Wilson Pickett's *I'm in Love* a classic.

But Jackie isn't drowned out in any way. The girl is a great singer. That vibrato, her way of sounding as if she has been singing all night. Like *Anna Karina*: She sings it breathless, scratchy, drunken—and great for mimicking in front of the mirror. *Vanilla 'Olay* is laced with nice yodels and la-la-las (ever since Dylan did *Wigwam*, I've had the hots for a good la-la song).

A nice album. No cerebro-cosmic stuff, just music. I'd like to hear her sing more trashy, but for now it's just fine. Out of left field, ladylike and tough, blonde little Jackie DeShannon. Not exactly classifiable, just real nice to lay back and listen to, on the front porch, in the grass or the back seat of your automobile. —*P.S.*

'Ralph Works for IBM'

Here we are in the land of the plastic palm, visiting a stucco environment called THE CAROUSEL.

Ah, yes! The kidney-shaped pool. Two men in white tennis shorts have just started a roaring blaze in a hibachi under the umbrella table.

The umbrella table is gone.

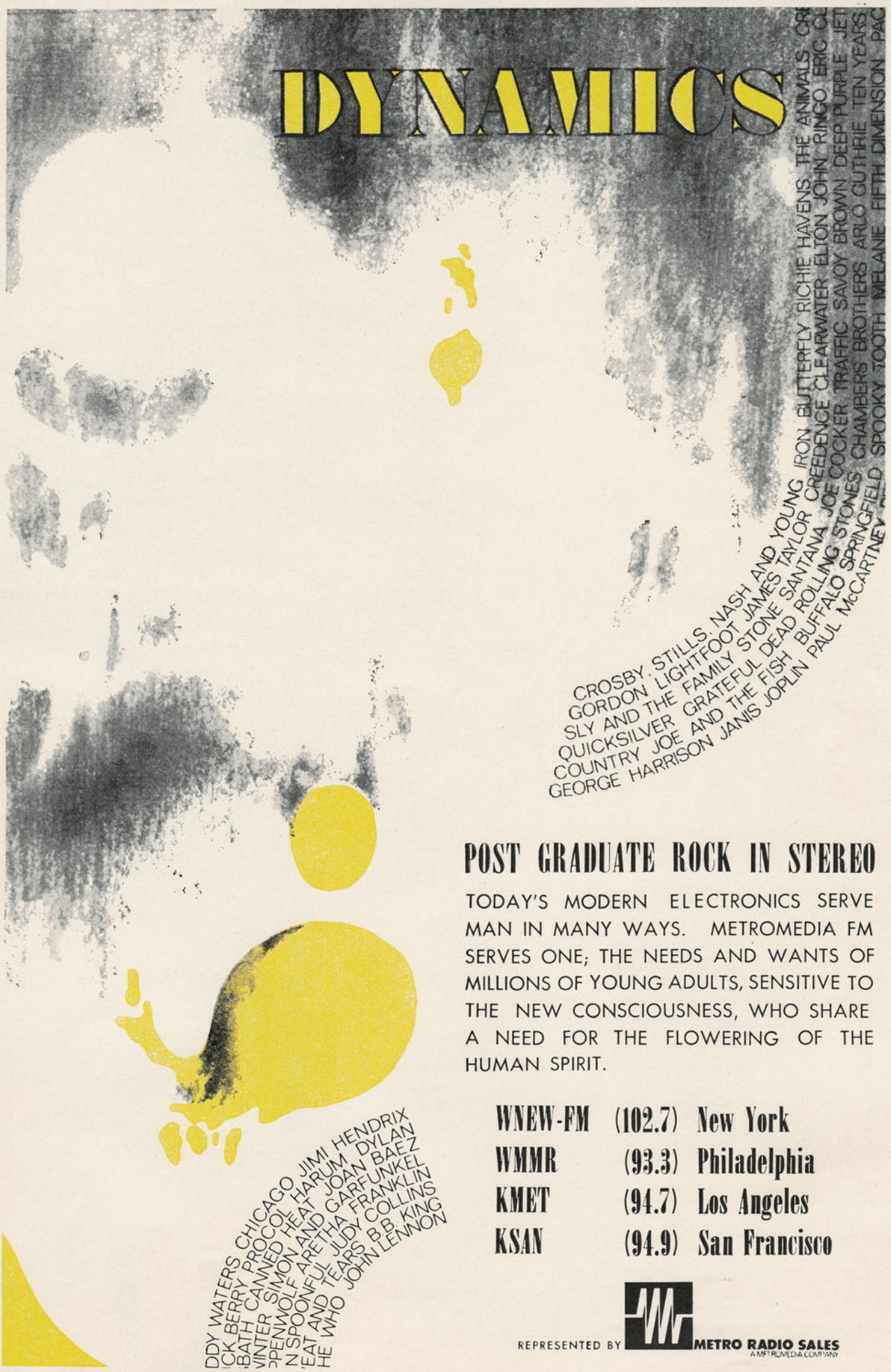
Here comes a muscular giant with a white mustache. Let's talk with *him*. Your name, sir?

"I'm Dom. I manage this place. Mighty fine weather, isn't it?"

Uh, about your umbrella table . . .

"Nice and quiet here. We rent to a lotta doctors and nurses. Cats, no dogs, allowed."

Two Siamese, an alley cat and a


DYNAMICS
CROSBY, STILLS, NASH AND YOUNG IRON BUTTERFLY RICHIE HAVENS THE ANIMALS CR
GORDON LIGHTFOOT JAMES TAYLOR CREEDENCE CLEARWATER ELTON JOHN RINGO ERIC CL
SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE SANTANA JOE COCKER TRAFFIC SAVOY BROWN DEEP PURPLE JET
QUICKSILVER GRATEFUL DEAD ROLLING STONES CHAMBERS BROTHERS ARLO GUTHRIE TEN YEARS
COUNTRY JOE AND THE FISH BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD SPOOKY TOOTH MELANIE FIFTH DIMENSION PAC
GEORGE HARRISON JANIS JOPLIN PAUL McCARTNEY
DDY WATERS CHICAGO JIMI HENDRIX
CK BERRY PROCOL HARUM DYLAN
BATH CANNED HEAT JOAN BAEZ
VINTER SIMON AND GARFUNKEL
PENWOLF ARETHA FRANKLIN
N SPOONFUL JUDY COLLINS
EAT AND TEARS B.B. KING
HE WHO JOHN LENNON

POST GRADUATE ROCK IN STEREO

TODAY'S MODERN ELECTRONICS SERVE MAN IN MANY WAYS. METROMEDIA FM SERVES ONE; THE NEEDS AND WANTS OF MILLIONS OF YOUNG ADULTS, SENSITIVE TO THE NEW CONSCIOUSNESS, WHO SHARE A NEED FOR THE FLOWERING OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT.

WNEW-FM	**(102.7)**	**New York**
WMMR	**(93.3)**	**Philadelphia**
KMET	**(94.7)**	**Los Angeles**
KSAN	**(94.9)**	**San Francisco**

REPRESENTED BY METRO RADIO SALES
A METROMEDIA COMPANY

Ja

Feels so natural together.
Jantzen and pure wool.
For warmth and softness and style.
Comfortable Jantzen sweaters
of 100% worsted wool in big ribs
or fisherman's knits. About $20.
Wool. It's got life.
Naturally.
PURE VIRGIN WOOL
Fashion selections by
the American Wool Council.
WJ-2872
ntzen
JANTZEN INC., PORTLAND, OREGON 97208

German shepherd are drinking out of the kidney-shaped pool.

"I'd like ya to meet Carl and Jerry. They do most of the barbecuing here at THE CAROUSEL." Dom swaggers away. The men in tennis shorts fan the flames and step forward through a wall of smoke. Someone opens an upstairs window and a blast of Hungarian music escapes.

How do you like swinging Los Angeles, fellows?

"We have some unbelievable case histories." Carl speaks with a delicate German accent and smiles benignly.

Ah! Sex! Perversion!

A redhead in a pink bikini locks her apartment door and ambles over.

"This is Carol Ann. She's a surgical nurse."

Some dude here in a button-down-collared shirt and cuffed trousers has just slammed the pool gate and is yanking viciously at my elbow.

"Hey, you gonna live here?"

Sir, I'm here to talk to you sophisticated Westerners about your chic apartment neighborhoods. Your atria. Your pottery wheels. Your emancipated sex lives. Your . . .

"You know what *they* talk about at dinner?" (He stabs his finger toward the hibachi.) "Abscesses and hair balls. And for dessert, Carol Ann here reviews the best Polish jokes she's heard doctors tell across the operating table."

But what about your pot parties, your . . .

"If someone swims on a full stomach, they discuss drowning. If the hamburgers are overdone, they hash over burns. If someone's tipsy, why it's—ta-ta—cirrhosis of the liver." He stalks away, his cuffs flapping.

Who *was* that man?

"Superman," says a middle-aged brunette setting up a card table.

"Ralph works for IBM," whispers Carol Ann. Then, in a louder voice—"What in the hell happened to the goddamned umbrella table?" —*M.P.*

Clanging Gongs and Tinkling Symbols: Can This Child Be Saved?

From our Religion Correspondent:

If each of our lives has at one time or another been saved by rock and roll and its countercultural accouterments (which is a pretty specious thesis), those same lives have surely been desiccated by organized religion.

So we take our theology where we can find it, which is rarely in church. More and more frequently, it isn't in drug, personality or metaphysical cults, either. The tendency is to become totally cynical. Negation and denial, leading at best to something like Paul Simon's:

When the radical priest come to
get me released
We was all on the cover of
Newsweek.

I always liked *Mr. Tambourine Man* better, myself.

I hope it doesn't seem too ridiculous to posit that we are going to have to turn to pop culture—the media world of rock and roll, movies (sometimes films, but mostly movies), paperback books, TV, radio, shopping centers, head shops and maybe even magazines—to find our new theological formulae. Jim Morrison, who knew more than he was ever given credit for, began his book of cinema-poetry, *Notes on Vision*, with "Look where we worship."

Morrison's point is well-taken. Dylan saw it in "the dimestores and bus stations," and Chuck Berry, living a California myth imbedded in the fabric of America, "woke up high over Albuquerque/on a jet to the Promised Land." People like Gurney Norman (in a book called *Divine Right's Trip* serialized in the *Whole Earth Catalog* last year) have found it even in Cincinnati.

Going to the movies is newly sacramental, but it is also intrinsically pagan. It opts for some kind of trance state, immobilized but still visionary. Pop culture assumes the kind of icon status it might have had in a nonhocus-pocus, mumbo-jumbo society: rather than water-into-wine, wine into belly—and *then* you can hallucinate anything you want.

This started out to be about a series of movies, the *Rosemary's Baby* genre film. Along with *The Possession of Joel Delaney*, starring ESP acolyte Shirley MacLaine, *The Exorcist* and *The Other* (which was written as a novel by Tom Tryon, whose previous claim to fame was the title role in *The Cardinal*), *Rosemary* is the beginning of something new: the Victory of Satan film.

Good News

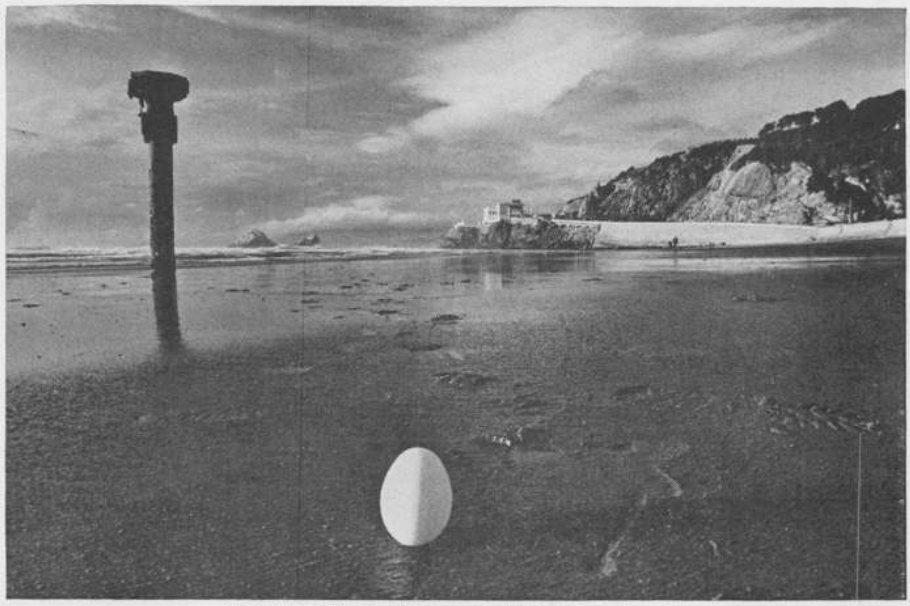
Replying to accusations that English girls were selling their bodies in Rota, Spain, the mayor of that town stated: "Prostitution cannot exist in Spain, because it was abolished some years ago."

Joel Delaney is probably the most striking of them all: Puerto Rican slum-voodoo meets East Side townhouse psychotherapy. What's really interesting about the movie is that it only works if you *believe*. If you don't, *Joel Delaney* doesn't make any sense.

But I think *The Wrath of God*, which stars Robert Mitchum and Rita Hayworth, has as much to do with what we're looking for as any of those trendier movies. It's a trash film, one of the biggest throwaways in Mitchum's career, which he has been tossing to the wolves for years anyway. He and Hayworth occasionally look at each other as if to ask "What in the world are we doing *here?*" Celebrating a pagan ritual, are they . . . ?

And certainly, the symbolism is trite. Mitchum as renegade priest, leader of an unholy trinity composed of Victor Buono and Ken Hutchinson, is sent by a Mexican revolutionary general to murder a mountain tyrant, Tomas de la Plata. The Devil, of course.

The Wrath of God isn't cool; it doesn't have the cynical all's-lost perspective of the Victory of Satan films, perhaps because it is about the Victory of The Lord. But in a way it is closer to what we are looking for, or at least what I am looking for: some kind of affirmation, some kind of acknowledgment that good wins out. It is, certainly—drunk, bank-robbing, whoring, machine gun-toting priest and all. However,



'We was all on the cover of Newsweek . . .'

"AS A SECOND VIOLINIST I HARDLY GET NOTICED"

-but I'm easily recognizable at home thanks to the Harman/Kardon 75+.

Philip Scharf, second violinist
The Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

It's hard enough to distinguish Philip Scharf from his fellow violinists when you hear them in the concert hall. At home, it's next to impossible.

Ordinary equipment brings you the sound of an orchestra, when what you should be hearing is the sound of the separate instruments within the orchestra. You hear music, but not musical instruments. Which is unfortunate if you happen to like second violinists. And catastrophic if you happen to be one.

That's why Philip Scharf owns a Harman/Kardon 75+.

The 75+ is a new receiver designed to reproduce even the slightest differences between instruments. It can capture the timbre of an oboe, the quiver in a violinist's bow—all the subtleties that set one musician apart from another. "You can practically hear the rosin falling from my bow," says Philip Scharf.

(Attention, electronics enthusiasts: this capability of the 75+ is due to its extremely wide frequency response and superior phase linearity. Every nuance is reproduced in proper phase with every other one—instead of runningalltogetherlikethis. And at 45 RMS watts per channel, it can handle tone bursts with virtually no distortion.)

So a 75+ will bring you music you've never heard before, even from tapes and records you already have. But it can also be used in more ways than you've ever used a receiver before.

Besides using it as a stereo receiver, you can use it as *two* stereo receivers. If you have an extra set of speakers, connect them to your 75+ and create an extra stereo system. You can listen to Beethoven in the living room and Bread in the den, and each system has its own tone controls.

You can use it as a four-channel receiver. Right now. Put all your speakers in one room and you have the most advanced music system available. The 75+ has four amplifiers to play the records and tapes you now own through four speakers. It also has a unique phasing circuit which takes your regular stereo material and reproduces it as "enhanced stereo." And it sounds as beautiful as it does technical.

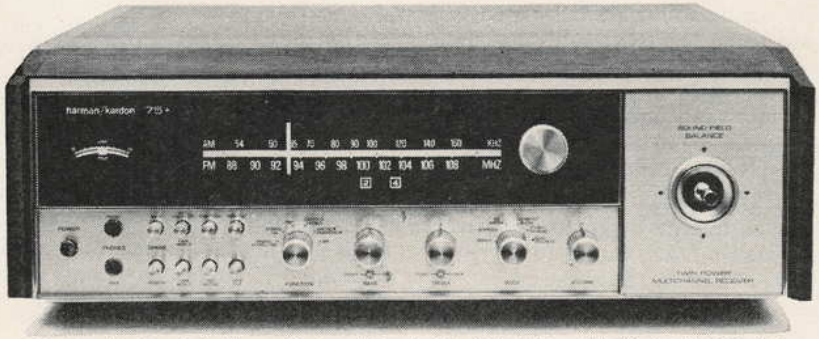
Of course, as soon as you decide to buy four-channel records, the 75+ is ready to play them.

If you love music, the best reason for owning a 75+ was summed up by no less an authority than Philip Scharf himself:

"It's given me a whole new appreciation of me."

NOTE: If your high fidelity store doesn't have the Harman/Kardon 75+ yet, don't give up the search. Write us and we'll tell you where to hear it: Harman/Kardon Inc., Music Appreciation Dept., 55 Ames Court, Plainview, N.Y. 11803.

harman/kardon
the music company



Distributed in Canada by Harman Kardon of Canada, Ltd., Cote de Liesse Rd., Montreal 760, Quebec.

Word Game

Rainy Day Fun: We are all familiar with the word "wrought," as in "What hath God wrought?" The question, then, is very simple: What is the present tense of the word of which "wrought" is the past tense? Yesterday God wrought, today He . . . wrinks? Wrings? Wroops? Wrong.

that's not to suggest that *Wrath* is a better movie than *Joel Delaney*, or *Rosemary*; it probably is not. It isn't to say that anyone involved with it had intentions of making something that touched anything more than a crass nerve. It's just that Robert Mitchum knows something about the cosmic predicament that is wryly appropriate, in the same way that Teilhard de Chardin knew something that split traditional theology into Billy Grahams (and worse) and Berrigan brothers (for better or worse).

If all we're going to be about is finding the Billy Grahams and pointing them out to each other, we can forget it. If all we're going to do is raise cynical fingers at Mel Lyman and Charlie Manson, we're not worth the paper and vinyl we mouth our pieties upon.

What *Mr. Tambourine Man* has on the cool of *Me and Julio* and its radical priest is a way to bear the pain without denying it, or acquiescing. And that, it seems to me, has to be the form of the ultimate paganism. If God is really going to be dead, then someone has to admit the murder and accept the consequences. It might as well be us. For in killing God, we must also kill Satan, and if we kill both of them, we have only the Triumph of Humanity to fall back upon. Let the Nietzsches babble on. He who does the deed or takes credit for it (viz: Christopher Columbus, Amerigo Vespucci, et al) claims the realm.

Confess today. —*D.M.*

Pascal for President

Unemployment is a terrible problem these days, and so is the plight of women. Didn't John Lennon and Yoko Ono just tell us that woman is the "nigger of the world"? Part of the problem has to do with sexual roles. Many women feel they are being forced to act out a part in a script written by men solely for the pleasure of men, a part that they feel is degrading and demeaning to women.

In this lousy play (which is still in rehearsal), women dress to the teeth in the latest styles, spend hours in front of a mirror putting on make-up and jewelry and brushing their hair—and then go downstairs looking like the cover of *Vogue* magazine to clean the house, cook the food and take care of the kids. And all of this is supposed to be done for less money than men make without doing any of this crap. When women announce they can and will do any man's work just as well as a man, if not better, the men just say "Yeah, well, what happens when the President of the United States has her period and becomes cranky and irritable?"—which is hard to answer, no? But it's even harder to imagine anyone being President and not being cranky and irritable most of the time anyway, so what do you do?

One thing you can do without rewriting the script or rocking the boat too much, and thus keep everybody happy, is being demonstrated by Pascal, a man in Paris who looks and acts just like any beautiful, elegant and exploited lady you could find on the cover of *Vogue*. But Pascal doesn't feel exploited. He likes what he is doing. And he *has* been featured in *Vogue*, as a model, and nobody saw any difference. Pascal also passes the time as a leading lady in musical revues in Paris. He's really very beautiful by current standards. Certainly there are lots of other men doing what Pascal is doing, but there are millions more who *could* be doing it, but they aren't. So the solution to the problem is simple: If men are so crazy about the kind of woman that Pascal portrays, why don't they play the role themselves? That way, the thorny Presidential question is taken care of, too, because if neither men nor women know who is what in *Vogue*, a transvestite President would be a cinch. Either a woman dressed as a man or vice versa. A woman dressed as a man would probably be the best bet, but, of course, you couldn't tell the men. That way, they wouldn't notice anything unusual and the women could live happily with their secret, knowing a woman was in the White House. A woman dressed as a man would be out from under the *Vogue* magazine burden. She'd have the power, and all she'd have to do would be to get used to looking like Nixon.—*R.S.*

Pascal

This Is Not News

Vietnam rhetoric is a lot of fun. You didn't read that here first. But, in spite of its Kafkaesque idiocy, it is nevertheless sly and sneaky. It insinuates itself into your consciousness, and pretty soon you don't even notice. You will, for example, recall this construction: "The new offensive was said to be the worst to hit Quang Tri since June of 1969." Well, sure. Football talk here. "This was the worst beating suffered by the Patriots since the 56-7 defeat handed to them by the Chiefs in 1967."

Except the situations aren't parallel. Is there a statistician up in the booth in Quang Tri, counting bodies and charting every bullet? And, at the end of the day, when he pronounces this the worst day of battle since whenever, upon what does he base his figures? Total number of dead folks? Ratio of dead friendlies to dead unfriendlies? Bombing tonnage? Civilian injuries? Property damage? Or is it some complex calculation, like an ERA or something, total tonnage divided by the number of planes multiplied by total deaths and seasonally adjusted? Who knows? Whatever it is, it doesn't make sense.

This is not news.

Underground Food

When you're so thirsty you could cry and all there is to do the quenching is soda machines and soda stands chances are it's a subway. Subways exploit thirst, but they're not as equipped to exploit hunger 'cause they got hot dog stands but no hot dog machines and candy machines but candy isn't everything and they don't have any bearmeat in machines or out. So there's no canceling out a powerful subway hunger but they do have bears just the same!

But it's not the kind you think, the kind that you only see in the zoo and Yellowstone and Davy Crockett, this here's a *bear on a string*. The string's thru the nose and it's actually a thread and there's a small ball on the other end. All you gotta do is place the b'ar on the table top nearest you and dangle the ball over the end. Now give the animal lots of elbow room and he'll

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION ON MARIJUANA AND DRUG ABUSE REPORT, 1972

MYTH. Marijuana use leads to heroin.

FACT. "Marijuana use per se does not dictate whether other drugs will be used nor does it determine the rate of progression, if and when it occurs, or which drug might be used."

"Whether or not marijuana leads to other drugs depends on the individual, on the social and cultural setting in which the drug use takes place, and on the nature of the drug market. The fact should be emphasized that the overwhelming majority of users do not progress to other drugs."

MYTH. Marijuana use causes crime and aggressive behavior.

FACT. "In sum, the weight of evidence is that marijuana does not cause violent or aggressive behavior; if anything, marijuana generally serves to inhibit the expression of such behavior."

MYTH. Marijuana is addictive.

FACT. "In a word, cannabis (marijuana) does not lead to physical dependence."

MYTH. Marijuana users are societal 'drop outs.'

FACT. "The most notable statement that can be made about the vast majority of marijuana users — experimenters and intermittent users — is that they are essentially indistinguishable from their non-marijuana using peers by any fundamental criterion other than their marijuana use."

"Young people who choose to experiment with marijuana are fundamentally the same people, socially and psychologically, as those who use alcohol and tobacco."

Although the Presidential Commission on "Marijuana and Drug Abuse" clearly indicates there is no justification for criminalizing marijuana use, that report in and of itself, will not guarantee the necessary legal reforms. People are still continually harassed, arrested, convicted and jailed for smoking marijuana. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws is carrying out a public information/lobbying effort at the community, state and national levels. We ask your support as a member, as a contributor, and/or an organizer in our campaign to legislate new and responsible marijuana laws. We cannot permit a whole generation to be made outlaws because of anachronistic and unjust marijuana laws.

☐ Enclosed is my membership fee of $7 (students and military, $5). This fee includes: a subscription to The Leaflet newsletter, a pamphlet analyzing marijuana laws in the fifty states, and an illustrated marijuana penalty poster.
☐ Love what you are doing and here's some pin money to help you along.
☐ Anxious to contribute to your effort but wish to remain anonymous.
☐ Would like to distribute literature and work for the reform of marijuana laws in my area. Please furnish me enough materials for ☐ 5, ☐ 15, or ☐ 25 people.
☐ I am interested in becoming involved in a large scale effort to reform marijuana laws. Please send me additional information for my ☐ club, ☐ military base, ☐ legislature, ☐ headshop, ☐ _____
☐ Include _____ 'Liberate Marijuana' bumper stickers. Two for $1 (see illustration).
☐ Include _____ sheets of 'Liberate Marijuana' stamps. $2 a sheet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR THE REFORM OF MARIJUANA LAWS
1237 22 STREET, NORTHWEST, WASHINGTON, DC 20037

NORML Advisory Board: Howard S. Becker, PhD *Northwestern University;* Neil L. Chayet, Esq. *Boston, Massachusetts;* The Rev. Canon Walter D. Dennis, MA, STB *The Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine, New York;* John Finlator *Washington DC;* Joel Fort, MD *Center for Solving Special Social and Health Problems, San Francisco;* Erich Goode, PhD *State University of New York;* Charles E. Goodell, Esq. *New York;* Lester Grinspoon, MD *Harvard University;* Samuel Irwin, PhD *University of Oregon;* Burton Joseph, Esq. *Chicago Illinois;* Tod H. Mikuriya, MD *Gladman Memorial Hospital, San Francisco;* Aryeh Neier, *American Civil Liberties Union, New York;* Joseph S. Oteri, Esq. *Boston Massachusetts;* Edwin Schur, PhD *New York University;* David E. Smith, MD *Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic, San Francisco;* Roger C. Smith, D. Crim. *Marin Open House, San Raphael, California;* Benjamin Spock, MD *The Peoples Party;* Margery Tabankin, *US National Student Association, Washington DC;* Andrew T. Weil, MD *Washington DC;* Dorothy V. Whipple, MD *Washington, DC;* Leon Wurmser, MD *Johns Hopkins University;* Norman E. Zinberg, MD *Harvard University, Boston, Massachusetts*

start walking on the leash thru his nose. His feet are flat for the purpose of balance and when he gets to the edge he doesn't fall off! Cause when that happens the vector is pointing downwards instead of forwards so he can't do any more forward steppin'. Hippity hoppity best describes the locomotion of the bunny rabbit but it's step-step-step-step for your walking bear and he's the most adorable thing since a baby's ass. And you get your walking bear in the subway of all places!

In one of those machines that don't have the food and the nuts and the candy and the soda and the juice and the gum (man can't live by bread alone, he has a soul and it must be amused, even underneath the pavement with all the tracks). Bears cost a quarter and you know how much for a squirt camera? A quarter. The kind that's made of flexible so you can fill it up and squirt it with a squeeze when people are expecting to get their likenesses captured on a negative. A quarter only. Same as for the package of five birdcall whistles with an instruction booklet, a quarter.

Build a Better Mousetrap, And the World Will Continue to Ignore You

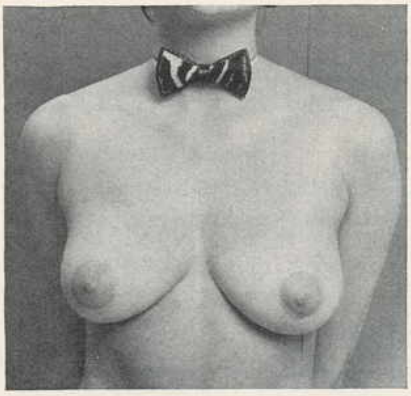
Have you ever wondered why someone doesn't build a better mousetrap? Take, for instance, your classic two-ounce, 1⅞ inch by 3⅞ inch, spring-loaded, copper-clad wire-and-wooden platform Victor Four Ways mousetrap (29¢ for a pair, or, one might say, brace, plus sales tax). It's what everyone thinks of when they do think of mousetraps, with a bright red V on it, which proves that mice must be color-blind. This little devil is made by the Animal Trap Company of America, now a subsidiary of the Woodstream Corporation, located in Lititz, Pennsylvania, and Niagara Falls, Canada.

The origins of the Victor date back to 1823, when a British immigrant named Sewell Newhouse started swapping animal traps for furs from the Indians in upper New York.

The company now turns out 100,000 gross or 14,400,000 rodent booby traps a year. These are destined to mess up a lot of mice. Although the Animal Trap Company of America makes more elegant traps—some prebaited with rancid bacon grease, even an enclosed model called the Black Cat or a "four-holer" by the trade—your basic Victor is as menacing to mice as any mousetrap on earth. You can bait it with whatever's handy, but the makers recommend cheese, butter, chocolate, peanut butter, bacon, carrot or popcorn. The company's position is subtly stated in the directions for setting the Victor: "You'll find it a SURE, SAFE and SANITARY way for getting rid of your obnoxious mice." As opposed, we assume, to our mice who, naturally, are furry, white and friendly.

The only catch, as Victor users know, lies in arming the mighty mite without triggering its hair-trigger mechanism and mashing one's fingers. You might be interested to know that the source of the name Victor is totally obscure. The company's spokesman says: "Guess it's named after the first mouse."

To return to the basic philosophical question: Why, in all this time, hasn't anyone successfully built a better mousetrap? You might say that nobody really wants the world beating a six-lane concrete path to his doorstep. Perhaps the real answer is that if someone succeeded in building a better mousetrap, he'd want to keep it. And then, you see, you'd have to remove the mouse from the trap. Ecch! —*J.B.*

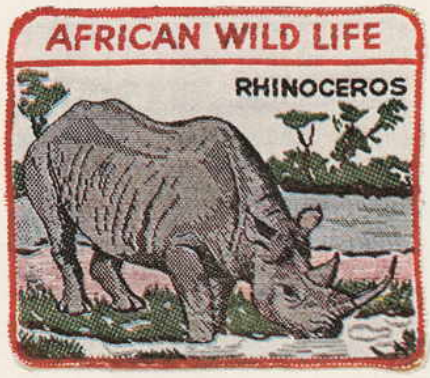


New Fashions for Bwana

Our African correspondent reports on the latest tourist fad on The Dark Continent:

Fabric emblems for safari jackets are a photographer's compromise for being unable to bring home some stuffed hunting trophies. The emblems are worn on the shoulders of the pompous middle-aged, soft-bellied men who stand around the Safari Club at Mt. Kenya smoking pipes, reading Ernest Hemingway, wearing brand new, freshly starched Abercrombie & Fitch safari outfits, eating zebra steak on paper plates and fooling themselves into thinking gin and tonic is really an African drink. These are the men whose middle-aged status tends to be more a financial state than a chronological one; the men who are afraid to venture out onto the golf course for fear one of the tame flamingos will shit all over them, which sometimes happens.

These zebra ties are very ambiguous little items. Millions are sold anyplace the tourists converge, like Nairobi and Mombasa. Even when you stop at the *one* gas station in the middle of hundreds of square miles of desolate bush, where there are no restaurants, no hotels, nothing . . . even there they will have a thorough supply of zebra ties. They are rather



like a condom. You can always pick up an extra in case of an emergency. Surely they are popular gifts to take home, and not as expensive as the zebra hats, skins, purses, wallets, key rings, sandals or the coffee tables with zebra hoof legs. Yet often you will see them in the newly nationalized restaurants, where the blacks have been taught to act civilized in the Western manner and are now employed as waiters. The entire staff will be dressed in black suits, white shirts, zebra bow ties and—for those who notice such things—black and white basketball sneakers.

'I Could Hear Him Chuckling As He Hung Up . . .'

We'd been together about a year and a half, my obscene phone caller and I. It began, as you might guess, with the ringing of my phone.

"Hello," said I.

"Doyouwanttofuck," he said.

"No, not really," I said.

He paused.

"Hello? Hello?" I said, quite willing

to go on. But he hung up on me. I figured it was December and cold in his phone booth. No time for pleasantries.

He called again very late on New Year's Eve to ask The Question. I thought it was very romantic of him. Then he called 20 minutes later to see if perhaps I'd reconsidered. The romance was gone.

So for the following months he'd call at one, two, four in the morning. Whenever he got back from the park, I guess. I didn't quite know how to tell him I was getting bored with it all. Then one night I told him.

"I'm getting bored," I shrieked and dropped the receiver from a height of three feet onto an uncarpeted floor. My downstairs neighbor pounded on the ceiling with a broom. My friend called back. And the phone spent the night off its hook.

It became a battle of wills. Friends advised me on sure-fire methods to discourage him. I blew a police whistle into what I hoped was his ear. Dogs barked. He called back. I swore at him. He loved it. I laughed at him. It was only more of a challenge.

In desperation, I turned to the telephone company's crack outfit, the Annoyance Phone Call Division. I should have sensed their insecurity when my telephone service representative told me she could not give out their phone number, but she could take mine and they'd call back. OK. Sure enough, a voice that refused to identify itself called a few moments later and in lowered tones gave me The Secret. Worked 99 percent of the time, the voice swore. So the next time my friend called, I said, with just a trace of menace:

"All right, Operator. This is the call. Tell the police to start the trace." I could hear him laughing as I hung up.

Just as I decided to offer him two ex-roommates' numbers if he'd stop calling, he stopped calling. Months of uninterrupted sleep passed. I went on a vacation, and he didn't even call to see if I'd had a good time.

Then early one evening he called again. This time he wasn't asking, he was telling.

"I'mgonnafuckandgrabandchewpantpantandscrew . . ." I listened patiently until he was finished, then I said:

"Look, we both know that if you could *do* it, you wouldn't have me on the phone, right?" And I hung up. I picked up the phone to call everyone I knew to tell them I'd won. But he

Sticky Fingers

Mick Jagger switched to a diamond after he realized that the emerald he had set into one of his teeth looked like a piece of spinach.

BOOM, BAH, and NO HISS.

Sure the bass comes booming through. But on the highs there's no hiss. Because the Sony TC-161SD has Dolby. Price – $299.95. See the complete line of Sony cassette tape decks starting at $115.95 at your Sony/Superscope dealer.

Ferrite and Ferrite Head. Lasts up to 200 times longer than the commonly used permalloy variety.

Total Mechanism Shut-Off. Sony's TMS automatically turns the operating mechanism completely off at end of tape in any mode.

Closed-Loop Dual Capstan Tape Drive. Reduces wow and flutter to an insignificant 0.1%.

Dolby Noise Reduction System.*

SONY SUPERSCOPE

You never heard it so good.®

©1972 Superscope, Inc., 8235 Vineland Ave., Sun Valley, Calif. 91352. Prices and models subject to change without notice. Consult the Yellow Pages for your nearest Sony/Superscope dealer. Send for free catalog.

*TM Dolby Labs., Inc.

LEGAL ABORTION

Call Libby

(415) 398-6222

Abortion Information Data Bank
Box 26462
San Francisco, California 94126

AID Bank, a non-profit service, provides quick reliable help to women with unwanted pregnancies.

By air-mail, or over the phone, AID Bank gives women names, addresses, and fees of doctors nearest their home offering legal abortion. Also provided is a medical handbook explaining the different procedures. A five dollar fee is the only charge for the service.

Did you know that legal abortion is eight times safer than childbirth?

One Thin Dime

Through the magic of journalism, we whisk you to the Champs-Elysées in Paris, where a long line has formed outside a certain phone both. It seems that from this phone booth, unlike any other in all Europe, one may place a call to anywhere in the world and talk for as long as one likes—all for 55 centimes, which is the French equivalent of one thin dime. Call the folks in California. Chat with Eldridge Cleaver in Algeria. Track down a friend in Nepal. The phone company doesn't know about this phone yet, and if you don't tell anyone, we won't mention it to a soul.

was still on the line, wounded. And painfully he said:

"What kinda bitch are you to talk to me like that?"

A case of terminal humiliation.

I only heard from him once after that. Probably to ask me The Question just for old times. But I didn't hear all he said. I passed the phone to the man I was with, who listened for a while, and asked the caller if that was the best he could do. I put my ear to the phone just in time to hear my o.c. gulp, gasp and hang up.

So it was over. And I couldn't help feeling a little sorry. It was, after all, the longest relationship I'd ever had with a man. —*K.B.*

LIFE and DEATH In California

About two and a half years ago, Bernard Jaynes, a successful Oakland insurance man, ordered a vanity license plate from the California Department of Motor Vehicles. It cost $25. It read LIFE.

At first he had it on a Dodge Monaco. Everywhere he went people congratulated him on his optimism. He was often asked if he worked for *Life* magazine. "No," he'd reply, "I'm in the life insurance business."

Soon he upgraded the showcase for the plate. Now LIFE rides the 13 miles from his nice home in Moraga to his general insurance agency on a gold Cadillac Coupe de Ville. Once a car with the plate INSURE honked at him, knowingly, and Jaynes honked back. And LIFE for Jaynes has not been bad. He has a wife and four kids, the oldest of whom has just started college, and since he joined Connecticut Mutual 14 years ago he has moved upward in his work.

When you ask him why LIFE, he will reply because he is interested in saving the environment, because his religious faith affirms LIFE, and because he sells *life* insurance. There are policyholders sold by Jaynes after they commented on his plate. For Bernard Jaynes, LIFE has been swell so far.

A year and a half ago, Kurt Steven Savage went to the DMV office in Watsonville, California, to buy a vanity plate. His first choice, ODESSA, after an album by his favorite rock group, the BeeGees, had been taken. His second choice was DEATH. The local DMV man forwarded his request, predicting the authorities would not give him the plate. But, three months later, they did.

The department had drawn up a list of forbidden obscenities. DEATH was ruled not obscene, although a bit alarming to see on the highways.

Savage had just graduated from high school. He had grown his hair long, taken up with a girlfriend, washed dishes for money. When the girlfriend left him he bought a new car, new to him that is, a 1966 ember-glo green Mercury Comet Caliente convertible with a white top, tapedeck and white leather upholstery. To support the car he cut his hair and began working as a setup man at a McDonald's hamburger stand on Highway 1 in Santa Cruz.

His father, Dr. L. W. Savage, a podiatrist who drank too much, liked the DEATH plate. He wanted it, offered Kurt money for it. Kurt refused.

"Someday you'll run out of money and sell it to me," his father predicted. Another reason Kurt took the job in Santa Cruz was to get away from his tormented father, who also suffered from cancer and impending bankruptcy. To make matters worse, Dr. Savage had fatally shot the son of his own girlfriend and been sentenced a fine for involuntary manslaughter.

Kurt worked away at the hamburger place. Each morning at seven he would arrive to clean the grill, make up Big Mac sauce, filter the vats, put together the milk-shake machine, organize the day's supply of ketchup and pickles. Then, after the opening, he would fry hamburgers. He made $1.85 an hour. He dreamed of better-paying work. He wanted to be a maintenance man, keep the outside of the restaurant clean, escape from his hot grill.

Almost a year to the day from the day he ordered the DEATH plate, Kurt went home to visit his father. Kurt found him dead on the back porch of his 100-year-old home. A textbook-perfect noose held him high in the air. The stepladder he had kicked away was nearby.

"Well, he finally did it," was the thought that went through Kurt's mind. Kurt showed little emotion to police and coroner's men. Investigators asked family friends if father and son had argued. One reason they asked was Kurt's license plate.

The tapedeck has been stolen from the Mercury. The car is dented, sideswiped a few times. Old people yell at him angrily as he drives along the Santa Cruz mall. They don't like his advertising the thing that will take them soon. Kids hoot at him and ask if he's an undertaker. He still misses the girlfriend. He didn't get a penny from his father's estate. He still likes his license.

"I think it's one of the best you can get," he says. —*J.R.*

We

Contributors to this section include Lester Bangs, Kathy Bauch, Alex Dubro, Maureen Koch, David Marsh, R. Meltzer, John Morthland, Tom Nolan, Charles Parmiter, Melody Peterson, John Riley, Norman Schreiber, Black Shadow, Andy Shernoff, Patti Smith, Ray Swallow, Ed Ward, Tom Werts and the staff of OUI magazine.

SMIRNOFF® VODKA. 80 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN.) ©1972, HEUBLEIN, INCORPORATED, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

The Midnight Brunch.

Some of us would rather spend the morning sleeping than eating. So why not have brunch at midnight? We tried it at the end of a recent happy evening and discovered there's something deliciously crazy about having breakfast before bed.

If you're the kind of person who never gets hungry in the morning, you might like to try a Midnight Brunch. Screwdrivers and all.

To make a Screwdriver, put 2 or 3 ice cubes in a glass, add 1½ oz. Smirnoff. Fill with orange juice and stir.

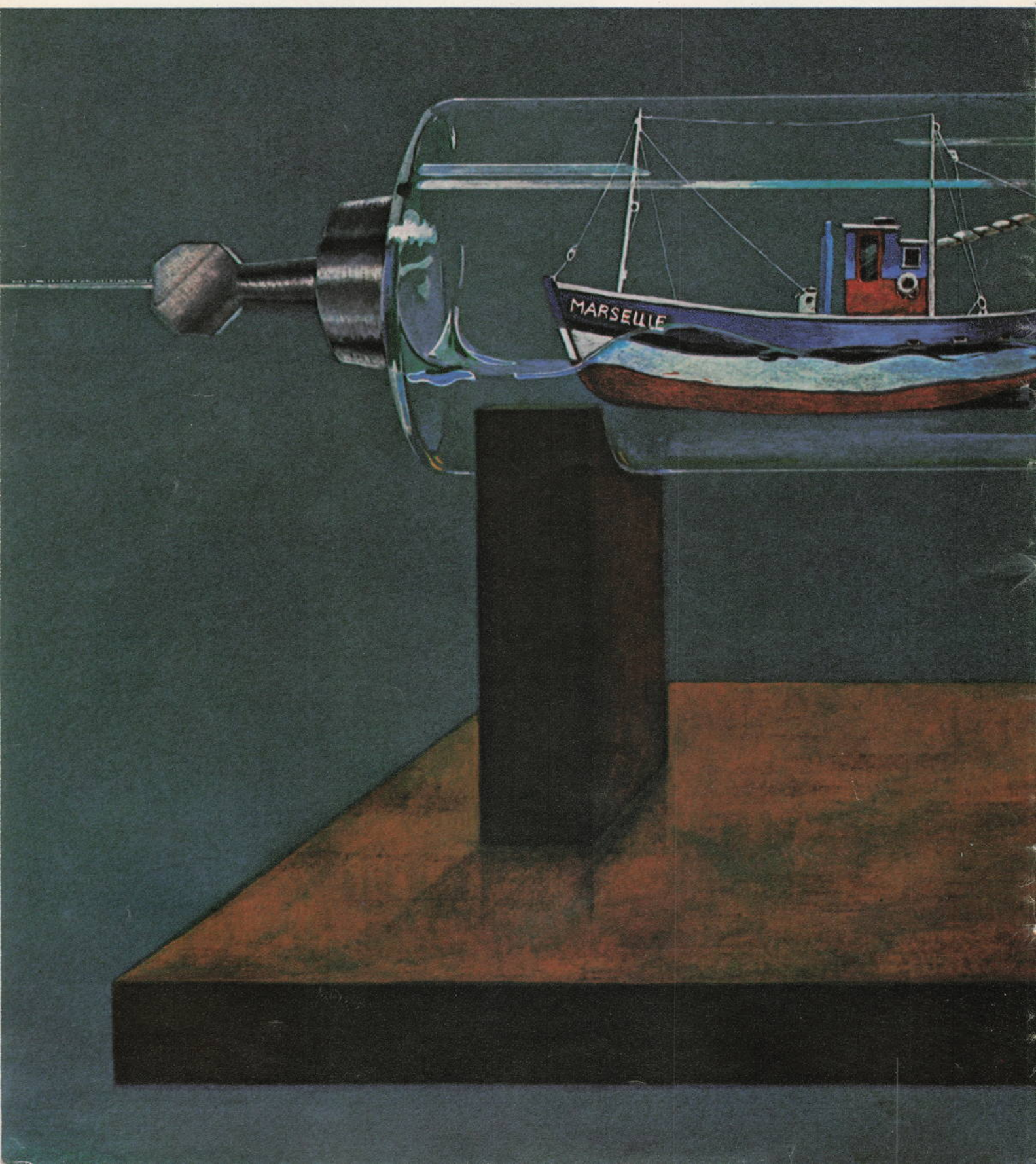
Smirnoff
leaves you breathless.®

Drug City

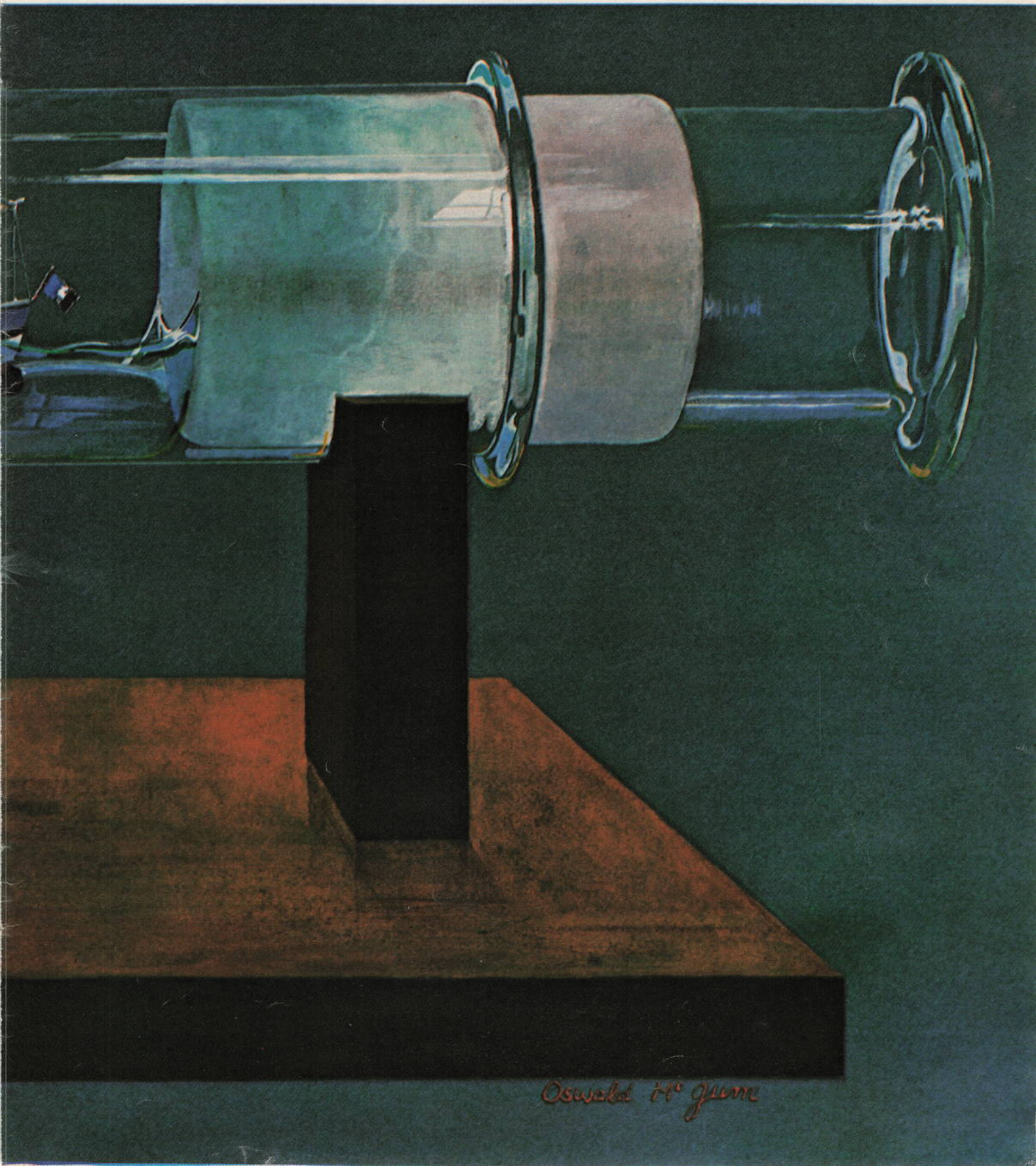
Where the chemists are cooking all day long and the heroin is the sweetest in the world

A sunny place for shady people. That's what Somerset Maugham once called the French Riviera. And Marseilles, France's drug capital, has the shadiest people of all. U. S. narcotics agents claim that at least 80 percent of the heroin that comes to New York passes through Marseilles. French officials pooh-pooh this figure, saying it is more like 20 percent. Does it really matter?

Last year, the chief American narcotics agent in



Europe made some devastating charges about the drug traffic in Marseilles. John Cusack, head of the European division of the U. S. Bureau of Narcotics, created an uproar with three interviews in *Le Meridional-La France*. He claimed that next to nothing was being done by the French authorities to stop the tremendous flow of drugs through Marseilles. It was in the Marseilles area, "and not elsewhere," that the basic morphine from the Middle East was being refined into heroin. It was there, he said, that eight of 12 clandestine laboratories did the processing. "It is there also, in Marseilles," Cusack continued, "that the bosses, with direct ties to the Mafia and the successors of Al Capone, are based." He charged that each year about $15 million goes from Marseilles right into the numbered Swiss bank accounts of three or four big men. "And we are sure that there is a trip every month between



DRUG CITY *So the French look down their noses at the American agents. Yet there was something to the allegations that goosed them into action. The French police were suddenly given free rein.*

Marseilles and the U. S. through South America, and that each one of these trips earns the big guys in Marseilles $10 million. Right now," said Cusack, "there are three or four big dealers in Marseilles who feel secure, fortified with bank accounts, their connections and the respect that surrounds them." Cusack claimed the big men worked in an atmosphere of tranquillity, partially because potential informants feared for their lives. So Cusack went over the heads of the French police. He appealed directly to the people of Marseilles, promising them huge amounts of money for information.

"Together," he said, "we will kick the anthills; we will force the ants to emerge and scatter. It is up to us to destroy them and, above all, to find the big ants."

The Marseilles police were enraged with all this loose talk about big ants. It didn't sit well with them. Yet it was hard to argue that Marseilles was not a major supply and transit port for drugs en route to New York.

* * *

Commissioner Lachaud's style is very French, very unlike that of John Cusack. Lachaud has gray hair and laughing blue eyes. A good-looking man, he wears his 50 years well, with a slightly ironic expression and a skeptical smile. He is a formidable enemy. He was involved in the arrest of Marcel Boucan, captain of the *Caprice des Temps*, whose cargo had nearly half a ton of pure heroin. It was the largest amount of heroin seized in history and the arrest made world-wide headlines. But Commissioner Lachaud doesn't really like to talk about his exploits. The Commissioner prefers to be discreet and efficient. He works in the shadows.

Americans accuse the French authorities of inertia, even of complicity. All this makes Commissioner Lachaud smile. "It's very true," he says, "that Marseilles and the Riviera, with the little hidden coves along the coast, are crucial to the drug traffic into the U. S. But the American accusations are still ridiculous. The Justice Department set up Bureau of Narcotics antennae on our shores, and they have exceptional financial and investigative facilities. Still, they aren't any more effective than we are. On the contrary, they use Boy Scout methods; they think they're still fighting gangsters back in the U. S.! Cusack and his 'successors of Al Capone'! Look at Joseph Coleman, head of the three-man Bureau of Narcotics detail for Marseilles. I was astounded when I heard he went visiting little local crooks in the back rooms of seamy bars, carrying 250 old francs in a paper bag! The poor man didn't even realize the insane risk he was running. If the Americans are cleverer than we, let *them* stop the drugs from getting to the U. S. Since they themselves can't cut off the flow of drugs to their shores, they make these ridiculous accusations about the French police. They're just trying to blame us for their failures."

After spending some time with the detectives from the Marseilles drug squad, one gets the impression that they see the Bureau of Narcotics men and FBI agents as buffoons, bad actors hard-up for B-movie roles, Lemmy Cautions with flat stomachs and wide shoulders, freshly hatched from Yankee universities, out to solve every problem. "Amateurs," they might say, yet these amateurs have ridiculous amounts of money at their disposal. French detectives can only shrug their shoulders in irritation, and sigh when one mentions the exploits and declarations of the FBI, and the Bureau of Narcotics, whose agents are regarded in Marseilles as charming, somewhat naïve young men who have more talent for publicity than for patient investigation and the long, hard, unrewarding work involved in tracing a drug network.

So the French look down their noses at the American agents. Yet there was *something* in Cusack's allegations that goosed them into action. The French police, whose hands had been tied—no matter what anybody had said—were suddenly given free rein. In Nice, with 11 inspectors, they arrested 200 dealers on all levels. In Marseilles, where the traffic is deeply embedded and well-organized, the trade still flourishes. But with the arrest of the most competent and best-known chemists, the dealers are having a tougher time recruiting qualified personnel. They're losing both men and money. "But it's impossible," concludes Commissioner Lachaud, "no matter what the quality of our teams, no matter how many arrests we make, to prevent the big fish from slipping through our nets."

I
THE MIDDLE EAST

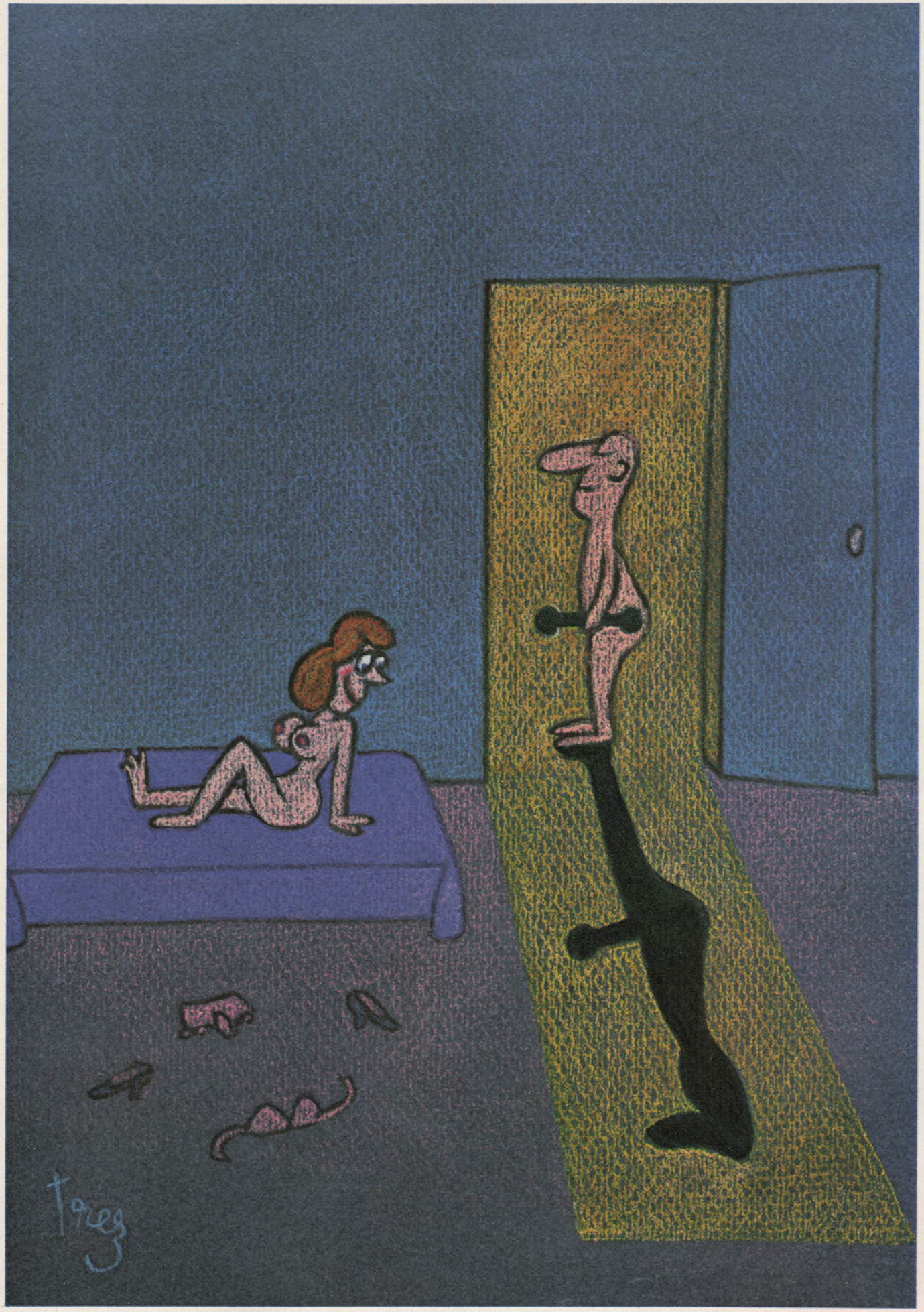
"The drug doesn't arrive in France in its final form," explains Commissioner Lachaud. He gets up and removes a plastic box from his briefcase. The box contains a maroon dust that looks like cocoa. "This is what they call the morphine base," he says. "The opium poppy is cultivated by peasants in the Middle East. The opium extract, in the form of a resin, is made into this morphine base on the spot and then sold to dealers. The processed stuff is transported in one-kilogram bags made of plastic. Then it's hidden in obvious places: truck lights, dashboards, false spare tires, double-bottomed suitcases. The drug has to cross four borders to get to France, where it is refined into heroin. It goes from Turkey to Bulgaria, across to Yugoslavia, then to Italy and finally to France. There are hundreds of thousands of Turkish workers all over Europe. Imagine a truckload of exhausted Turkish workers pulling up to an Italian border point in the early morning. Will our Customs officer make all those people get out so that he can search both them and the truck? That would require a superhuman sense of duty. And European customs agreements often allow for sealed packs to be waved right through the borders. See, they're not really all that worried about the drug problem in the first place. After all, it's the Americans' problem, not theirs. So it's practically impossible to stop the traffic coming in from the Middle East. Unless we've been tipped off, smugglers can pass with little risk. There are still no electronic gadgets for detecting the drug."

II
COOKING

Beautiful secluded villas surrounded by high, solid walls make up the residential neighborhood of Marseilles. This villa, with its expansive overgrown garden, is in no way distinguishable from those surrounding it. It is quiet and unassuming. One reaches it by driving up a hard dirt road, usually watched over by an old gardening couple. The lights of the villa glow well into the evening. Cars stop at the gate, then drive in quietly. It's impossible to guess that this is one of the many clandestine laboratories that transform opium into heroin. All the work of refining the morphine base from the Middle East into pure heroin is done in these secret laboratories around Marseilles. The dealers have four or five chemists of international reputation in Marseilles—respectable people who lead snug lives, don't attract much attention, don't visibly use drugs and have never been in trouble with the police.

The already risky profession of transforming morphine into heroin is also physically destructive to the chemist. The process requires the use of acetic anhydride. Even when one uses a mask and gloves, the acid dries the eyes and eats away at the hands.

A chemist can work only about four or five hours a night, usually at a location chosen at the last moment. In one night's work, he can make several kilos of morphine into heroin. The police find it almost *(Continued on page 42)*



The Maltese Fox

Malta is famous for the Maltese Cross, which is kind of chubby but very impressive (something like Orson Welles); the Maltese Falcon, which is imaginary and symbolic; and Detroit, which is not in Malta at all but is where most Maltese folks go when they leave Malta. It is not yet famous for Marie-Sophie, who vacationed there last year. St. Paul vacationed there, too, in the wake of a shipwreck, and there was no one like Marie-Sophie to greet him as he struggled up the beach. This is probably a good thing, Paul's views on women being what they were and Marie-Sophie being a sensitive young thing. She is also, as should be abundantly clear, good-natured, very pretty and Swedish.

Women vacationing on Malta are well known for their inexplicable habit—of stripping down to their bikinis whenever they see a car with a real leather interior. It has something to do with the feel of skin on hide. Or hide on skin.

FRANK GITTY

The men on the beach say there are many lessons to be learned on this island. There are footprints of the past everywhere one cares to look. Yet one has a hard time remembering the words in the guidebooks when faced with the actuality of the island. On Malta, three pre-Christian civilizations disappeared without a trace. Marie-Sophie, being a fashion model and not a civilization, appears unconcerned. "They are to me," she may have said, "like so many cabbages on a shelf. One, two, three. Pouf!" That is the way with Marie-Sophie.

The Maltese excel in the arts of tourism. Throughout history, people have come to Malta from the world over. So Marie-Sophie is not the first Swede to visit Malta. The Vikings had a trading center there. Of course the Vikings were mostly Norwegians, but the basic concept is still sound. Marie-Sophie now lives in Paris, another famous Viking trading center. See how the pieces fall into place?

Do you know where you are at all times?

Most people never will, but with the choice next door you can take a big step in that direction. We're going to be moving from left to right. And your wrist won't feel lonely either. For instance, try the sporty Lucien Piccard with the ventilated strap and orange dial for $99. Or the $50 watch on the hitchhiker's hand, with the rally stripe running from the band through the dial, by John Weitz for Destino. The intricate escapement of time is existentially exposed in Accutron's $150 see-through watch. The 17-jewel, all-business watch, $22.99 by Lucerne for Alexander's, has nostalgic 1890s numerals. Or, you can buy the one-jewel yellow Chalet for just $7.99, and when you're sleepy and tired of timekeeping, just throw it away. We all know that railway conductors' watches keep perfect time, even if the trains don't. Try Caravelle's fob job with a sweep second hand for only $18.95. At 666 feet beneath the sea, your Accutron Mark I will still tell you the day and date and the time in cities around the world for $195. But will you be able to read it at 666 feet? Think that 17-jewel, tortoise-shell-rimmed watch perched on the lip of a can is expensive? No. $24.99, by Geneva for Alexander's. They don't use up a real tortoise for it either. Pierre Cardin is responsible for the brace of modern high-style watches, $86 each. In the sardine can lurks a 17-jewel Marcel Boucher for Alexander's—only $45. Telling time for the peace-symbol gesture is the super throwaway: all-plastic case and strap, $7.99, by Chalet for Alexander's. Above it, a Caravelle with a fiberglass case for $27.95. Finally, there's the real timekeeper's watch, the Rolex Oyster Perpetual. Pressure- and waterproof, it tells day from night on its adjustable bezel, for only $210, or $525 if the case is solid gold. Rolex even tells its owners to wash it in soap and water.

(Continued from page 32) impossible to track down these mobile laboratories since the chemist's equipment is so light it can be transported in a small suitcase. The reduction can be made with gas, water, a few saucepans, an alembic, test tubes, Bunsen burner, a thermometer, a small amount of anhydride and animal black. And, of course, the morphine base in plastic bags. All the equipment can be set up or dismantled in just a few minutes.

When the Americans ask why the French have closed down only 13 laboratories in 20 years, the French have a pretty good response: "The only way to discover these places," they explain, "is by buying information. And the kind of money we have, compared to the money the Americans spend on information, is nothing. To get good information, the Americans will spend up to $50,000, even more for a big haul. It's out of the question for us to do something like that."

Nevertheless, when John Cusack made his allegations, the French police were suddenly able to make dramatic arrests. In the previous decade, the French authorities had found only six laboratories. This year they have raided five major laboratories supplying the U. S. with heroin. Odd, isn't it? Among those caught in the net was Joseph Césari, 57, one of the world's most masterful heroin processors. In mid-March of this year, police raided an isolated villa in Aubagne, near Nice, and arrested Césari along with his wife and three others. In the basement of his villa, they discovered a laboratory and 120 kilos of pure heroin—worth a cool $36 million on the streets of New York.

Césari was a quiet old man, insignificant. Yet his reputation was international: He was thought to be the most brilliant heroin specialist in the world. That's quite a compliment. Heroin processed in France is considered top-notch because of the excellent work of the French chemists. Césari's talent made him a millionaire.

A two-time loser now, Césari knew that this time he faced a minimum of 20 years in prison. Worn and demoralized, the star chemist of the Marseilles Mafia apparently preferred death. On the night of March 22nd, Joseph Césari hanged himself with a bed sheet in his Marseilles prison cell. The police, of course, were unable to find out who supplied Césari and where he planned to deliver the heroin.

III
TRAVELING TO THE BIG APPLE

"Imagine a respectable gentleman," says Commissioner Lachaud, "a man who needs money, like everyone else. He travels to the U. S. on business occasionally. He's contacted and offered an easy $40,000 just for carrying a few bags of heroin in his suitcase. Whether he carries a gram or a kilogram, the risk is the same. So he carries as much as possible. Look at the number of people flying into Kennedy Airport. How do you expect Customs to check out millions of peaceful tourists and important businessmen? In America, the drug traffic is often done by people above all suspicion."

Of course. It's so simple. We know of diplomats with their diplomatic pouches —legally untouchable—who do transport things other than embassy documents. Things like an easy kilo or two of heroin. And recently, when the sister of a Middle East ruler had mysterious difficulties with the Swiss police, the matter was quickly hushed up to avoid an enormous international scandal.

Some of the untouchables are eventually captured. In early 1964, after four years' work, American agents managed to put the "Ambassador's Gang" out of commission. Pardo-Bolland, the Mexican Ambassador to Bolivia, had been smuggling hashish and morphine for Lebanese "banker" Tony Araman and an Armenian refugee, Agap Kevorkian. Ambassador Bolland even talked his friend, Uruguayan diplomat Juan Arizti, into working with him. Over a period of four years, 400 kilograms of pure heroin, worth $120 million on the American market, passed from Lebanon to New York through Marseilles. French police, who knew all about it, found it impossible to catch the two diplomats in the act. Finally, the police followed Ambassador Bolland from New York to Cannes, where he met Arizti and the two couriers for the gang. The police knew that each diplomat picked up 60 kilos of heroin. They were arrested in New York with $36 million worth of heroin in their luggage. Because they were caught red-handed, their diplomatic immunity was waived.

In November 1968 in Cairo, Moroccan Prince Idriss Khattabi was harassed by the police for bringing drugs into Egypt. The prince was the son of Abdel Krim, leader of the Moroccan uprising against French rule in the 1920s. The Prince and one of his buddies were found to be in possession of 168 boxes of medicines manufactured in France and used as drugs by a large clientele. This was just a small branch of the enormous traffic between Lebanon, France and Egypt.

Prince Haroon al-Rashid Abbasi, Pakistani Ambassador to Tunisia, had similar difficulties in April 1970. He was quickly exonerated to avoid diplomatic complications between the two countries. One can see why assignments to the Middle East are highly prized by certain diplomats.

In Beirut, Lebanon, in September 1970, Customs men discovered 45 kilograms of hashish in the luggage of Amri Malina, first secretary of the Tanzanian Embassy in Moscow.

And then another heavy load was trundled through the Amsterdam airport, in the bags of the son of the Canadian Ambassador to Holland. He was arrested by the police with 60 kilos of hashish. He was arriving from Karachi, Pakistan, via Paris on his way to Montreal. He never made it.

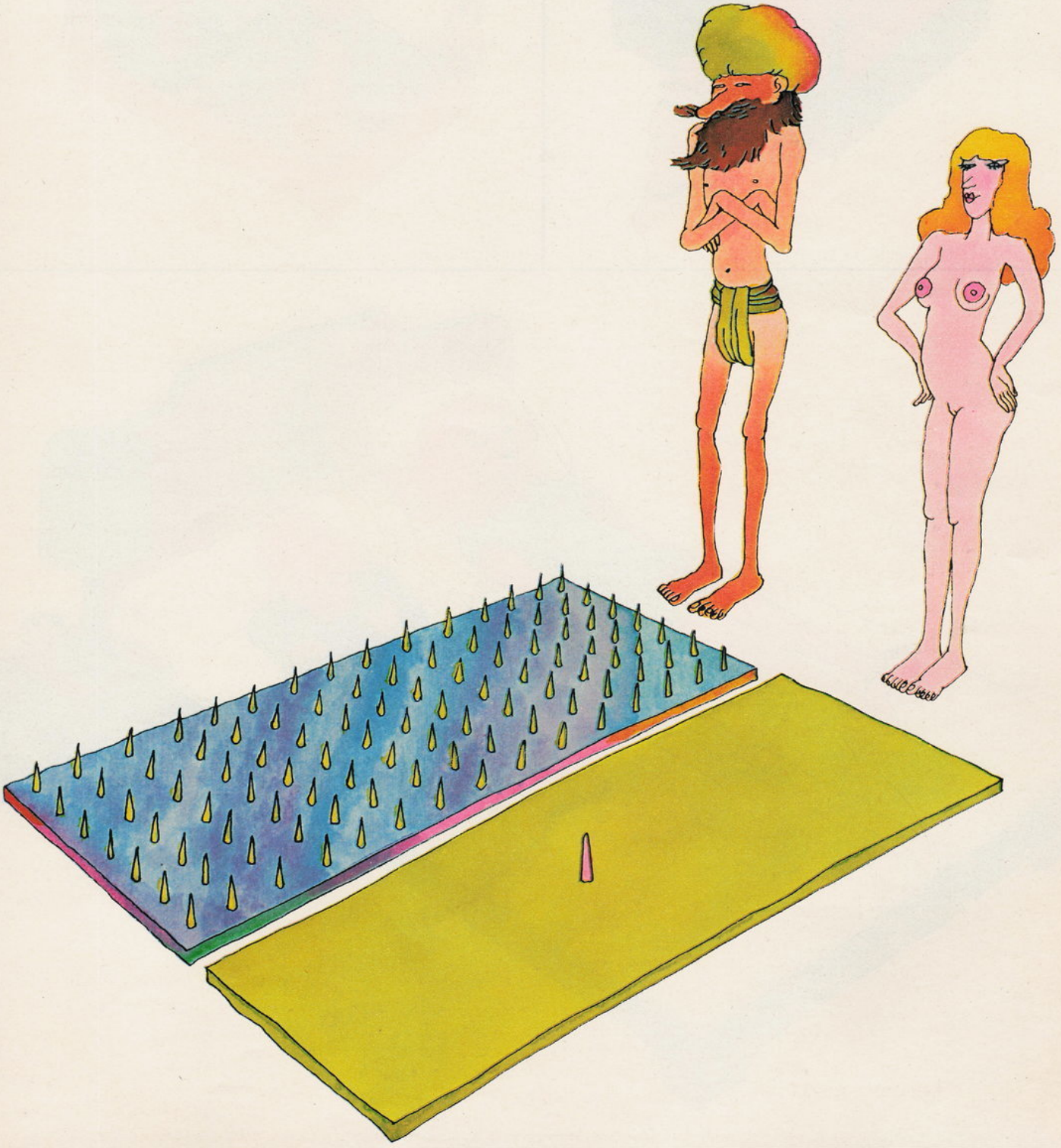
An Iranian was arrested for taking arms to Geneva, Switzerland. Under questioning by the police, he panicked and admitted that he was an intermediary in the drug traffic for two of his countrymen—both of them relatives of the Shah of Iran. He fingered Prince Dawalouh, who was then skiing at St. Moritz with the Shah and his entourage. The Swiss officials came under tremendous pressure from the Iranian Ambassador. The Prince invoked diplomatic immunity, as usual, and the ever-sensitive Swiss authorities gave up on the investigation and let the little prince leave their fair country. So it goes.

Some people—the more mundane among us—are not so lucky with this immunity business. Take Jacques Angelvin, the French television star who was arrested a few years ago in New York when he tried to bring in a lot of heroin in his specially constructed car. He got five years. Surely you remember *The French Connection.*

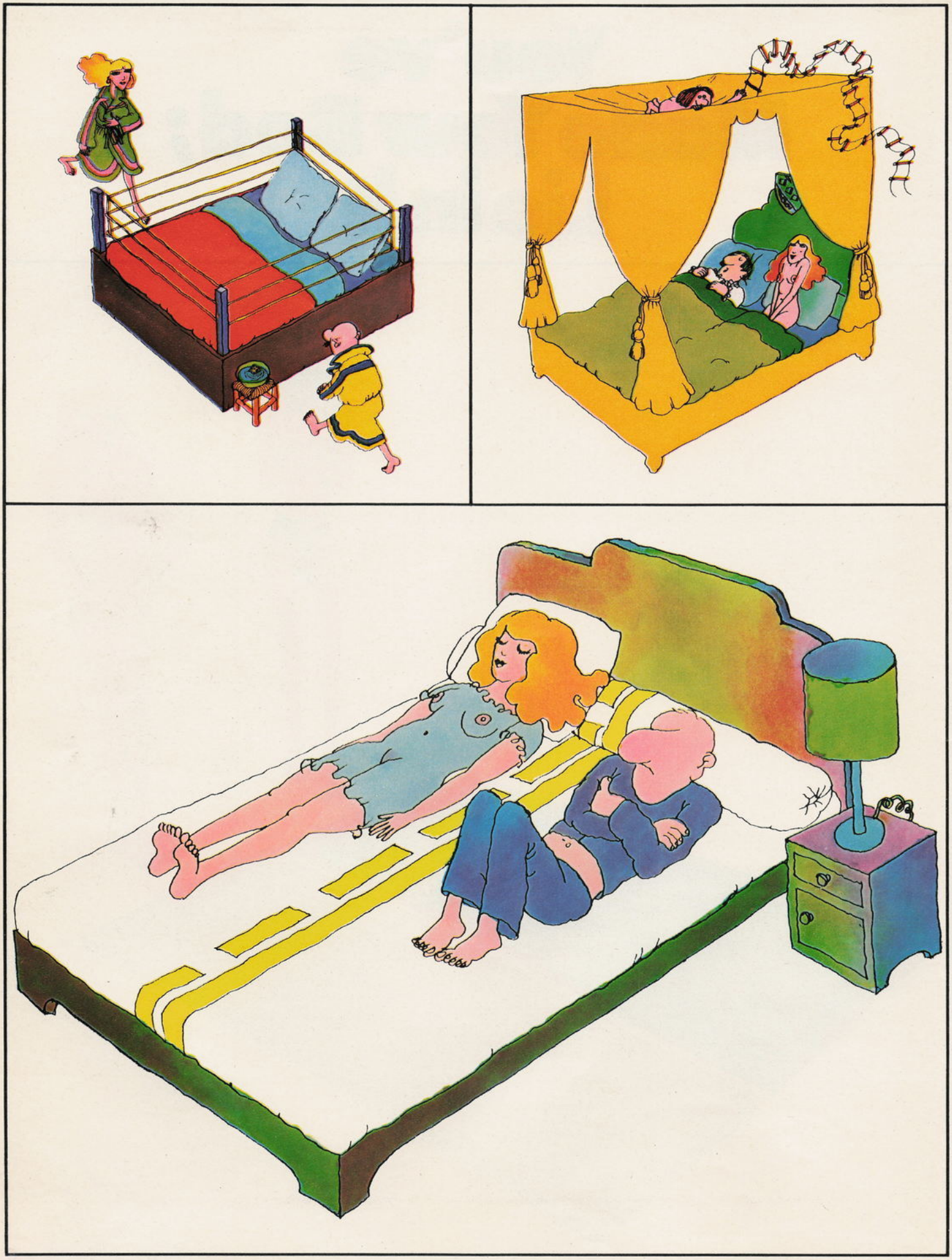
In 1967, the Florida police arrested a young hunchback and a woman, Willy Lambert and Josette Bauer. The big hump on Lambert's back yielded 11 kilograms of heroin. He was questioned, but refused to talk at first. After two years in prison, he finally squealed. Ange Simonpieri, well known in the Marseilles mob, had supplied the heroin. OK. So a French judge tried to get this Simonpieri in court, but he had himself hospitalized for a heart condition. Then another guy—a shady banker on trial in Geneva—fingered Simonpieri and the French again went after him, goaded by Cusack's statements claiming the "big men" were protected by the French police and politicians. Simonpieri was finally nabbed in Corsica.

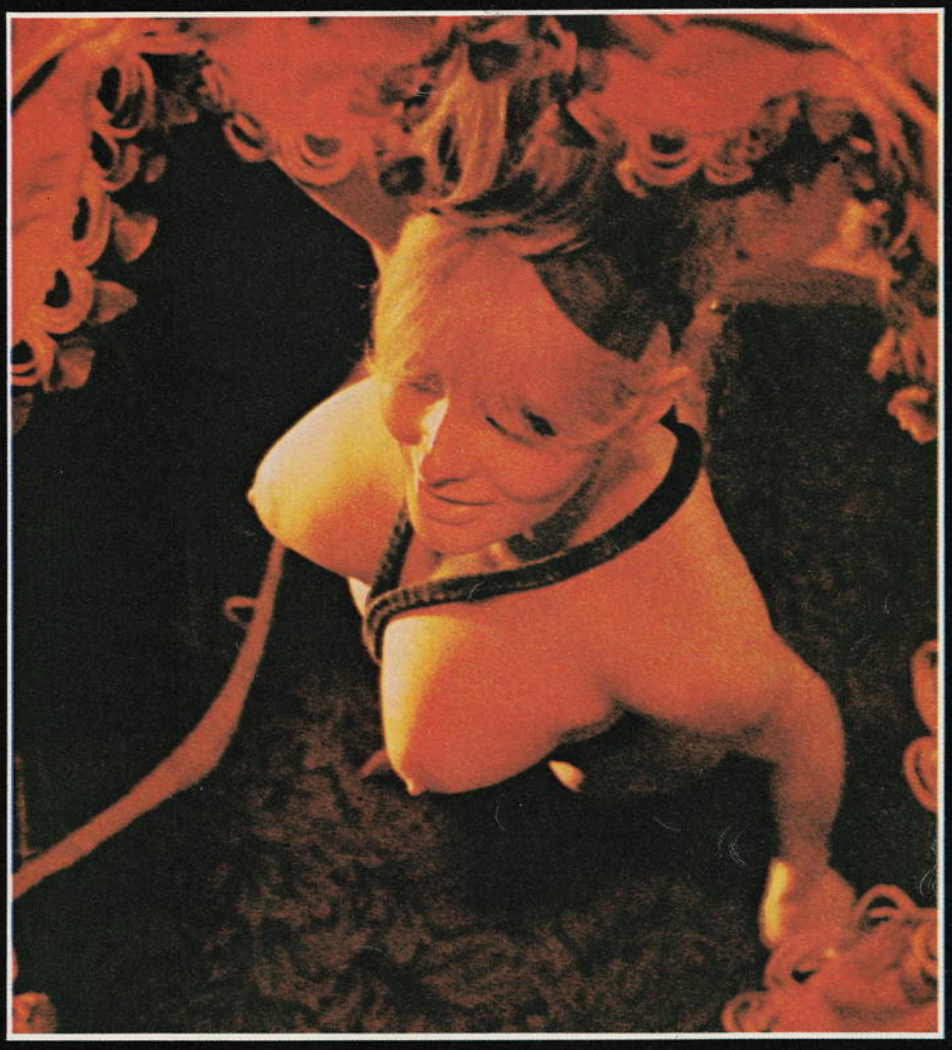
And then we have Marcel Boucan. Not as well known as Simonpieri, but interesting nonetheless. His face is weathered by *(Continued on page 103)*

You've Made Your Bed; Lie in It



GUERRIER





The Breast Aesthetic

When I was 15 years old, I spent the better part of my days engaged in the illegal purchase of Chesterfield cigarettes. I was a truant. I remember how I would slouch against the magazine racks of small liquor stores, a confession magazine open in front of me. To the unknowing, I was just some kid reading—but I wasn't reading. My sharp criminal mind was sizing up the proprietor—thinking, would he thwart my attempt to buy the contraband tobacco by asking for my ID? A situation of such magnitude called for exactness; entire afternoons would often pass between the pages of *True Romance*. It was during my intimate association with pulp that I became aware of the American passion for large breasts.

Without closing my eyes, I can recall those "no surgery, no drugs, 100 percent safe" bust-expansion advertisements on the back covers of the romance magazines. Rising above the fine print of those ads, like a great avenging colossus, was an illustration of a female with abnormal physical proportions—a woman who could take on and beat an army; a woman who, with one kick of her well-developed

racist pig!
LAUZIER

THE BREAST AESTHETIC *"She had these plastic bags put in her, you know, like Baggies," said the magazine editor.* No shit! *I wanted to say.* People are still doing that?

calf, could kill. Below this unrestrained figure, a set of "before" and "after" photographs showed a satisfied customer, identified by initials—Miss N. or Mrs. R.

The "before" picture of Miss N. or Mrs. R. was shot by a friend. The subject stood in front of an imposing structure—such as her house. She smiled into the sun, squinting. Her body was puny. She wore a dreadful, sleeveless blouse that seemed to suggest she existed without benefit of shoulders. The bottom part of her body was out of focus, and you could just make out that she had two legs covered with a pair of shorts of an indeterminate length.

But the "after" photograph was another matter. It was heralded by a personal statement. "Imagine me, a sex goddess! It's true! I added three inches to my bust in just two weeks!" If there had been any doubt in readers' minds, the "after" picture destroyed it. By the time of this photograph, our woman had found a professional photographer. *She* was the imposing structure. Not only had she acquired uncommonly large breasts, but by now she possessed real shoulders. The newfound pulchritude of our Miss N. or Mrs. R. was available to all women. All you had to do was to fill out the coupon at the bottom of the page and send money. Who were those women who sent in those coupons and their money, who believed that life could be beautiful as soon as they added inches to their busts?

The large-breast aesthetic reached its invidious height in the Sixties with silicone. Millions of women resorted to this chemical hardening agent—very good for waterproofing shoes, etc.—in their continuing search for physical perfection. An epidemic of polymer-compound junkies raged through the country. Plastic-filled syringes were plunged into bodies with no thought to continuity or form. Into the busts, thighs and buttocks went the needles. For a time this rubbery compound seemed to be the answer to nature's oversights. In some cases, silicone appeared to overcome nature itself. For example, Carol Doda is still doing her topless number in San Francisco, eight years after her bare-bosomed debut—courtesy of silicone. Rudi Gernreich's topless bathing suit was obviously designed for her, and she was one of the first to sport it. She swelled from 34B to 44D on a fairly permanent basis.

Alas, silicone created problems. It was a rather intrepid independent entity paying no heed to the original point of entry. Silicone liked to travel—all over the body. Today's large bust is an elephantine ankle tomorrow.

Pursuit of mammary giantism never concerned me. My breasts arrived just before I was 11, putting an end to a brilliant tetherball career. I used to hide my boobs with yards of undergarments. There were, of course, the brazen girls —the wearers of padded bras. I could never understand their obsession. It must have been a stage they were going through. Like me, they would develop breasts—and shame. From time to time, as I winged it through adolescence, I would hear of strange new methods for combating the terrors of the flat chest —of fatalities and physical deformities. When I went to the beach, I'd pick out the plastic boobies; no matter what posture those ladies chose, their rock-like knockers defied all laws of gravity. By the late Sixties, most sensible American women had embarked on a new look—emaciation. Large bosoms became a source of laugh material for not-too-good stand-up comics. Sad.

I received the journalistic assignment over the phone—a long-distance call of unusually good connection from the one heavy Coast to the other. "This is the deal," said the East Coast lady magazine editor. "There's this gal who had her bust made bigger with some kind of plastic bags." "Plastic bags?" I screeched. "Whaddaya mean, plastic bags?" There was a slight pause. "She had these plastic bags put in her, you know, like Baggies," came the Eastern reply. *No shit!* I wanted to say. *You mean people are still doing that?* I demurred. "No kidding?" I actually said.

"You can write it any way you want to, just make it sympathetic, something that our millions of readers can identify with. In other words," said the Eastern voice, assuming an intimate quality, "how having a big bust has changed this gal's life."

Marcy, the woman with the plastic bags inserted into the fatty tissue of her breasts, owned a cosmetic company. Had Marcy been a woman of lesser business acumen, she might have spent her life hanging out in the fine pits of any of the famed San Fernando Valley drag-strip courses. She was a California girl. The business was operating at a profit, though, through the sale of human-hair eyelashes worn by a young celebrity, named after that celebrity and available in six different lengths.

Marcy and I sat in a room of red velvet-flocked walls and gold-and-white antique furniture. The impression was one of heat. We were waiting for the plastic surgeon to arrive from Palm Springs. "Wait until you see him," Marcy giggled, which I considered somewhat immature for a woman in her 30s, the owner of a profitable business. "You'll probably want him to do surgery on you. He's handsome and he's rich and single," she said. "You know, he also does penis implants. I don't know exactly how he does them, but he can explain it to you." I asked Marcy why she had the operation.

"I did it because of him, because I knew he was a good doctor. It's like, you know, how when you go to a hairdresser and he picks up the scissors . . . you know if he is a good hair dresser. Well, that's how I feel about the doctor. And besides, my girlfriend had him do her bust and I liked the way it looked."

Marcy's answer to my question lacked all the elements I had hoped for. Where were the traumas she had experienced when growing up? Did men make fun of her when she was undressed? Did people point to her on the street? Marcy giggled again. "I know you want to hear something dramatic, how miserable I was when I was flat. But the truth is I just did it. Like I said, because of my girlfriend and because of the doctor."

I told Marcy that the magazine wanted her experience as a flat-chested woman to be sympathetic—something that millions of flat gals could identify with. "Gee," said Marcy, "I guess I'm not your typical woman who gets her bust fixed. My life hasn't changed. My sex life hasn't changed. It was lousy before I got them fixed and it's still pretty lousy." Her eyes flashed. "There is one thing that I did after I got them fixed. Something I never did before when I was flat. I guess you could say that was a change."

What was that change? "I went out and bought a bikini and a sexy negligee, you know, the kind that you always see advertised with a big-busted model." I tried again. Had Marcy thought her life would change with her new chest? Had she, when she was young, ever sent away for a bust-development course? "No," she answered to both questions. "I'm just," she announced, "I'm just, how you say, spontaneous." Marcy had been married. Did her husband make cracks about her being flat? "No," answered Marcy, "he never even noticed my body. Some men are tit men and some men are ass men. He was neither."

A long, *(Continued on page 112)*

10¢

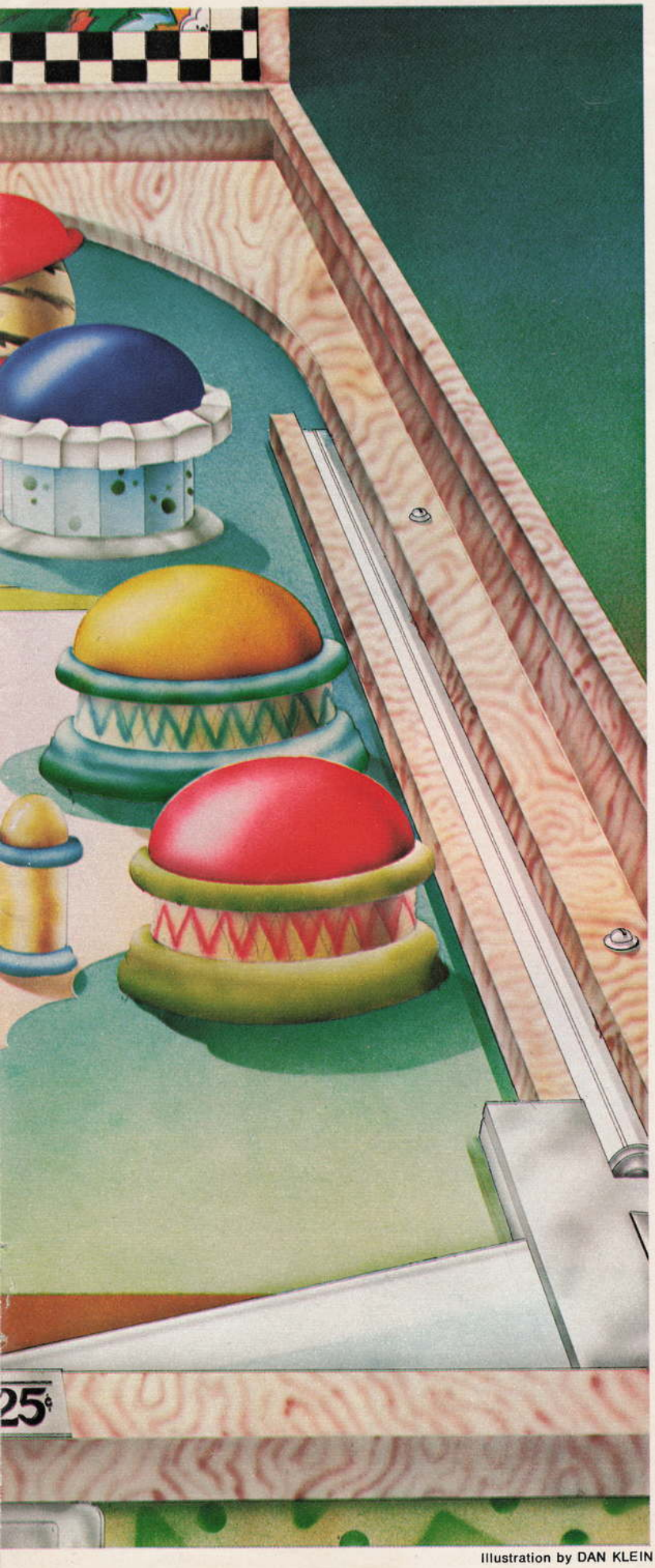


Illustration by DAN KLEIN

The Uphill Struggle Against the Big TILT

"Nick, this is a toy. A contraption designed by the cunning of man to drive boredom or anger or grief out of children. A noble gadget. A gadget, I might say, infinitely nobler than any other I can think of at the moment. Delightful. Tragic, but delightful."—William Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life"

Harvey Smith is looking for a buyer. He'd put his dime in the pinball machine—Aquarius, to be precise—and he'd won himself eight free games without hardly trying. Now he wants to sell those games, get his dime back and leave.

But there's something wrong today—nobody in the San Francisco pinball arcade wants to buy them. Imagine that: Eight games sittin' there for the price of one, and he can't find a buyer! The bus driver from the terminal across the street is happy with the Play Ball baseball game and wants to continue there. It's a slow Saturday afternoon, and the only other player in the house, a young Oriental, is sticking with the pool game. Reluctantly, Harvey starts to play off the eight games himself.

He tucks his shoulder-length blond hair behind his ears, tugs at his plain white T-shirt and pulls the plunger that sends the ball shooting up onto the playing surface. "Now, normally, I'd play for score," he says as he starts nudging the machine around, manipulating the ball into scoring holes and bumpers. "But the ten-banger on this machine isn't working too well, so I have to go for lights, win 'em that way. Main reason I wanted to sell these games is that I wanna get home, but there's also . . . just . . . I don't really like this machine. It's too dead. The flippers are OK, but it should be adjusted a little bit so that when the ball hits the banger it should shoot off real fast, make it harder, y'know?"

His heart is clearly not in it. But even so, he wins five more free games just playing off the eight. Watching him sleepwalk through those games, winning *(Continued on page 104)*

Photography by FRANK GITTY

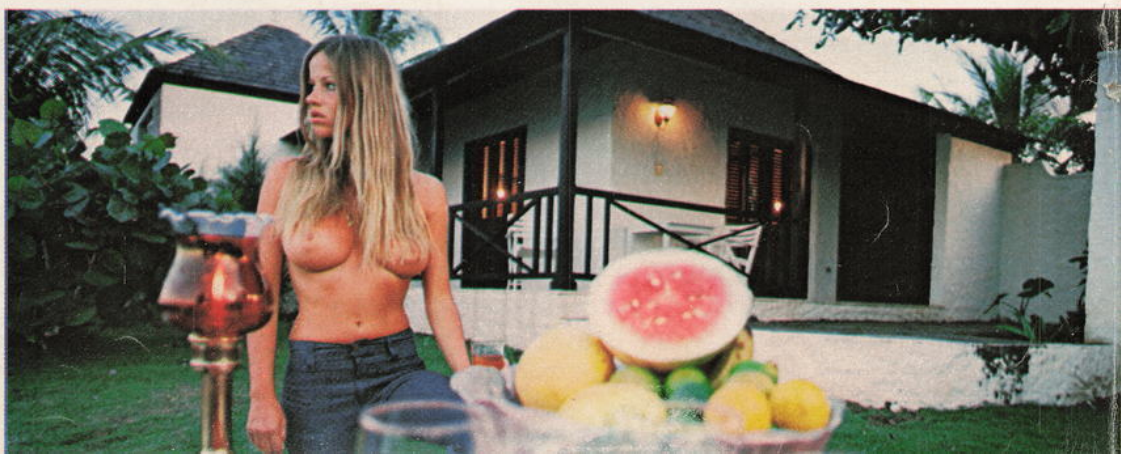
Last Year at Marlene's

Through the past, briefly

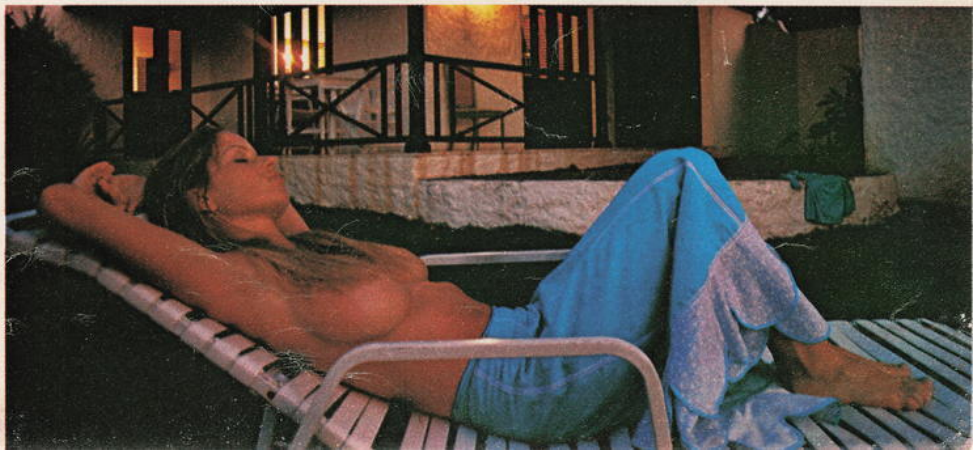
Marlene thinks. This is not always easy in the warm sunlight, when there is a delicious absence of things to consider. Still, she reviews things, choosing her subjects carefully, arranging and changing. Elements. Earth and air; plutonium and lead. Devil worship among the South Americans. Leisure footwear. She wonders if she would understand more if she were older, or younger. If this train is moving, why does the scenery stand still? It's not easy being German.

Nice. An American word for mildly pleasant. A town in France. She wonders if she should change positions. She wonders about her body. Men are such children. There was the old one, hawk-nosed, in the elevator today. Back in Munich, at the art school at the university, they had called her "The Blonde Angel."

Her father was an engineer. Her mother was an interior decorator.



Growing up was pleasant. Nice. The pigtails, the streets at dusk, the stout calves of waitresses. Munich was civilized. Hamburg, now . . . she preferred not to think about Hamburg. She shifted her body. Back in art school, they had told her that she was on the wrong side of the easel. Zip. Boom. The biggest model agency in Munich. Photographers who moved too quickly. Her face on the cover of



every magazine. She remembered the first time she had passed the kiosk near her home and seen her face staring out across the street, layered, endlessly repeated—44 eyes, 22 noses. Strange.

And then the movies. Jean-Paul Belmondo, who would smile at her. Claude Chabrol, who wouldn't. *Les Noces Rouges. The Red Wedding.* Chabrol . . . you never knew with Chabrol. A genius, they say. But maybe, Marlene thought, a bit too romantic. Marlene herself was not romantic. She wanted to meet Steve McQueen, to race fast cars, to melt into sunlight. She moved her fingers, experimentally. One, two, three, four. Five. She had not left her body behind. She wondered if there was life after death. She wondered if she would die in the sunlight. She wondered if her nose was getting red.

Later she went inside and ate some celery. She held a small piece in her cheek until it melted. It tasted green.

oui

Conversation with Jean Genet

In the summer of 1968, Jean Genet went to Chicago to cover the Democratic Convention. The piece he wrote, for *Esquire* magazine, was his first overtly political job of reportage, and he milked it, peopling his account with images of superpolice, idealized young people and debased politicians, all framed by a city so huge, brutal and American, it doomed itself by rote. Carl Sandburg wept, as did, reportedly, the editors who'd assigned Genet. What was wanted of the author of *The Thief's Journal*, *The Miracle of the Rose*, *Our Lady of the Flowers*, *The Balcony*, *The Blacks*, *The Maids* and *The Screens*, was an absurdist but poetic portrait of the failure of latter-day democracy to engage its young; what Genet wrote was seen as brilliant rhetoric. Genet, who charges huge fees for interviews and appearances, then hands the money over to radical friends like Angela Davis and Huey Newton, treats all of his publishing ventures as "deals"; he still sees himself as a street hustler. In May of 1968, he watched from a balcony on the Boulevard Saint-Michel as the students of Paris revolted, and a friend of Genet's reported that the writer seemed "thrilled"; by August, other friends were describing Chicago as a "sexual rejuvenation" for him. (He is 62 years old.) Genet connected with the Black Panthers. After finishing his writing chores, he lived and traveled with them, and made speeches to raise money for them. Black had always been the color of his art; now he'd found a way to let it color his life. Below, he discusses the politics of the Panthers, his somewhat changed views on homosexuality and, indirectly, his abandonment of literature, which he now calls "the language of teachers." The interview took place in Paris, just before Genet left for Jordan at the invitation of El Fatah. He could not be reached for further comment on the outcome of the Davis trial, or the decline of the Black Panther Party, but he is at work on a nonfiction book that will discuss, among other things, race in America.

OUI: You seldom grant interviews, so why have you agreed to this one?

JEAN GENET: Only to talk about the Black Panthers, the Soledad Brothers, Bobby Seale, Angela Davis and the whole black nation, their struggle and the legal or quasi-legal attempts to liquidate and exterminate them—something that they're facing. If I spent two months with them, in March and April 1971, if I shared their life and struggles, it was to learn from them. They asked me to make Europe aware of their cause, which has become my own. This is my purpose in answering you; it's why I'm working on my book about the Black Panthers. Time is running out. This is why I shall speak to you chiefly about my relations with the Panthers, both past and present.

OUI: Was it you who chose them, or they who chose you?

GENET: I got to know some of the leaders of the Black Panthers in 1968 in Chicago, when I covered the Democratic Convention as a reporter. In March 1971, Connie Matthews, one of their top men, came to Paris to enlist the help of a number of writers, myself among them. Since I've chosen to be a vagabond, I'm perfectly free—to me it makes no difference whether I happen to be in the U. S. A., Tokyo or even Marseilles—so I took a plane to Montreal and afterwards got off in New York.

OUI: Why Montreal? Aren't there direct flights to New York every day?

GENET: Because I entered the U. S. A. under wraps. I was refused a visa [by the American Embassy] on Rue Saint-Florentin. In the U. S. A., I am an undesirable. My publisher, Barney Rossett of Grove Press, asked for an explanation, but he never received an answer. I imagine that the reason lies in my past as a thief and a pederast, and in my current political views. A curious situation and a curious undesirable! One of my plays had just had its thousandth performance. *Funeral Rites* came out in paperback during my visit; and, since I didn't have any mailing address, my publisher had to send some copies to the Black Panthers. A magazine editor gave a dinner for me, in the course of which, among other things, apropos of my arrival by way of Canada, he said: "You have come here by the route of the deserters." Meaning, you know, the route taken by students who refuse to go off to war in Vietnam. My reply: "Yes, but in reverse."

OUI: What did you do when you arrived in America?

GENET: For two months or so I moved about without any trouble. I took part in meetings at Columbia, Yale, Stanford, with the young radicals at Berkeley, etc. I was on television in New York and San Francisco. Finally, I was summoned by the immigration people, who had found no trace of my arrival—and for good reason! The evening before I was scheduled to appear before the immigration authorities, I even attended a meeting in New Haven.

OUI: Hearing you talk about your rallying to the cause of the Black Panther Party, one is tempted to ask you why you are not equally committed on the topic of the Vietnam war.

GENET: If I've committed myself to the Black Panther Party, it's because in the United States, first of all, and in Europe—with the exception of an infinitesimal few—nobody is aware of this struggle and of the danger now confronting it. Naturally, I'm talking about the whites. On the other hand, for several years now, the war in Vietnam has been op-

Illustration by JEAN-MICHEL NICOLET

JEAN GENET *"I want the Black Panther Party to be the beneficiary of a movement comparable to the one against the war in Vietnam, and this is what I'm striving to create."*

posed by a very well organized and effective movement that is active all over the world. To add my voice to all the voices raised against the war would be merely the addition of one more voice. It is all one struggle. But what made me decide to give priority to the Black Panthers is the pressing danger that they face, and the fact that they are alone. Of course, my priority is a practical rather than a moral one . . . which means that I want them to be the beneficiaries of a movement comparable to the one against the war in Vietnam, and this is what I'm striving to create.

OUI: When you speak of the "liquidation" of the Panthers, aren't you exaggerating a bit?

GENET: Since Nixon came into power, the number of arrests, police raids and killings has increased. Today in the U. S. A., any pretext for arresting or killing Panthers is a good one, from the slightest pretext to the most serious. From traffic violations to narcotics to murder. As you perhaps know, the final result is to identify criminal motives with political motives. Besides, the U. S. A. does not have exclusive title to these methods! For example, the laws against drugs serve political ends. Since they make it permissible to conduct a search without warrant at any hour of the day and night, the police take advantage of such laws to stage raids on the Panthers' premises on the pretext of searching for drugs. Now, then, the use of drugs is absolutely prohibited by the Panthers, who don't even smoke. In the ghettos, of course, it's a different story. It's easier to escape through drugs than to leave the ghetto by making a revolution. To protect themselves, the Panthers avoid giving the least pretext for arbitrary action by the police. David Hilliard, for example, one of their leaders, used to be a truck driver, but he never sits behind the wheel anymore. None of the Panther leaders takes the risk of driving a car anymore, since to do so is to give any cop an excuse to arrest him on this or that pretext, real or imaginary, and then demand that he post an exorbitant bond. Now it is unknown militants who drive the Panther cars. The preferred tactic of the American police is to get hold of cadavers, which they then throw up to the Panthers, who have had nothing to do with the murders.

OUI: What is your view on the Soledad Brothers?

GENET: Their case is equally scandalous in its cynicism. In the Soledad prison there is a kind of "quarter"—forming, as it were, a kind of prison within the prison—which is called the hole. Needless to say, the whites who are in prison are just as racist as those who are not. A while back, a row of cells there contained some seven or eight whites, and facing it was another row in which some seven or eight blacks and Chicanos were imprisoned. The whites passed the time spewing verbal abuse and throwing garbage at the blacks who were locked up in the row of cells facing them. The prison authorities knew very well the hatred that divided the whites and the blacks. But, instead of having the whites and blacks file out separately, they let them out together. One day the inevitable happened: a free-for-all. The warden, whose name was Miller and who was standing high up on an observation post, lost no time. He fired shots, killing three blacks and wounding one white—by mistake, I would imagine.

OUI: How did this incident conclude?

GENET: Despite everything, the incident did cause something of an uproar. The lawyers for the blacks were simply astonished that Miller had not made use of tear gas to separate the combatants. The warden replied, without smiling, that the wind was too strong on that day. The choice of words leaves no room for comment. To a journalist who could not understand why he had fired into the crowd, this same Miller replied that he had indeed fired to one side but that the blacks had been killed by ricocheting slugs, and the jury was instructed to find Miller not guilty, because he had acted—from high up on his observation post!—"in legitimate self-defense . . ." Three days after this incident, a guard was found in a courtyard. He had fallen from a third-story gallery. At first he was presumed to have died as the result of a cranial fracture—fractured skull. Soon afterward, however, he was said to have succumbed to a karate blow. Without any proof, the accusation was made that a black named George Jackson had delivered the blow along with two other blacks . . . The same jury that had cleared Miller a few days earlier then proceeded to indict the three blacks for voluntary homicide.

OUI: Do you see here a deliberate attempt at repression?

GENET: Certainly. It is necessary to state that Jackson, the principal among the accused, was regarded as a Panther. It is also necessary to state that he was sentenced for robbery by an all-white jury ten years earlier to one year in prison or imprisonment for life. For the past ten years his behavior was always assessed as bad. Bad, because he didn't waste his time in prison. He learned to read and write.

OUI: Of course, he did more than just learn to read and write.

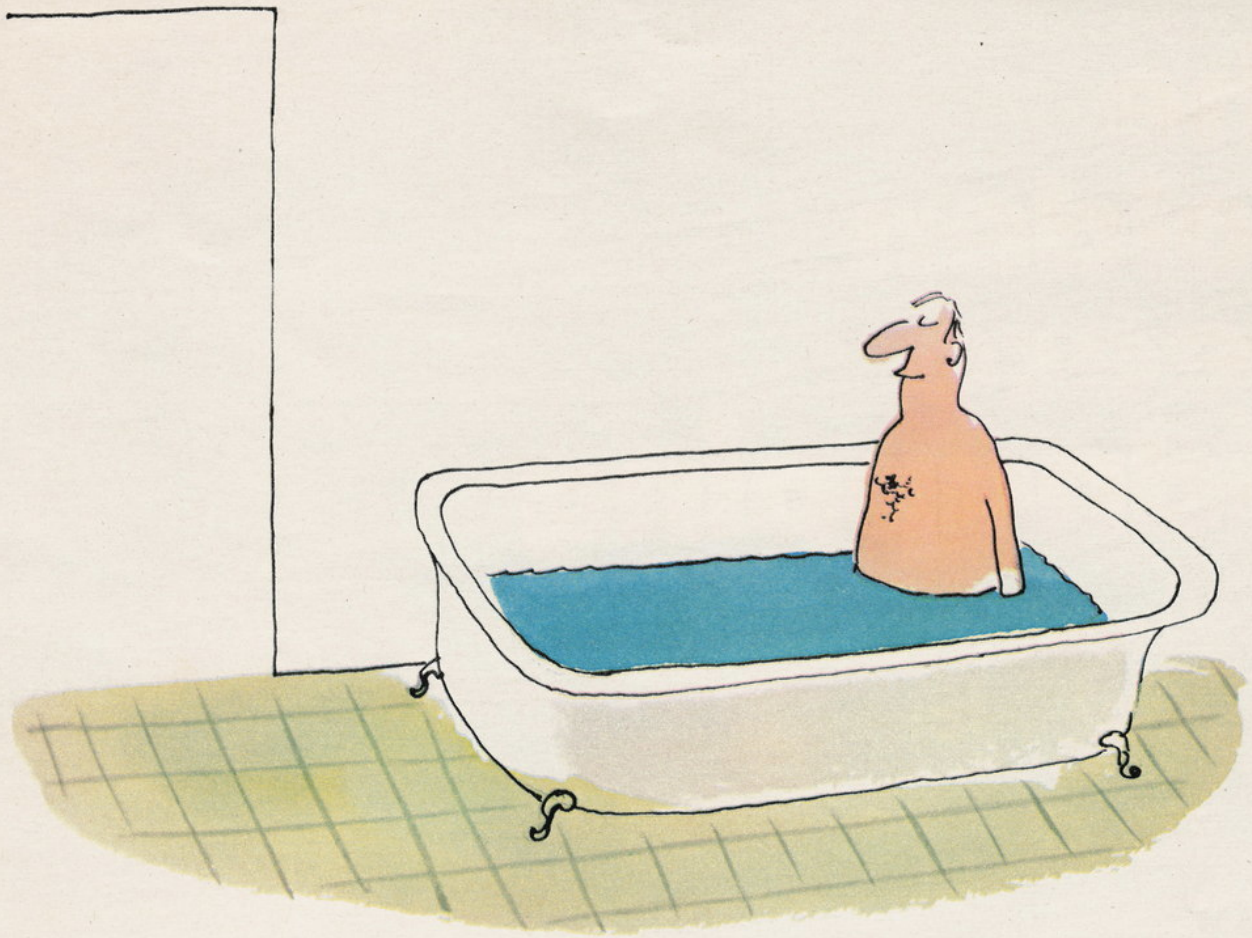
GENET: Yes. He even went so far as to write some very beautiful letters that were brought out by an important American publisher. Later they were published in Europe with a preface by me. This man, who started out merely by fighting for the civil rights of blacks, finally moved up into the ranks of the Panthers. Rather than for bad conduct, they were keeping him in prison because of his bad attitude. Just think: He wrote to his mother, telling her not to have her hair straightened! "What you're doing is of no use: you'll never be white in their eyes!" It was to defend the accused of Soledad, as well as their families, both morally and in the forum of public opinion, that the Soledad Brothers were created.

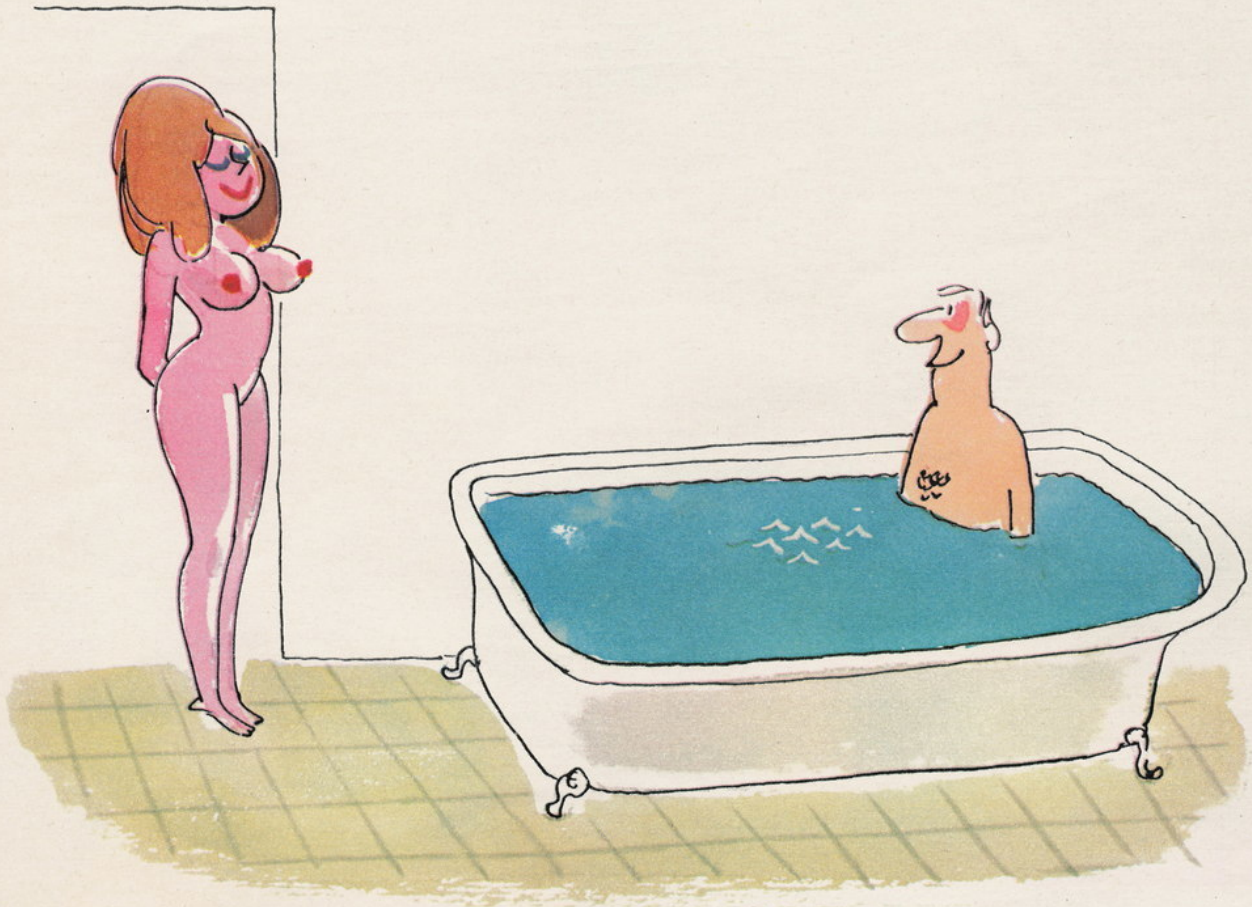
OUI: You yourself were at the side of David Hilliard, one of the leaders of the Black Panther Party, when he was arrested—isn't that true?

GENET: Yes, it was in New Haven, at a hearing in the trial of Bobby Seale. We had gone there together: David Hilliard, Emery Douglas, five or six other Panthers, their wives and me. The evening before, I had spoken at Yale. The arrest and sentencing of David Hilliard to six months' imprisonment for contempt of court was over in a minute and a quarter, a minute and a half at most. We had all entered the courtroom. In the front rows of seats, which were occupied by whites, there was one empty seat. Only naturally, a policeman led me to it. Of course, I wanted to be with my black friends. However, the policeman didn't want it. Finally, after some argument, he gave in and I joined my black friends in the back of the courtroom. Meanwhile, we greeted the lawyers with the customary handshake of the Black Panthers—which is to say, with the thumb of each hand crossing the other.

OUI: Was that the moment when the police understood who you were?

GENET: The fact is we were taken out and searched. Then, right away, we went back to our seats. I was quite bored and we had already been there for an hour. David Hilliard and Emery were reading a yellow typewritten paper. At one point, David leaned forward to speak with a lawyer. A policeman stepped up to push him back. David said a few words in a normal tone of voice, and the policeman insisted that the conversation stop. David got up and so did I. In no time, about ten policemen had us surrounded. David was led before the judge. I heard David answer him: "David Hilliard, California." Some questions about his identity . . . and then I heard the judge pronounce: "Six months." And they led David away. The court wasn't even adjourned *(Continued on page 99)*

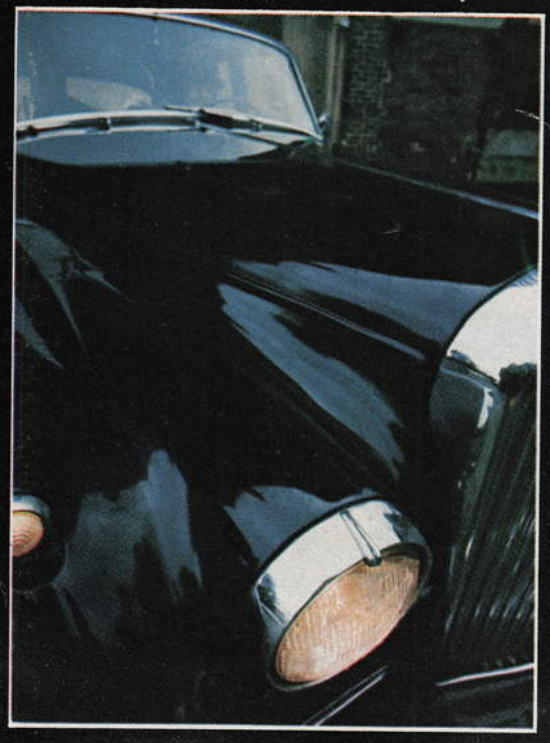




The Golden Fleece Kidnapping

(or Who's Afraid of Virgin Wool?)

You ask your garage to shine your Bentley with a soft chamois so it will glisten just right for the abduction scene. You buy a length of fine yellow rope from the Army-Navy store. Then, on a foggy, backlit street, you grab her from behind, tie her up and put her in the upholstered trunk of your car. She pretends to be unconscious and moans rather engagingly. But actually, she is trying to unbutton her yellow silk blouse while you're not looking. You know she's sly in her art, and swoons over nice, woolly things in the fog. You know she likes glistening Bentleys, and she sure knows you like women to look ravished. And, like you, she is very obliging.



Produced by DON DAVENPORT Photographed by HAL DAVIS

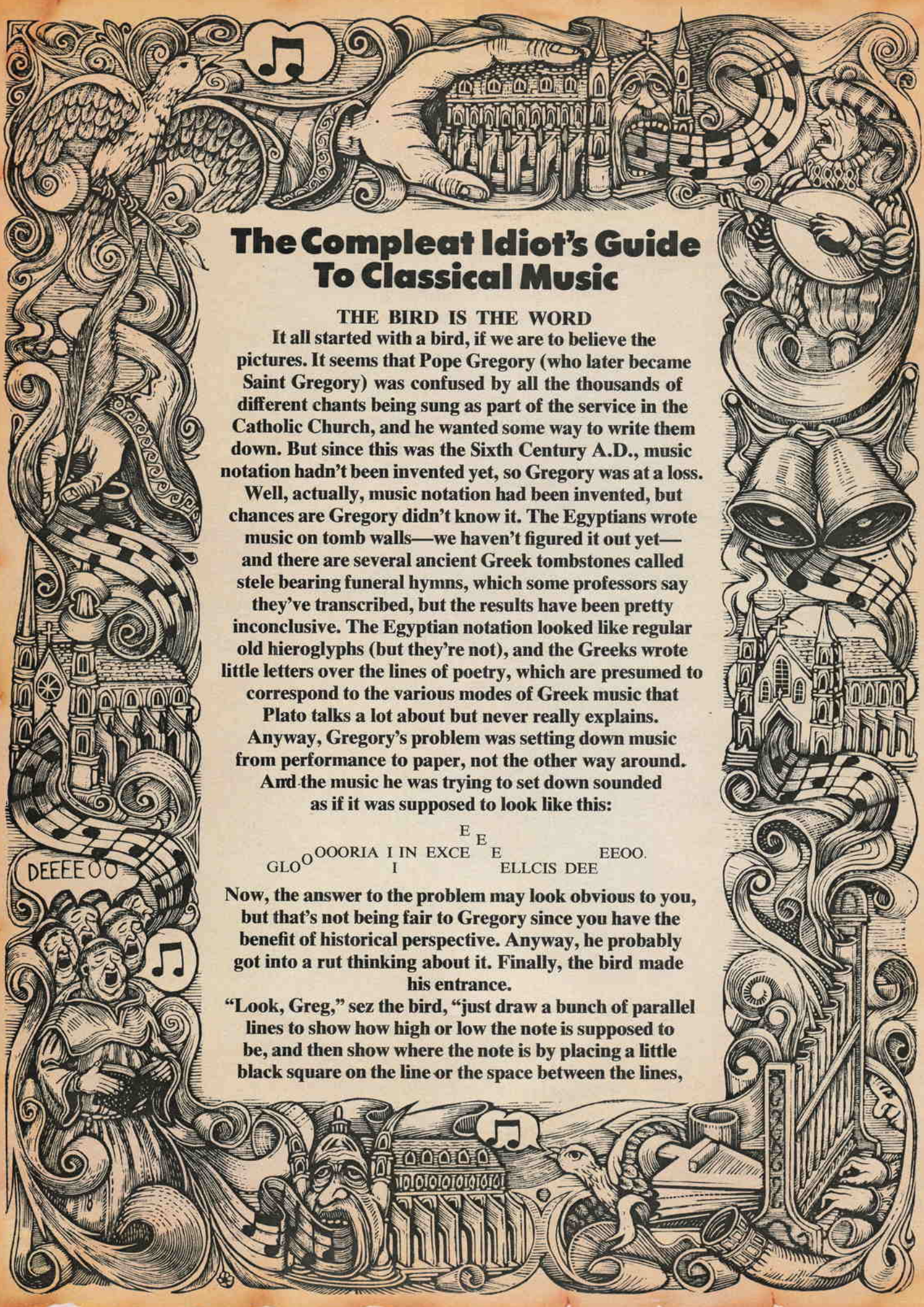
1 For abducting people, Joe wears an Irish oatmeal sweater-jacket, $85, from Peter Barton's Closet. François bought his Yves St.-Laurent camel's hair bomber jacket from Rive Gauche for $170. He's not a dealer in all kinds of numbers for nothing.

2 Her blouse is unbuttoning. Does Bernie care? He's wearing a green bomber jacket, $55, Jupiter of Paris, with green velvet Male Slacks. François is in a $50 lumber jacket by Pineapple, and Jean-Louis wears a $25 plaid jacket by Paul Ressler.

3 François has changed again. Those are his $70 Rive Gauche cuffed pants flashing on the fire escape. The turtleneck is from Peter Barton's Closet. Bernie is wearing burgundy plaid pants by Male, $14, with a $10 lavender turtleneck by Himalaya.

4 Jean-Louis' orange cable knit is an updated Shetland sweater for only $19 by Jaeger, skinny enough to tuck into his pants, over a Marrakech shirt. Bernie is in a Scandinavian skinny by Elaine Post, $12, and he doesn't care her blouse is unbuttoned.

5 Now she's even taken off her pants. And François has changed again into a green wool Daniel Hechter shirt, $24, with Male slacks. Jean-Louis is getting it on with the rope in a plaid wool shirt like Joe's. They're both made by E. S. Aubrey for $25.



The Compleat Idiot's Guide To Classical Music

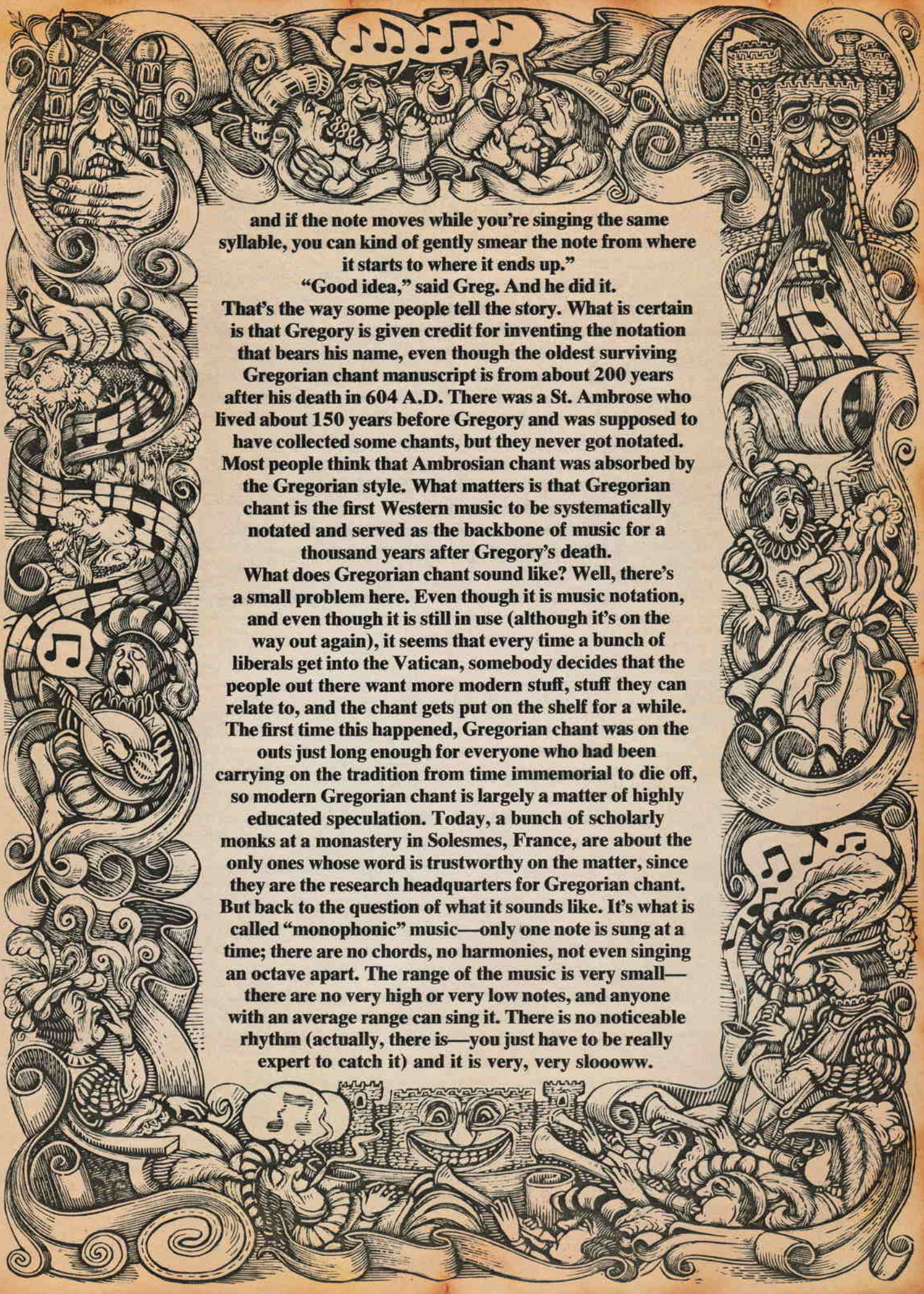
THE BIRD IS THE WORD

It all started with a bird, if we are to believe the pictures. It seems that Pope Gregory (who later became Saint Gregory) was confused by all the thousands of different chants being sung as part of the service in the Catholic Church, and he wanted some way to write them down. But since this was the Sixth Century A.D., music notation hadn't been invented yet, so Gregory was at a loss. Well, actually, music notation had been invented, but chances are Gregory didn't know it. The Egyptians wrote music on tomb walls—we haven't figured it out yet—and there are several ancient Greek tombstones called stele bearing funeral hymns, which some professors say they've transcribed, but the results have been pretty inconclusive. The Egyptian notation looked like regular old hieroglyphs (but they're not), and the Greeks wrote little letters over the lines of poetry, which are presumed to correspond to the various modes of Greek music that Plato talks a lot about but never really explains. Anyway, Gregory's problem was setting down music from performance to paper, not the other way around. And the music he was trying to set down sounded as if it was supposed to look like this:

```
                                E E
GLOOOOORIA I IN EXCE E                EEOO.
           I          ELLCIS DEE
```

Now, the answer to the problem may look obvious to you, but that's not being fair to Gregory since you have the benefit of historical perspective. Anyway, he probably got into a rut thinking about it. Finally, the bird made his entrance.

"Look, Greg," sez the bird, "just draw a bunch of parallel lines to show how high or low the note is supposed to be, and then show where the note is by placing a little black square on the line or the space between the lines,



and if the note moves while you're singing the same syllable, you can kind of gently smear the note from where it starts to where it ends up."

"Good idea," said Greg. And he did it.

That's the way some people tell the story. What is certain is that Gregory is given credit for inventing the notation that bears his name, even though the oldest surviving Gregorian chant manuscript is from about 200 years after his death in 604 A.D. There was a St. Ambrose who lived about 150 years before Gregory and was supposed to have collected some chants, but they never got notated. Most people think that Ambrosian chant was absorbed by the Gregorian style. What matters is that Gregorian chant is the first Western music to be systematically notated and served as the backbone of music for a thousand years after Gregory's death.

What does Gregorian chant sound like? Well, there's a small problem here. Even though it is music notation, and even though it is still in use (although it's on the way out again), it seems that every time a bunch of liberals get into the Vatican, somebody decides that the people out there want more modern stuff, stuff they can relate to, and the chant gets put on the shelf for a while. The first time this happened, Gregorian chant was on the outs just long enough for everyone who had been carrying on the tradition from time immemorial to die off, so modern Gregorian chant is largely a matter of highly educated speculation. Today, a bunch of scholarly monks at a monastery in Solesmes, France, are about the only ones whose word is trustworthy on the matter, since they are the research headquarters for Gregorian chant.

But back to the question of what it sounds like. It's what is called "monophonic" music—only one note is sung at a time; there are no chords, no harmonies, not even singing an octave apart. The range of the music is very small—there are no very high or very low notes, and anyone with an average range can sing it. There is no noticeable rhythm (actually, there is—you just have to be really expert to catch it) and it is very, very slooooww.

CLASSICAL MUSIC *You may wonder if this stuff was what King Arthur used to dig. Not exactly, but the show is as fresh today as it was way back in the 1100s.*

Recordings are generally made in monastery chapels with lots of echo, since it's part of the monks' daily routine and they certainly won't all march down to a studio. These recordings are generally pretty neat because you hear the bells ringing, the birds singing and the rest of the general ambient noise of a monastery chapel. The choirs are almost always men, but choirs of nuns perform chants sometimes.

At first, no instruments were used in the Church. Musical instruments were thought to be inventions of the Devil—and who is to say they aren't? They made people dance, and dancing led to fornication, and you know how the Church felt about *that*. But as the use of chant spread to Europe's more rural areas, and as more and more local talent came to be used for the chanting, it became obvious that these hicks needed something to keep them in tune. Down in Spain, where Africans and Arabs had influenced the music (and everybody knows that Africans and Arabs can't sing a straight scale), an Arab invention was introduced to keep the monks in tune. It consisted of a few wooden bars sticking out of a huge box to which numerous sets of bellows were attached. Vast numbers of strong men worked at the bellows filling the box with air. Also attached to the box were some huge metal tubes. This bizarre contraption was the first organ to be used in a church. The wooden bars were the keys, and what with so many bellows and strong cats working them, the air pressure was tremendous. It took a mighty slam of the fist to open a pipe and another mighty slam to close it (until they put springs in), so these first organists were known as "organ beaters." It is thought that they were selected in weekly fist-fights, the losers presumably having to work the bellows. Also, with that much wind pressure, the tones generated by the organ were anything but dulcet. A quote is in order here, from a monk named Wulstan, reporting back to his boss, Bishop Elphege, on the organ in Winchester Cathedral, which Elphege had apparently built sometime in the middle of the Tenth Century:

"Such organs as you have built are seen nowhere, fabricated on a double ground. Twice six bellows above are ranged in a row, and fourteen lie below. These, by alternate blasts, supply an immense quantity of wind, and are worked by 70 strong men, laboring with their arms, covered with perspiration, each inciting his companions to drive the wind up with all his strength, that the full-bosomed box may speak with its 400 pipes, which the hand of the organist governs . . . Like thunder the iron tones batter the ear, so that it may receive no tone but that alone. To such an amount does it reverberate, echoing in every direction, that everyone stops with his hand to his gaping ears, being in no wise able to draw near and bear the sound which so many combinations produce. The music is heard throughout the town, and the flying fame thereof is gone out over the whole country." Sound familiar? And it helps to remember that Winchester was a pretty big town for those days, too.

The crazy thing about all this is that these organs were monophonic, and their only function was to give the tone that the leader of the chant was to start on, because when Wulstan wrote that letter in 986, they were still doing the same old kind of music they'd been doing in Gregory's day. The main reason the organ was introduced, it seems, was for variety. People were getting bored with the old stuff. It was time for the first composers to come along and shake things up a bit.

And so, around 1200, enter Magister Leonin and Magister Perotin Magnus, composers at the Cathedral of Notre Dame. At the time, Notre Dame was a good stopping-off place for pilgrims on the way to and from Santiago da Compostella, a Spanish shrine that was *the* place to go in the Middle Ages. At Santiago da Compostella, and also at the Cathedral of Limoges in France, a kind of music known as *organum* was being performed. Written for two voices (which doesn't mean two people, but rather two melodic lines), it contained a startling new invention: harmony. At first, it was just another voice singing at a given interval (usually a fourth—C to F, for instance) over the main Gregorian tune. Later, it got a bit more complicated, and the performance of a piece was divided into sections. (If you want more specific details, go look in a book on medieval music or the liner notes to an Ars Antiqua record, but be warned: This whole area of music is a hotbed of dispute.)

It's generally agreed that organum was the first music written in parts, with one part held out (the *tenor*, no relation to the vocal range of the same name—at least not yet), and another part or parts singing more rapid notes, called a *melisma*. Then the soloist, called a cantor, would join the chorus for a unison section, called a descant, and they'd alternate until the entire text was sung. In the earliest performances (and a lot of times afterward, I bet), the melismas were improvised by the cantor. Leonin and Perotin stood out because they wrote the music down, in standard Gregorian notation, so they could be duplicated anywhere.

Listening to this early stuff, you may have some odd thoughts. "You mean *this* was what King Arthur used to dig?" Well, not exactly. It's just that the only music that people thought important enough to write down (and, therefore, to preserve) was church music. Popular music did exist in those days, of course, although this early on the distinction between what might be termed "popular music" and "serious music" was mighty hazy. Ballad singers were a prominent part of court entertainment, and shows traveling from town to town put on entertainments with music, usually in the courtyard of an inn or the town square. A couple of these have survived in very rough manuscript form, and thanks to the late Dr. Noah Greenburg of the New York Pro Musica, they've been reliably translated into contemporary performing idioms. If you live in a large city, chances are that the Pro Musica comes around with either the *Play of Daniel* or the *Play of Herod* sometime around the end of the year. These musical entertainments were devised by church people as a means of presenting Bible stories to the general populace as entertainingly as possible. If the Pro Musica's performance is to be trusted (and I think it is), they succeeded. The show is as fresh today as it was when it was written in the 1100s. Rhythm is used more often than in the sacred music of the period (organum is similar to Indian classical music in that respect), and there are even a couple of snappy dance jams, complete with drummer, to liven things up here and there. The catchy melodies (and they really are) make me think that the composer might have copped some popular songs of the day and used them—which was to become standard practice in sacred music a few hundred years later.

Anyway, once organum got going, it opened the way for everything that was to go down in the future. Monophonic music went out the window, and polyphonic music (i.e., having more than one line) was in. Using Gregorian melodies as a basic structure on which to build increasingly more complex superstructures became the thing to do. And more and more, *musica profana*, the music of the people, was influencing composers.

A good example of this can be found in the works of an undeservedly obscure composer who lived in the Spanish kingdom of Galicia. He was, in fact, the king of Galicia, Alfonso X, known as El Sabio, the Wise One. Alfonso had gathered around *(Continued on page 114)*

You Only Go Around Once in Life

Throw away the beer and keep the can

Unlike collectors of, say, exotic needlepoint or shrunken heads, beer can collectors generally begin innocently enough. John Ahrens of Sylvania, Ohio, for example, began back at Yale in 1965. During exams, he and a couple of other Yalies, desperate for a little diversion, engaged in a contest to see who could come up with the most brands of beer. When the suds receded, John found himself stuck with the job of getting rid of the cans. Just for the hell of it, he saved one of each. Today, as a mild-mannered textbook salesman, he owns 3076 beer cans. Similarly, Denver Wright, Jr. of St. Louis set 12 brands of beer on his bar one night in 1963. Soon, friends began bringing him more. Now he has 1100 cans and issues a newsletter about his collection. Why beer cans? Because they're better than beer bottles, silly.

PLAYMATE There's more to a woman than lips and eyes —more to a beer, too. Witness this defunct Pennsylvania brand, which hasn't been around since *Playboy* slapped an injunction on the brewer. A lousy drink, but a great collectible.

Well-traveled friends are an easy source for zealots out to add exotica to their beer can collections, but great stuff can be found in unlikely places—like in lovers' lanes and behind walls. In the latter case, the cans get stashed by construction workers who toss empties into the space between the inner and outer walls so the boss doesn't know how much time they spend cooling off from their labors. (If you could pick up your house and shake it, it might sound like a head-on between two Budweiser wagons.) Anyhow, Bob Myers, a veritable Falstaff among collectors (he has 3200 cans), found a mother lode in an abandoned railroad station in Owl's Head, New York. The stationmaster there apparently had been flipping all his empties through a hole in the ceiling, and they included rare cans of Tam O'Shanter, Harberle, Fitzgerald, Beverwyck and Red Fox Ale. Myers also discovered that an obscure Thirties musical, "Suds in Your Eye," had used 300 cans. So far, he's found 24 of them. Breweries that have stopped brewing are another great source for classic cans. Tivoli, in Denver, which used to produce Top Hat Big State, is a great find.

JAMES BOND 007 Once, anything touched by Ian Fleming's famous character's finger turned to gold. Down in Arizona, they thought he could sell beer. Not so. Died in the test market. Pinko plot.

The first annual BCCA convention, held at a Holiday Inn in St. Louis a year ago, drew beer can buffs from all over the country. Naturally, they called it a canvention. Highlights included tours of the Continental Can Company, Anheuser-Busch and the Falstaff Beer Museum—but the real action was back in the rooms of the Holiday Inn, where 10,000 cans were traded. It took three days, and nobody even got smashed, though six breweries provided plenty of beer. The atmosphere was as sober as that of an antique-traders' convention in Billings, Montana. The second annual convention, held at a well-known leporine resort-hotel at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, was attended by all the great names: Eckert, Glader, Houghton, Ketcik, Kordic, Landey, McCoy, Paul, Rowley, Smith, etc. Commemorative cans were minted. These were issued (one to a man) to everyone who showed up. Word has it that trading of minted cans was brisk, but closed early.

SOUL Extremely rare. It was a short-lived brand that sold only in Watts, Los Angeles. Many collectors have actually made pilgrimages to the L.A. City Dump to rummage around in search of it.

CAMOUFLAGED Reputedly, it saved many a boozy soldier during World War II by blending in with the local flora, whether the G.I. happened to be in Normandy or on Iwo Jima. Unfortunately, very few of these cans came home.

Just two years ago, a six-pack or so of beer can collectors found one another in St. Louis and formed an organization they expansively named "The Beer Can Collectors of America" (P.O. Box 9104, St. Louis, Missouri, 63117). At present there are over 400 members, an eclectic group, numbering among them an Iowa state trooper, a justice of the peace from Hot Springs, Arkansas, an undertaker from Rolla, North Dakota, a housewife from Wahoo, Nebraska, a college professor from Louisiana, a female hunting guide from Alaska, and Morrie McPherson, owner of Morrie's Blueroom in Sycamore, Illinois. BCCA members are avid proselytizers. As soon as one of them discovers that there are others out there, his first response is likely to be a fast trip to the old Xerox to send out a list of cans-for-trade-by-mail. Big BCCA collectors even use computers to list and rate their collections. Their print-outs are a unique monument to technology. They even include personal flavor evaluations. One man has gone so far as to use a Naval rating system to rank *contributors* to his collection. One to three cans, you get recruit status; 36, an Admiralty.

BULLFROG It was an ugly name, and it came in an ugly can (nobody remembers what the beer *tasted* like). Anyway, this obsolete Chicago brand is extremely difficult to find, and is therefore very highly prized among serious collectors.

The beer can has been with us for 34 years (Krueger figured out a way to line cans properly in 1938), and has topped the beer bottle as the #1 food displacer in America's refrigerators. Years before the first canned beer hit the market, it was obvious that it would offer many advantages over bottled. Cans stack better than bottles, take up less space, cool faster, weigh less, don't break, shield their contents from the sun (to prevent skunkiness) and don't have to be returned. Still, cans were able to capture only ten percent of the packaged-beer market by 1941. It wasn't until 1953 that a quarter of the beer sold came in cans. The tab top (introduced by Iron City in 1962) gave cans a big push, and they finally outsold bottles for the first time in 1969. The recent use of aluminum, with its ecological chic, would seem to insure that beer cans will dominate America for a long time to come. However, there is one new container in the labs that could mean trouble. It's a water-soluble plastic that self-destructs after its contents are drained. The inner container is protected by a thin film while the can is full. When you're done with it, you pop a tab, the film disappears, and rain or tap water dissolves what's left.

Early beer cans often had a cone-shaped spout top so that they could be filled by regular bottling machines. These are very rare, and by far the most desirable. Unscrupulous hustlers snip the tops off gasoline additive cans and solder or glue them to flat tops, then use the counterfeits to dupe the unsuspecting out of five or more legitimately rare old cans. From the ingenuity of the counterfeiters has come good, however. Collectors learned to straighten battered cans by exploding small firecrackers inside them, a tactic perfected by hustlers. (This is good *only* on steel cans; even a little cherry bomb in an aluminum can will create shrapnel.) Another way to make cans look better is to bathe them in a weak solution of oxalic acid. It eats away rust heroically, but has little appetite for metal or paint. Collectors argue over ways to make your cans most beautiful. Some swear by full cans (they have more integrity); others point out that old cans ought to have old beer in them or nothing at all. Some collectors seek out each and every variation in color, seam width, tax stamp. When zip codes were added to addresses, many of them doubled their collections.

OLDE FROTHINGSLOSH This gag brand is advertised as "The Beer with the Head on the Bottom," and is sold in limited quantities in Pennsylvania during the Christmas holidays.

MISS RHEINGOLD'S cans were annual attractions during the Fifties. Remember those sightly girls? Innocent days, and the beer was damned good too, but the cans have gone the way of all flesh.

The lengths to which serious collectors will go to find and display their beer cans is remarkable. Shelves, for example, won't do for some of the BCCA heavies. Bob Myers stores his cans in a warehouse, "somewhere in or near a state where the humidity is low." He won't say where. Joe Veselsky displays his cans in a private museum in Hicksville, New York. Ernest Oest, probably the world champion beer can collector (he had 5000 of the little sweethearts at last count), has cases and cases of duplicates stashed away in storage. "They're aging," Oest says, with a peculiar smile. "Someday they'll be fantastic traders." These signs portend a change in the world of beer can collecting. Already there are new brands, new label designs taking precedence over the old classics. Tradition seems to be dying. A man named Ron Moermond has been going around putting ads in papers, offering to *buy* rare cans. The joy of trading can for can may be doomed, fear the enthusiasts. Oh, well. It was bound to happen. Supply and Demand and the Free Enterprise System and all that. Did you read in the papers about the dude who collects egg beaters? He's got 33 now. All different. —*Lew Cady*

Les Enfants Terribles

The famous poet who wrote this insisted his name could never be used.

I entered the Lycée Condorcet in the tenth grade. It marked a beginning for me and for my classmates. Our senses awoke and ran wild as weeds. It was a time of stained handkerchiefs and pockets with gaping holes. The students grew especially bold in drawing class, hiding behind their portfolios. Sometimes, in regular class, a teacher with a sense of irony would abruptly call on a student at the very moment of orgasm. The boy would stand, cheeks flaming, and stammer nonsensically, with only a dictionary for a fig leaf, while our laughter intensified his agony. Classrooms smelled of gas, chalk and sperm, a mixture that nauseated me. In truth, what the other students saw as a vice was not that to me; rather, it was a grotesque parody of some form of love, which I instinctively respected. I seemed to be alone in my conception of things, and the result was a constant barrage of sarcasm and outrages against what the others mistook for my prudishness.

Since Condorcet was only a day school, these practices never went very far; they were scarcely more than illicit games. But among the students was a boy named Dargelos, who had great prestige because of his precocious virility. He cynically exhibited himself, made a business of it, even with boys from other grades, in exchange for stamps and tobacco. The desks around his were considered prizes.

The presence of Dargelos made me sick. I avoided him. Yet I was constantly on the lookout for him. I dreamed of a miracle that would draw his attention to me, rid him of his arrogance, show him what lay behind my attitude, which he must have seen as ridiculous priggishness, but which was really nothing more than an insane desire to please. My feelings were vague. I couldn't pin them down.

One day, unable to stand it any longer, I turned to another student, a boy I sometimes saw outside of school. "You're crazy," he said, "it's so simple. Invite Dargelos over some Sunday, take him behind the bushes and the trick will be done." What trick? I wasn't interested in tricks. I babbled that it wasn't a matter of a quick thrill. I vainly tried to use words to give some form to my dream. My friend shrugged. "Why complicate things? Dargelos is more a man than we are [here he used other words] and he's a sucker for flattery. He'll go along. If you want him, all you have to do is just make him."

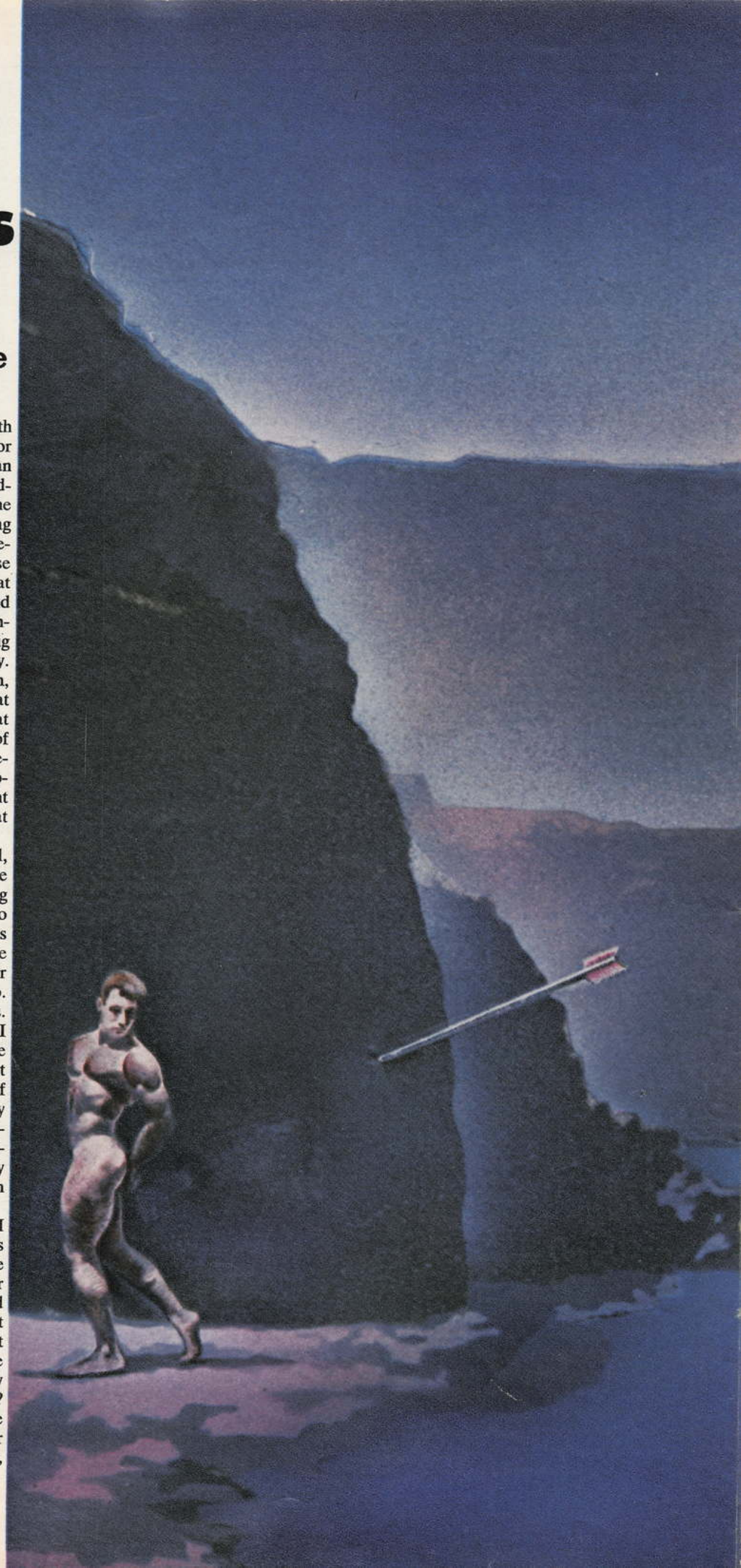


Illustration by JEAN LAGARRIGUE

LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES *Once in front of the big leather door, we became children again, and would pace up and down the sidewalk like bathers confronting an icy sea.*

The crudeness of this exchange stunned me. I realized then that it was impossible to make myself understood. Supposing Dargelos did agree to meet me. What would I say to him, what would I do? I didn't want five minutes of pleasure, I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him. In short, I adored him, and I resigned myself to suffer in silence because, without calling it love, I knew that my emotion was the exact opposite of what went on in school, and I realized it would never be accepted or returned. This adventure, which never really had a beginning, did have an end. Prodded by the boy I'd confided in, I asked Dargelos to meet me in an empty classroom after school was out. He came. I'd counted on a vision that would show me what to do, but once Dargelos was in front of me, I completely lost my head. Suddenly I couldn't see anything but his robust legs, his bruised knees, emblazoned with scabs and ink.

"What do you want?" he asked with a cruel smile. I guessed what he was thinking and saw that my request couldn't mean anything else to him. I said the first thing I could think of. "I wanted to tell you," I stammered, "that the principal's out to get you."

It was an absurd lie, since everyone knew Dargelos had the teachers completely charmed. The privileges of beauty are enormous. Beauty wields power even over those who seemed the least concerned with it. Dargelos cocked his head to one side and made a face.

"The principal?"

"Yes," I continued, drawing courage from my terror, "the principal. I overheard him telling the headmaster, 'I'm keeping an eye on Dargelos, he's getting out of hand.' "

"Oh! So I'm getting out of hand, am I?" he said. "Well, my friend, I can take care of the principal—I'll just show him my 'thing.' I'll even make it come to attention for him. And as for you, if you brought me here just to pester me with this kind of crap, watch out. The next time you pull something like that, I'll kick you in the ass."

He disappeared. For a week I feigned cramps in order to miss school to avoid Dargelos's eyes. On my return I learned that he was sick in bed. I didn't dare ask about him—everyone spoke of him in whispers. There was talk of a foolish swim in the freezing Seine, of a dangerous chest cold. One day, in geography class, we learned he was dead. Tears forced me to leave the room. But youth is not compassionate. For many of the others, the teacher's announcement was simply a tacit authorization to stop work, and by the next day daily routine had smothered the last traces of mourning for Dargelos.

The next year, after summer vacation, my classmates changed radically. Their voices deepened; they began to smoke. They shaved the shadows of their beards, took to going out bareheaded, affected English shorts and long pants. Onanism gave way to boasting. Postcards made the rounds. This whole body of youth turned toward women like plants toward the sun. It was then that I began to betray my own nature in order to be like the others. Rushing headlong after their truths, they led me into a lie. I ascribed my repulsion to my own ignorance. I admired their ease. I forced myself to follow their example and share their enthusiasms, while constantly having to overcome my shame. In the end I could almost believe that no one really enjoyed debauchery; the others were just better sports than I.

On Sunday when the weather was good, we would set out together on the pretext of a day of tennis at Auteuil. We'd leave our rackets with a friend's *concierge* and make straight for the whorehouses on the Rue de Provence. Once in front of the big leather door, however, we became children again, and we would pace up and down the sidewalk like bathers confronting an icy sea. Sometimes this game lasted for hours . . . we'd flip a coin to see who was to go in first while I nearly died, fearing it might be me. Finally, the victim would skirt the walls and plunge in, and the rest of us would file in after him.

Nothing is more intimidating to children than loose women. Too many things separate us from them. One never knows how to break the silence and put oneself on their level. On the Rue de Provence, the only meeting ground was the bed where the girl and I lay next to each other and performed an act in which neither of us took the slightest pleasure.

These visits bolstered our confidence, and we began approaching streetwalkers. It was thus that we met a little woman they called Alice de Pibrac. She lived on Rue La Bruyère, in a modest apartment that smelled of coffee. As I remember it, Alice de Pibrac would invite us in, but the only liberty she allowed was that of admiring her as she moved about the apartment in a cheap peignoir, her thin hair trailing limply down her back. Although I found this ritual charming, it was terribly frustrating for my friends, who soon began looking for more rewarding diversions. We took to pooling our resources to book front-row seats for the Sunday matinee at the Eldorado, where we'd throw bouquets of violets at the singers and wait for them afterward in the deadly cold of the stage door exits.

I describe these insignificant adventures only to show how exhausted and empty our Sunday outings left us, and how surprised I was that my friends should want to recount the details all week long.

One of the boys knew a woman named Berthe, who in turn introduced me to Jeanne. They were both actresses. I liked Jeanne, and I asked Berthe to intervene for me and find out if she would be willing to become my mistress. Berthe brought back a refusal, but offered to cheat on my friend and sleep with me. Soon after that, having learned from my friend that Jeanne had complained of my silence, I went to see her and we discovered that my message had never been relayed. We decided to avenge ourselves on Berthe by surprising her with our happiness. The ensuing affair so marked my 16th, 17th and 18th years that I still can't run across Jeanne's name in a magazine or see her picture on a billboard without a pang. And yet, how trite our love story sounds now; most of it was spent in interminable waits at the dressmaker's. It was during the second year that the scenes began. The most violent one took place at five o'clock at the Place de la Concorde, where I left Jeanne standing on the street corner and fled to my father's house. By the middle of dinner I was rehearsing a telephone call when I received a message that there was a lady waiting for me outside in a car. It was Jeanne.

"It's not that I'm hurt at being abandoned at the Place de la Concorde," she told me, "but I know you're too weak to go through with something like that. Just two months ago you would have come back to me before you reached the other side of the square. No, don't flatter yourself that you showed strength of character, you proved nothing but that you love me less." This dangerous analysis enlightened me, and I realized my slavery had come to an end.

The only thing capable of reviving my passion was the discovery that Jeanne was cheating on me. She was deceiving me with Berthe. Seen in retrospect, this situation reveals the roots of my feelings. Jeanne was a boy; she loved women, and I loved her with everything feminine in my own nature. I found them in bed together, their bodies coiled like an octopus. It was the moment to *(Continued on page 90)*

Today's Lesson:
Draw a Picture
of the
teacher
siné

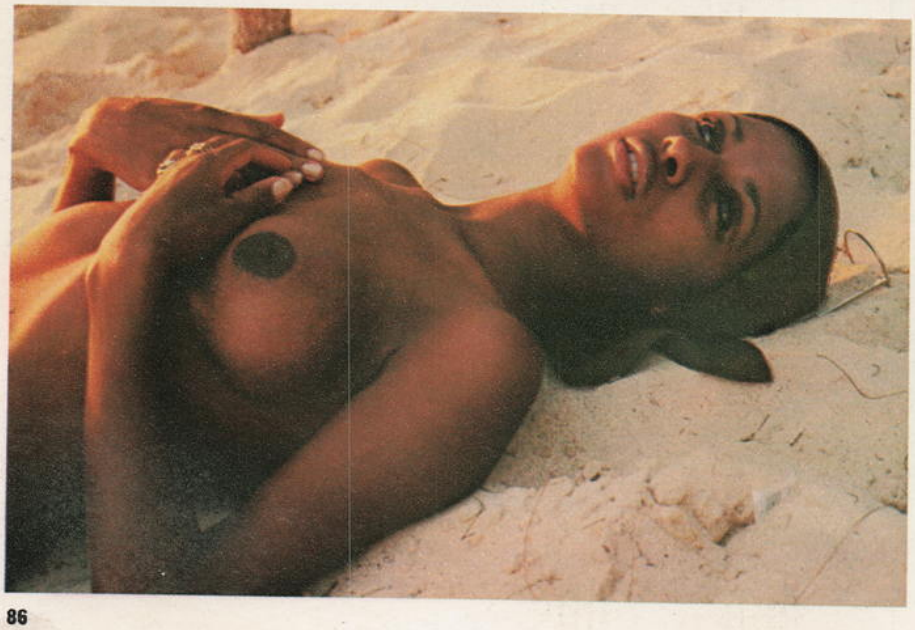
Brigitte Bardot Nathalie Delon
Mireille Darc Cathy Rosier
Marie-France Boyer Danièle Gaubert
Catherine Deneuve Catherine Rouvel
Marlène Jobert

The French Collection

Brigitte Bardot over there in the sugar cane started as a kind of nutria cliché in old Sophia Loren Bible epics and escalated—courtesy of Roger Vadim—to blondeness and the starring role in *And God Created Woman*, a film that such diverse experts as Andrew Sarris and Bob Dylan credit as the one to cite when the talk turns to "the emergence of the sensuous woman." Right. Now this girl, looking at her fingernails, Mireille Darc, is best known for the title role in Georges Lautner's film *Galia*—just released in the U. S. Mireille has been called "Marilyn Monroe's little cousin," and is one of France's best comediennes. She's also known to have consoled Alain Delon after things got tough with Nathalie.

Remember the girl pop singer in Jean-Luc Godard's *Masculine Feminine*, the one Jean-Pierre Leaud kept following around and eventually did himself in for? Well, Marlène Jobert was *her* girlfriend. That was her first big movie, and since then Marlène has never slacked. She's known equally for comedy (*The Happy Alexander*) and drama (lots of tears and bruises via Charles Bronson in *Rider in the Rain*). Look for her trademarks—a roguish, freckled little face, sharp laughter and an infectious Paris accent—at your nabe soon. She loves sand. It's helping her get a lot of work.

Nathalie Delon was married to handsome Alain. She never really thought about a career in the movies. It was enough that her smile stunned photographers. But then director Jean-Pierre Melville saw her and suggested she play a role opposite Alain in *Le Samourai*. Next came *The Tender Moment* and *Bluebeard* with Richard Burton. Now the photographers are falling like wheat before the scythe, and Alain is out of the picture. Sometimes she sleeps without sheets.



Marie-France Boyer under all the lace accepts only those roles which make her happy, and which, she says, allow her to be both "woman and actress." That's probably why you haven't seen her much. She's done several films, among them *The Happiness* by Agnes Varda and *The Man Who Had Power over Women* with Rod Taylor.

One way out of Fort-de-France on Martinique was a job as a television announcer. Cathy Rosier took it. Inevitably, this led her to Paris, movies, a starring role staring into Alain Delon's bruised eyes in *Le Samourai* and, cyclical world that this is, more television work.

As a child, Catherine Rouvel dreamed of inspiring and posing for Auguste Renoir, thereby assuring her face and body a place in the ancient gallery. Time passed, however, and she settled for his son Jean, a bright young filmmaker. She began working under his direction in *Picnic on the Grass*. Then came *The Lovers of France* by François Reichenbach, *Benjamin* by Michel Deville, *Freedom* by William Klein and *La Rupture* by Claude Chabrol. Catherine says she doesn't even regret not having her portrait in the Louvre, noting that her last name is a perfect anagram for the museum, anyway. A sensible girl.

Like Marie-France back there, Danièle Gaubert hasn't been seen much yet, but now (with her friend Jean-Claude Killy) the former dancer with the Paris Opera is starring in *Ski Bum* and getting her acting career together.

The nice thing about Catherine Deneuve is that she doesn't mind making herself ugly. Remember her eye in *Repulsion*? The way Polanski zoomed in on the photograph of her as a child, the madness at the center of the pupil? Remember the way she hit those men? The blood? The decaying rabbit on the plate? A movie star who can do that and still sell Chanel perfume is a real actress.

LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES *"You'd better not see me without make-up," said Rose. "I have no eyelashes. I look like a white rabbit." I became her lover. Then I met her brother.*

(Continued from page 80) fight; instead I pleaded. They made fun of me, then consoled me. And that was the pitiful end of an affair that was dying by itself, but which ravaged me nonetheless.

One night, returning to my father's house later than usual, I was approached by a soft-voiced woman at the Place de la Madeleine. I turned to look and found her beautiful, young and fresh. Her name was Rose and she felt like talking, so we wandered happily together until the hour when the truck-farmers, asleep on piles of vegetables, are drawn by their horses through the deserted streets of Paris. The next day I was to leave for Switzerland and I gave Rose my name and address. She wrote me letters on graph paper and enclosed a stamp for my reply. I never tired of answering. On my return, luckier than Thomas de Quincey, I found Rose at the spot where we'd agreed to meet. She took me to her hotel at the Place Pigalle. The hotel "M" was a dreary place. The stairway stank of ether, the solace of girls who came home empty-handed. The room itself was one of those that seem never to have been cleaned. Rose smoked in bed. I complimented her on her looks.

"You'd better not see me without make-up," she said. "I have no eyelashes. I look like a white rabbit." I became her lover. She never let me buy her a thing. No, wait—she did accept a dress once, excusing herself by saying it was useless for work, it was too elegant, and that she would keep it in her closet to remember me by.

One Sunday there was a knock at the door. I jumped up, but Rose told me not to worry, that it was only her brother and he'd be delighted to meet me. This brother turned out to be 19 years old and the lowest sort of hooligan. His name was Alfred or Alfredo, and he spoke a bizarre French; he seemed to belong to that world of prostitution which has its own brand of patriotism and its own peculiar idiom. If the road which led me toward the sister seemed to ascend slightly, one can imagine the sheer precipice from which I plummeted toward the brother. He knew the ropes, as his type would say, and soon we were using every hustler's trick to meet without letting Rose find out. Alfred's body was for me more than just the passionate, virile body of an anonymous adolescent; it was the tangible incarnation of all my dreams. Perfect body, roped with muscles like a ship's rig; unlike woman who is built for deception, its limbs spread out in star-points around the only thing in a man which cannot lie. But I was sad.

I understood then that I'd taken the wrong path. I resolved never again to lose myself. From that moment I'd find my own way rather than wander aimlessly down roads chosen by others; I'd obey the impulses of my own senses before the dictates of morality.

Alfred returned my caresses. He admitted he wasn't Rose's brother, and I realized he was her pimp. But Rose continued to play her role and we ours. Alfred would wink at me, nudge me and sometimes burst into fits of uncontrollable laughter. Rose watched him in surprise, never suspecting that we were accomplices and that the bonds between us were being strengthened by the ruse.

One day the bellboy came into the room and found us sprawled on either side of Rose. "You see, Jules," she cried, pointing to the two of us, "my brother and my lover. Here is everything I love in the world."

Alfred was lazy, and he soon began to tire of the lies. He confided to me that he couldn't take much more of this existence, working one side of the street while Rose worked the other, tramping the length of that huge open-air market where the salesmen themselves are the merchandise. In short, he wanted me to get him out of there. Nothing could have made me happier. We decided that I would take a room in a hotel near the Place des Ternes and that Alfred would move in on the spot. I would meet him there after dinner and spend the night, deceiving Rose into thinking that I believed Alfred missing and was going out to look for him. I rented the room and helped Alfred move in, then went to dinner at my father's house. After dinner I raced back to the hotel. Alfred had disappeared. I waited from nine o'clock till one in the morning. When Alfred didn't show, I returned home with my heart in my mouth.

The next morning, around 11, I went out to check. Alfred was asleep in his room. He awoke, sniveling, and told me he hadn't been able to resist his old habits; that he couldn't live without Rose and had spent the whole night searching for her, first at her hotel, where she no longer lived, then from street to street in every beer hall and dance joint of Montmartre.

"Of course," I said, "Rose has been frantic; she's half-crazy. She's staying with friends on the Rue de Budapest."

He begged me to take him there as quickly as possible. Rose's room at the hotel "M" was heaven compared to her friends' apartment. Alfred threw himself on the floor in front of Rose, clutching at her knees. I paled. She turned to me, her face smeared with tears and make-up, and held out her arms. "Come," she cried, "let's all go back to Pigalle and live together. I know that's what Alfred wants. Isn't that right, Alfred?" He remained silent. I had made plans to follow my father to Toulon for the wedding of my cousin, the daughter of Vice-Admiral Garet. I told Rose of the family trip, drove her and Alfred, in total silence, back to the hotel at Pigalle, and promised to visit them as soon as I returned.

Once in Toulon, I realized that Alfred had stolen a little gold chain from me. It was my good-luck charm. I had put it on his wrist, then forgot about it, and he'd been careful not to remind me.

When I got back, I went straight to the hotel. The moment I entered the room, Rose jumped up and threw her arms around my neck. At first glance I didn't recognize Alfred. What was it about him that looked so strange? It turned out that the police were purging Montmartre, and Alfred and Rose were terrified because of their dubious nationality. They had managed to obtain false passports and were preparing to leave the country. Alfred, carried away by a cinematic sense of intrigue, had dyed his hair. Beneath the jet-black locks, his little blond face looked startlingly precise and manufactured. I demanded the return of my bracelet. He denied that he had it. Rose called him a liar and he flew into a rage. He jumped about, cursing violently, threatening Rose, then me, and finally pulled a gun and brandished it in the air. I turned and dashed out of the room, taking the stairs four at a time, with Alfred right on my heels. I hailed a taxi. I shouted my address to the driver and jumped in. Only then, when the taxi started off, did I turn to look back. Alfred was standing at the door of the hotel, huge tears streaming down his face. He held out his arms and called after me.

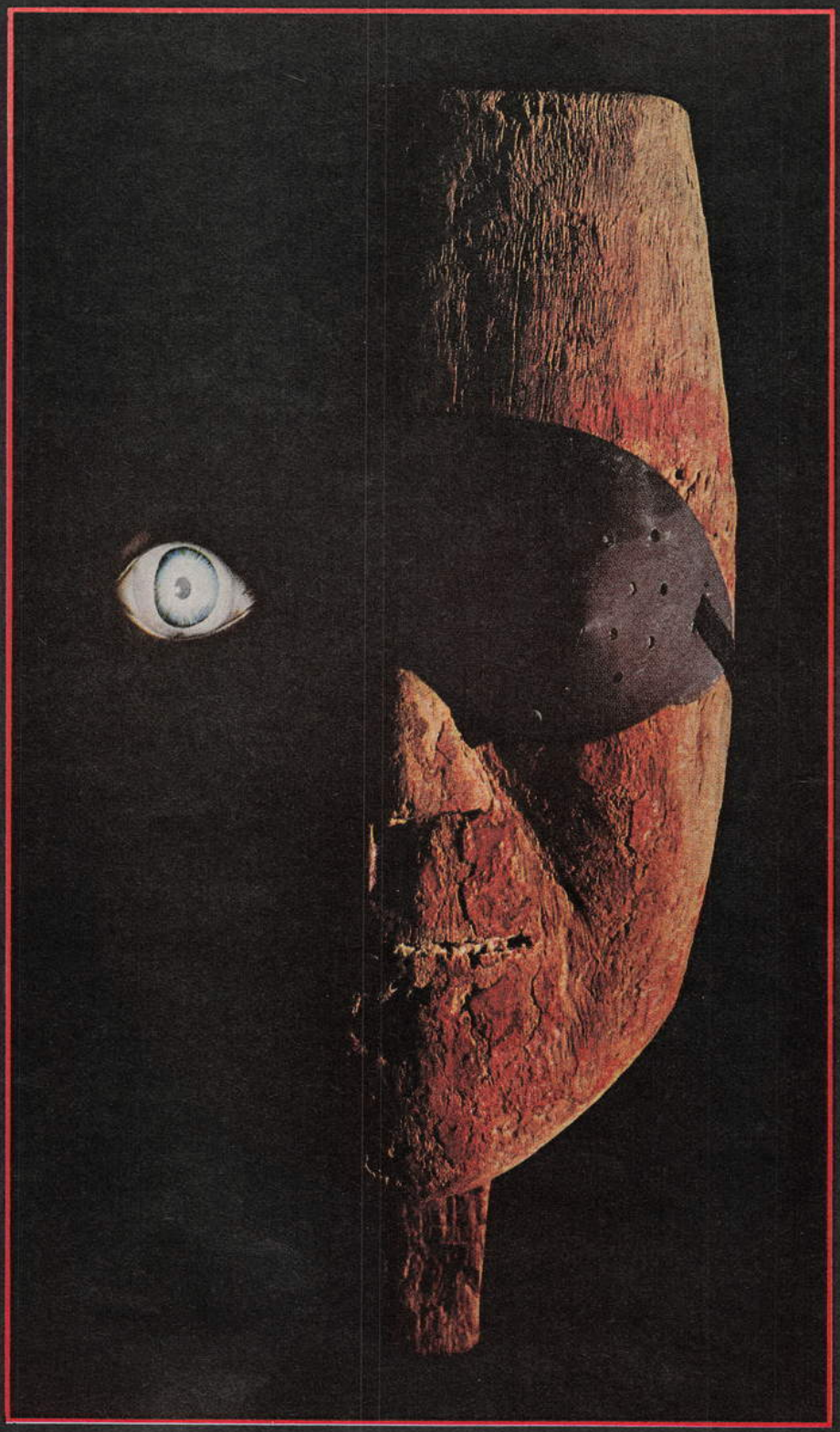
Suddenly I wanted to bang on the window, to tell the driver to stop. In the face of such anguish, I couldn't bring myself to slink back to the comfort and security of my family. Then I remembered the gold chain, the gun, the false passports and the imminent flight, which I would doubtless be expected to share, and I closed my eyes. I knew it was finished. Even now, I have only to close my eyes for a moment in a taxi to see again the little shape of Alfred fading in the distance, crying beneath his assassin's hair.

(Courtesy of Bernard Laville and Le Livre Blanc.)

JICKA

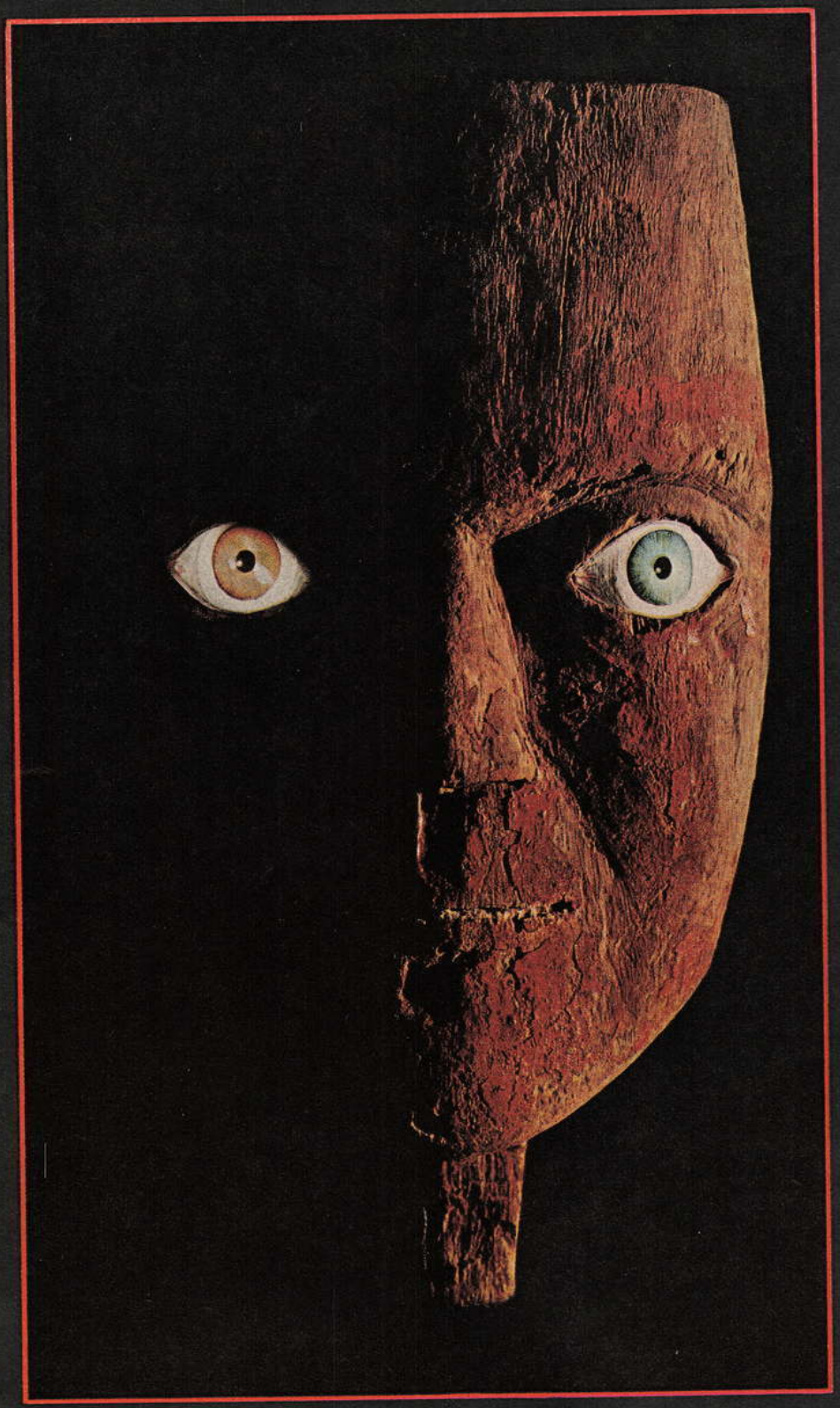
Spare Parts

The Interchangeable Man meets the Hound of Heaven, with the expected results



The velvety sound of Lynn's voice gave Ryan a start. He quickly wrapped himself in his green silk dressing gown and called out, "I'm in here!" He hated to have his young wife see him naked in the bathroom, with his hair rumpled and little rolls of fat around his middle. At 62, Houston millionaire Oscar Ryan was still a fine specimen of manhood, but Lynn was 32, and every time he made love to her he could not help thinking about what *she* might be thinking. So he had recently begun to exercise with the help of an electronic apparatus.

Lynn knocked on the door and entered the bathroom. She looked at him reproachfully. "Aren't you ready yet? We're all waiting for you." As usual, Lynn looked as if she had just been taken out of a bandbox. Her long blonde hair fell smoothly to her shoulders; a perpetual smile revealed glistening teeth and her make-up was perfect. Her graceful and slender figure was enhanced by a tight-fitting, low-cut dress. Ryan took a step forward, staring at her full-blown bosom. Drawing back a little, Lynn gently placed her elegant, carefully manicured hand on his robe and held him at a distance. Her voice was mildly scolding. "Don't you want to see your birthday present?" Ryan didn't move. His throat was dry; he was lost in an erotic dream. He didn't give a damn about his present. It was probably just



another turbine-engine Cadillac, with a top speed of 260 miles an hour, when the fastest he could go was 85. He wanted Lynn. Right now. In the bathtub, on the floor, anywhere. Without being aware of it, he breathed noisily. The light in his eyes was so eloquent that Lynn smiled tenderly and lightly stroked her husband's torso.

"In a moment," she whispered. "As soon as our guests have gone."

She backed away rapidly. He was perfectly capable of taking her by force, without a thought for the 12 guests who were waiting downstairs. Ryan always wanted everything, right away. This had helped him considerably in amassing his $200-million fortune. He had had the idea at the end of the Vietnam war of buying from the government all the surplus helicopters and setting up a shuttle service system to serve urban centers, at prices that defied all competition. He had paid the Army less than one percent of the total cost, and hadn't a cent left to pay the remainder. The insurance premiums had swallowed his modest capital. Ryan's scheme was simple. As his helicopters were old and ready to fall apart, they crashed quite regularly. He then collected the insurance. This permitted him to pay off the government and buy new machines.

The bathroom door slammed. Swearing under his breath, Ryan vigorously threw off his dressing gown and glanced proudly at his cock. Those sons of bitches, they would have a good time when he was gone! Ed Johnson, his young associate; Dick Walters, the lawyer he once caught trying to make Lynn; Joe Furnace, his doctor. And all the others, too, the ones he didn't even know. Today, March 5, 1991, he was 62 years old. And he didn't want to die—ever.

He began to dress. The cheerful roar of the guests reached him through the closed door. He had better join them.

"Happy birthday to you, happy

SPARE PARTS *Never had he dreamed that Lynn would have the idea of presenting him with some spares. That's what they called people who donated one of their organs to save another's life.*

birthday to you, happy birthday, dear Oscar. . ." Ryan smiled rather stiffly. He hated this sort of thing. A white, wooden crate, six feet square, stood in the hall. A false crate, of course. Standing beside it, Lynn and the guests were singing angelically, like a detachment from the Salvation Army.

Lynn stepped forward as the singing ended. In her right hand she held the end of a red velvet cord that was attached to the front end of the box. A pull of the cord would open it. She leaned toward her husband and kissed him lightly on the lips, with a tiny flick of her tongue against his teeth. "Happy birthday. Don't you want to see your present?"

Ryan, vaguely intrigued, contemplated the large crate. What might it contain? A machine for "total movies" with sound and smell? A single-seat helicopter for shopping? But he already had three of each. The crate was too small for a car. He took hold of the red cord and pulled. The front of the box fell forward, revealing the inside of the false crate. He stood motionless. This *was* a surprise! Filled with intense joy, he exclaimed: "Goddamn, Lynn! Was this your idea?"

Lynn smiled modestly. Ryan let go of the cord and took Lynn in his arms, pressing her to him. Lynn drew away. "Let me introduce them to you," she said.

She turned toward the crate with a gracious smile. "Come out!" she said in her lovely warm voice.

The three men standing inside the crate hesitated, then the one on the left stepped forward. He was tall, with very dark skin and black oily hair.

"This is Ayub," commented Lynn. "He comes from Chittagong."

Ryan racked his brain. Chittagong, was that in India or Pakistan? He didn't know. Small matter.

"Welcome, Ayub," he said.

Ayub didn't answer. He barely understood English. He stepped aside to let the second man come out of the box. This one was equally dark-skinned. Full of gratitude and with a smile on his face, Ryan sized up the two men. Never had he dreamed that Lynn would have the idea of presenting him with some spares, which was what they called people who donated one of their organs to save another's life.

The spares usually died in the process. The idea was born about ten years earlier, after the third Indo-Pakistani war. An Indian, Sri Gaya, had put an ad in the *Calcutta Times*, offering his heart as a transplant to anyone who would promise to feed his five children until the age of their majority. He received dozens of replies from all over the world, and in the end it was a South African who bought him, releasing a torrent of indignant protests all over the world. Several Western governments let it be known that they were opposed to allowing the "sacrificial victim" even to pass through their territory. *L'Osservatore Romano*, official newspaper of the Vatican, published a violent statement admonishing the lack of respect for humanity and the cruelty of the Indian government. Marshal Lin-Tchai, president of China, in a televised speech, denounced this new exploitation of man by man.

The transplant took place three months later in Capetown. Television cameras caught the Indian's face when he was put to sleep forever. He was smiling. Three days later, through a pane of aseptic glass, the public was shown the face of the millionaire whose life was being saved with Sri Gaya's heart. He, too, was smiling.

Ryan looked at his second spare, who was almost identical with the first one in both height and coloring.

"This is Ubud," said Lynn. "He comes from Bandung, Indonesia."

Speechless with emotion, Ryan couldn't believe his eyes. He was at last going to be able to exchange the heart —his heart—that had been causing his doctor, Joe Furnace, some concern. Suddenly, a flash of anxiety disturbed his happiness. He turned to Lynn. "Tell me, is everything according to regulations?"

Dick Walters, his lawyer, answered for the young woman. "I have seen to everything," he trumpeted. "It's all OK."

Ryan, pleased with himself, took a deep breath. The use of spares was strictly regulated, the black market having virtually vanished by 1988. Various Third World governments, hard-pressed financially, had concluded that, if properly controlled, a handsome income could be derived from the sale of spares. By definition, they were sold only in rich countries.

Ryan uttered an exclamation as the third man emerged from the box. He was white! Swarthy, with black hair, but white. Ryan could hardly believe his eyes. It was almost impossible to obtain a white spare since white nations didn't export their people.

The white man held out his hand. He was of slighter build than the others and also younger. Lynn stepped between them. "Aurelio comes from Bolivia," she said. "He was able to flee with his family to Haiti."

Ryan shook Aurelio's hand.

"*Buenos días*, Aurelio." Lynn had had to pay a fortune for Aurelio. Touched, Ryan turned to his wife.

"Darling, you shouldn't have done it!" Lynn smiled but didn't answer.

The three men stood motionless in front of their crate, dazzled by the luxuriousness of the house, the enormous chandelier, the majestic green-marble staircase, the hangings. Joyously, Lynn took her husband by the hand.

"Come on. The birthday cake is waiting for you."

They moved into the dining room, and the guests followed, some feeling twinges of jealousy. Not one of them was sufficiently wealthy to afford three spares, which could allow a man to live to be a hundred, especially if he were as healthy as Ryan. Before he entered the huge dining room, Ryan turned around. The three men had not budged. Feeling generous, Ryan left Lynn's side and called to them.

"Come on in! Come and have some cake and champagne."

They walked over, clumsy and silent, and began to eat where they stood, a little apart from the others.

"Their pedigree is very good," Lynn said. "Before I brought them here, I took them to Dr. Furnace, who examined them from head to toe. I don't have too much confidence in the doctors over there. He says that he has never seen spares in such good condition."

Ryan squeezed his wife's arm. "I don't know how to thank you, darling."

He felt 20 years younger. Lynn broke away and walked over to the spares. She spoke to them in a low voice and they followed her obediently.

* * *

"Well?" Lynn asked anxiously.

"He has a ruptured liver," Dr. Furnace replied.

"Oh, my God!"

Ryan had been driving on the freewaymatic to meet his mistress and on the way he had crashed into a concrete pole.

Lynn burst into sobs. Dr. Furnace's hand tightened on her shoulder, reassuringly.

"Don't cry. We'll pull him through."

The doctor had just jumped out of the Houston Receiving Hospital ambulance. Lynn had run down the porch steps to meet him. It was three o'clock in the afternoon.

Lynn suddenly thought of the guesthouse in her garden. The spares! It was now or never. Her heart skipped a beat. The doctor read her mind.

"Are they available?" he asked her.

"Yes."

Hesitating a second, he said, "Under normal circumstances, I would have liked to choose more carefully. However,

"God's finger
can be found everywhere"
Gustave Flaubert
Aslan

we have no time to lose. The main artery to the liver is ruptured. We must do a transplant within the hour. In your opinion, which man is in the best condition?"

She had never thought about it. The faces of the three spares were blurred in her mind. She had never really looked at them.

"Ayub, the Pakistani," she blurted hastily.

Dr. Furnace nodded. "Good, I'll go get him. We'll put the papers in order later. You take your car and go to the hospital. I'll take care of everything," the doctor said.

He ran down the porch steps again and beckoned to an orderly in the ambulance to follow him.

Aurelio was not in and Ubud the Indonesian was asleep. It was Ayub who came to the door. Dr. Furnace held out his hand, smiling.

"Hello, I am Dr. Furnace from the University of Texas. Do you remember me? I examined you when you arrived here. You're Ayub, I believe?"

The Pakistani was unable to reply as a look of agonized panic crossed his face. Dr. Furnace smiled encouragingly.

"Don't be afraid. Just a routine checkup. It's the law here in Texas. You have to have a complete physical exam every six months. You'll be back tomorrow."

The Pakistani relaxed perceptibly. Then a thought again threw him into a panic. "What about others? Why not others?"

Dr. Furnace shook his head. "Not all at the same time. What if something should happen?"

With that, Ayub relaxed. He was not in any danger. It was the other two who were.

"I get my coat," he said.

He left the room. The doctor and the orderly exchanged a glance. With a bit of psychology, anything was possible. Ayub reappeared, combing his hair as he came. Dr. Furnace glanced at his watch. "Let's hurry!"

* * *

Ryan opened his eyes. Terrible nausea made him wince and the involuntary movement drew a cry of pain. It took him a second or two to comprehend that he was in a hospital bed, with a blood-transfusion needle stuck into his left arm. He ached all over and his body felt numb from the waist down.

"Look! He's opening his eyes!"

It was Lynn's voice. Ryan's mind began to function immediately. He could remember only the last few seconds before the accident.

"Good Lord," he said. "What happened? Is my leg broken?"

Dr. Furnace emerged from behind Lynn, comforting in his white coat. "You're OK, Oscar. You'll be out of here in a couple of weeks."

"Weeks!"

Abruptly, Ryan's eyes met Lynn's. They held not the slightest reproach, only an immense anxiety. The patient was scared. It was more serious than he had thought. With his right hand, he lifted the sheet and saw the enormous bandage covering his whole right side.

"What have they done to me?"

Dr. Furnace waited a moment.

"Oscar, your liver was crushed to a pulp. I've given you a brand-new one."

"A new one?" He was still dazed. Suddenly he burst out, "Goddamn it! You got it from one of the spares?"

Dr. Furnace nodded. "Right."

"That's terrific . . . Ouch!"

Ryan's own pain filled him with compassion for the other fellow. He shook his head, suddenly serious.

"Poor guy. He was out of luck. Which one was it?"

"Ayub," said Lynn, "the Pakistani."

"Ayub," Ryan repeated. "But did you tell him?"

"Don't worry, it all went OK. I put him to sleep with a little injection. He thought it was part of a test. He wasn't afraid. You have 48 hours to let the sheriff know that you used the spare."

Lynn approached the bed and leaned over her husband. She seemed beautiful.

"I'm so glad that you came through all right, darling," she murmured.

"So am I. I'm in a hurry to get home. I owe it all to you and to your marvelous idea."

* * *

The dinner was nearly over. Lynn rose from the table. The guests dispersed into the living room. Ryan lit a cigar and was joined by Lynn and Dr. Furnace. She linked her arm with Ryan's.

"You scarcely ate anything, dear. Don't you like turkey anymore?"

Ryan forced a smile. "We always eat too much, you know."

"Come on now, you've lost eight pounds. You're just about lost in your suits."

He grimaced involuntarily. Just as he was about to reply, he felt one of the fleeting pains that had begun from time to time to strike him, cutting like a knife. He waited to catch his breath before replying.

"I feel fine. It's just that those meetings with Texas Gulf Nuclear are exhausting."

A glimmer of anxiety clouded Dr. Furnace's gray eyes. Without raising his voice, yet quite emphatically, he said, "Oscar, you haven't come to see me for a long time. You ought to stop by the hospital. Tell me, have you been taking your anti-reject medication?"

"Of course."

"Stop by," said the doctor. "One never knows. Sometimes these drugs have slight side effects. Do you feel tired?"

Ryan looked around the room. The guests were scattered here and there on divans.

"Yes," he said. "Terribly. And I get these queer feelings. Pains."

"Where?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, all over. In my chest quite often."

Dr. Furnace's smile was somewhat forced. He tapped the millionaire lightly on the shoulder.

"Don't worry about it. Come see me tomorrow."

Dr. Furnace walked away. Ryan took a glass of Dom Pérignon 1984 from a tray and drank its vintage goodness in one gulp. He still had a few bottles of it left. He would have to order more.

Dr. Furnace's anxiety had been almost tangible and it worried Ryan. It was true that he felt worn out. At times he woke up at night in a strange cold sweat that drenched the sheets. He had to take hot showers to get warm, although he had not spoken about it to anyone. He thought about his two spares to reassure himself. Thanks to them, he was not without resources. Even if he had to replace an important organ. Ayub's disappearance hadn't seemed to affect the other two. If anything, they were more relaxed. After all, the odds were now better that they wouldn't be needed. They were living calmly in the guesthouse, certainly not as though threatened by some danger. Moreover, the Indonesian had appropriated all the possessions of the dead man. Ryan avoided them.

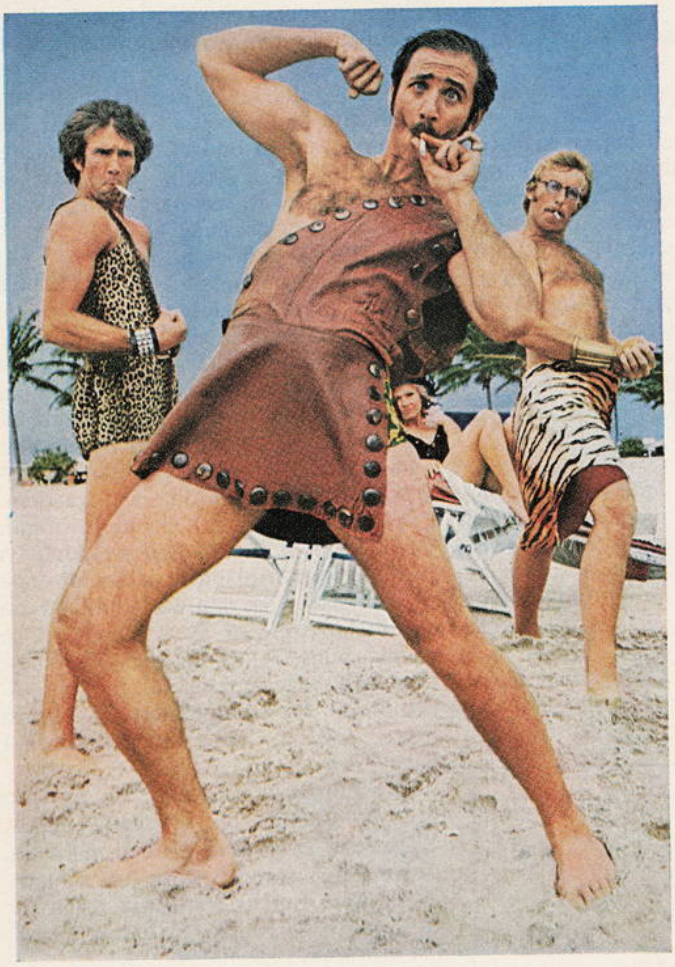
* * *

Ryan didn't like Dr. Furnace's office. It was a small, warm room with seascapes on the wall and a window looking out on the hospital garden. A nurse entered the office and greeted him in a musical voice. Her extra-short uniform revealed long and perfectly shaped legs. He suddenly remembered what people were saying in town, that Dr. Furnace had a certain weakness for most of his nurses. Ryan looked earnestly at the girl but she quickly shut the door. Too bad. For the last ten days, Dr. Furnace had been putting him through all sorts of tests. He had even made him postpone a trip to Zurich. Although the trip took only two and a half hours, Dr. Furnace thought the strain would be too much for him.

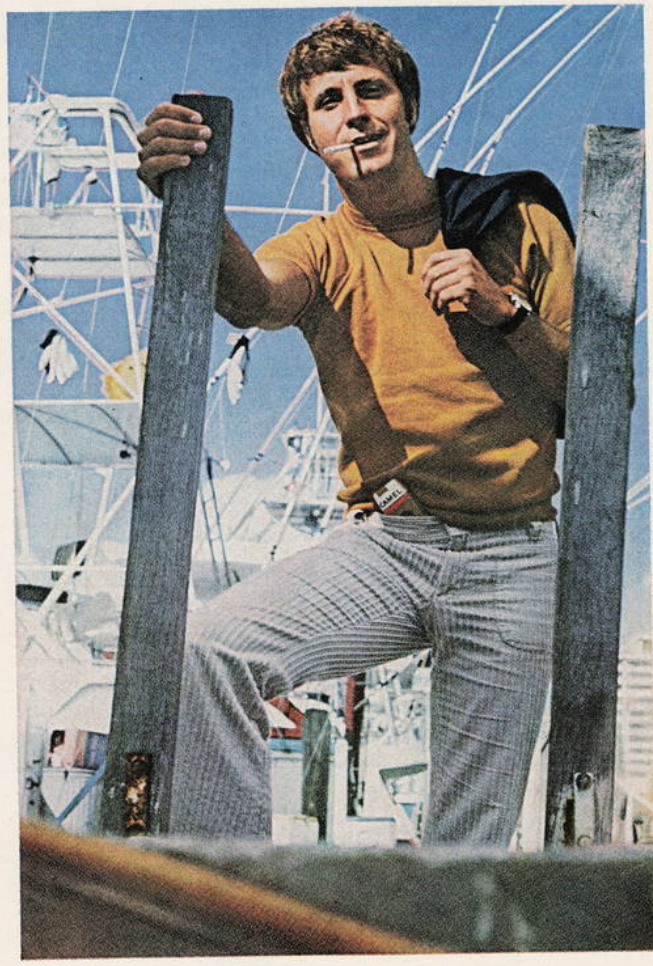
The door opened and in came Dr.

The latest craze on Muscle Beach is to show off your puffing strength with the new tasteless cigarettes.

Now everybody will be showing off their strength by puffing new tasteless cigarettes



...almost everybody.



©1972 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camel Filters. They're not for everybody.

(But then, they don't try to be.)

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR.'72.

SPARE PARTS *He was about to ask if it wouldn't be possible to transplant his brain into one of his spares so he could go on existing despite everything. . . . "How much time do I have?" Ryan asked.*

Furnace, who shook Ryan's hand vigorously, sat down behind his desk and put on his glasses.

"Well," said Ryan. "Can I go to Zurich now?"

Dr. Furnace opened his mouth, stopped, then in an embarrassed voice said, "Yes, I guess it's all right now."

Ryan leaned forward and abruptly, almost aggressively, said, "What's going on? You look upset."

Dr. Furnace forced himself to look his patient in the eyes. "Your tests don't look good, Oscar. Not good at all . . ."

Ryan began to toy with the papers in front of him. The millionaire instantly began to think about his liver. That cursed Pakistani must have been a drinker in his youth! Jovially he blurted out: "Fine, if I have to change something, I'll have it done when I get back from Zurich. It can wait that long, can't it?"

"There is nothing to change," said Dr. Furnace blankly.

"Nothing?"

The doctor took a deep breath. "Oscar, do you recall that small incision we made above your clavicle?"

"Yeah."

Dr. Furnace sighed. His patient was not giving him much help, and it was difficult to say what he had to say.

"It was for a biopsy on the lymph nodules. The lab report was positive."

Oscar stiffened. "And that means?"

Dr. Furnace did not shift his gaze. He would have to admit the truth.

"You have cancer, Oscar. There is absolutely no doubt about it, I'm sad to say. I had the tests run by three different laboratories."

Oscar said nothing. Outside, he heard a car starting up. The picture of the attractive nurse passed before his eyes. Cancer was still a thing to be feared, despite recent medical developments. Only one case in two was curable, and then often by a transplant. He thought of the two spares. The word "cancer" flowed over him without sinking in. He was not afraid. After all, he was a fighter. All his life he had struggled. He was not going to stop now.

"Doc, what do you have to take out?"

"Nothing."

"What do you mean, nothing? You've just told me that I have cancer. I am not going to take it lying down. Especially when I have two spares at home who aren't serving any useful purpose. They could change the whole picture."

He was angry now. His small black eyes were full of fury as he stared at the doctor.

"Your cancer has spread everywhere," the doctor interjected. "That rheumatic pain in your right hand, that's cancer. The little lump you had on your neck last month, that's cancer. Those intestinal pains, again cancer. There is metastasis everywhere. Your lymphatic system is . . . rotten, through and through."

The words slowly penetrated Ryan's brain. But he still could feel no fear. He did not want to understand, to believe. He looked at his right hand, clasped and unclasped it, feeling nothing. "You must be mistaken, Doc."

Dr. Furnace shook his head.

"There is no possible cure. I'll give you something to inhibit cell division. But it won't be of much use."

All of a sudden Ryan wanted to get out of that comfortable, overstuffed office. To lift his morale, he thought of the billions of human beings before him who had lived through a similar experience. He wanted sunshine and freedom. Crazy thoughts raced through his mind. He was about to ask if it wouldn't be possible to transplant his brain into one of his spares so that he could go on existing in spite of everything . . . he caught himself just in time. He knew that this was impossible, that brains could not be transplanted. He heard himself asking, "How much time do I have?"

Dr. Furnace hesitated. "It's hard to say. It depends on so many things. There are even unexplained miracles, cancers that stop growing. We will try everything. But we can only reach the secondary metastasis. It is too late to arrest the primary tumor. And yet, with the new antimitotics . . ."

Ryan interrupted him. "How long, at the maximum? And don't try to give me any bullshit."

His reaction gave Dr. Furnace heart. It hadn't been as difficult as with some of his patients.

"Three months at the most."

Three months, Ryan thought. July, August, September. He had expected more. A blind rage overwhelmed him. He did not want to die.

"For God's sake, why wasn't it discovered sooner?"

Dr. Furnace shook his head. "The primary tumor caused no pain. But it has sent a swarm of sick cells throughout your entire body."

"Where was this primary tumor?"

The doctor said nothing.

Ryan leaned forward, shouting, "Where was it?"

Dr. Furnace's voice reached him almost imperceptibly. "In the liver."

—Gerard De Villiers

The Inner Man

JEAN GENET *"The central problem for a white man in the U.S.A. is to succeed in escaping from this complicity of white skin—whether it be the white skin of the cop or of the flight steward."*

(Continued from page 64) afterward. As they were leading David away, I grabbed the sleeve of someone I took to be a lawyer because he was talking constantly, and I said to him: "That much, isn't that a bit too much. . . ?" It was the prosecutor! The cops smiled in the corridors.

OUI: And you, a celebrity under wraps—you've never been suspected? Didn't it strike you as bizarre?

GENET: Bizarre? No, on the contrary. It was normal. It expressed this complicity of skin, which I suffered during my visit and which humbled me so. Perhaps never so much as the day we took a TWA Boeing 747 to fly from Los Angeles to New York. In that huge plane, with its hundreds of passengers, there was not one black that day. There were three of us: Martin Killer, an attorney for the Panthers; a Black Panther named Jolly and myself. Each of us was carrying a piece of hang luggage. When we reached the end of the movable passageway, at the entrance of the plane, an inspector in civilian clothes took out his card and asked Jolly—and only Jolly—to open his attaché case. It contained three pairs of slacks, pajamas and nothing to find fault with. He let us by, and the three of us sat down together, with Jolly in the middle. We were hardly seated when five inspectors arrived and asked Jolly to get off. Martin protested. He accused them of racism and segregation. One of them answered: "What are you complaining about, since you and your friend can go on?" All three of us got off. Just as I observed that there were no blacks on the plane, I also noticed that not a single white showed any solidarity or protested against this completely arbitrary act. When we asked the reason for this particular treatment, we were told that the flight steward had heard Jolly curse! I, who never let him out of sight, heard nothing. It seems that the flight steward has the right to disembark a passenger for cursing.

OUI: You've been speaking about blacks, but what do you think is the solution to the white man's problem?

GENET: The central problem for a white man in the U. S. A. is to succeed in escaping from this complicity of white skin—whether it be the white skin of the cop or of the flight steward; to put oneself into the situation to render it nonexistent to the point where the police no longer notice the color of your skin, but arrest the white man as readily as they do the black and fire at everybody. And it is to achieve this that American radicals who work with the Panthers must practice the same style of action as they.

OUI: Are you sure that you're not a racist yourself, like so many other people?

GENET: I was asked that question once in the course of a meeting. David prevented me from answering it, when he said: "If racists are like that, I'd like to see a lot more of them." I believe that at no time in my life have I ever experienced racist sentiments, by which I mean the feeling of superiority founded on contempt which leads to the enslavement of others. The differences between human beings have always astonished me and left me rather in a state of wonder. If I were a racist, I should prefer to be one toward the French. In any case, there are far more differences between me and the French *petite bourgeoisie* than there are between a black American and me.

OUI: Why do you feel so close to blacks?

GENET: Well, to be entirely sincere, what makes me feel so very close to them is the hatred that they bear for the white world; a hatred comparable to my own for the world that scorned me because I was a bastard, with no father and no mother, a creature of the public dole, rejected just as they are today because they are black. The simple fact is that blacks of America have no more roots in the society in which they live than I had in the society into which I was born. White society rejects us, them and me alike. I banished myself from society, and still am, as they banished themselves. The difference is that I was alone and without hope. They are together and they have the hope of revolution. The only thing that I could do—absurd, no doubt—was to attack language, this language which is always that of the masters, to use it as well as they, even better and more severely, to corrupt it, pervert it and make a mockery of it. Other writers have done this better than I, but I don't think that any has done it more systematically. And as much out of a child's delight in a malicious deed as out of necessity, I stole and I went to prison.

OUI: Do you really hate French society as strongly as that?

GENET: Let us say white society. In the beginning my rebellion and my scorn took for their boundaries the boundaries of the French Empire. Now it extends to the entire white empire and to its mainstay, which is the U. S. A. At the time, I rejoiced to see France attacked and invaded by the Germans. It pleased me to see the country that had oppressed me so, oppressed in turn. When the French colonies revolted, I immediately took the side of the revolutionaries. The Indochinese were nothing but *niacoués* and the Algerians nothing but *bicots*, just as I was nothing but a bastard for the grotesque overlords who were crushing the former and the latter. Despised by Frenchmen, I felt and I still feel a bond to all that they regard as despicable. In the same way, it pleased me to see General Giap, in Indochina, defeat the French army with its methods learned at military college, and it pleases me now to see this same General Giap holding West Point graduates at bay. All my life, all my work, is, in fact, a settling of scores with white society.

OUI: But with your success, with your money, wouldn't you be able to integrate, to be part of society?

GENET: Yes, of course, I had the means to do so. After having published my books, and having had my plays performed, I could have written other plays that would have proved agreeable to audiences, whereas the various plays that I have written—though doubtless in an oblique manner—have always been a means of attacking society, of holding it up to ridicule. But from there, from my activities as a writer, as an author, to graduate to the level of revolutionary action, which means to attack society head-on for the purpose of changing it, is something that I've yet to achieve. So, if I ally myself with the Black Panthers, it is to help them in their fight against white society, and to do all I can to help the Panthers who are in prison. As far as I am concerned, I don't envision any reconstruction of the world; I'll let the Black Panthers worry about that.

OUI: During the Algerian war, you said: "It was by going to bed with an Algerian that I came to understand the Algerian question." How did you come to understand the black question?

GENET: It was as much a joke as it was a true commitment. This time I had no need to do that. Besides, there was between us so much intensity in the way we related to one another, such warmth and even sensuality, a kind of tenderness—and these things were more than enough for me. Let us say that I came to understand the problem of blacks when I shared their fear. For example, the day of David's arrest, when in the New Haven courthouse, there in the corridor, David's friends, who had just been arrested, entrusted me with his briefcase. They wanted me to carry it out of the courtroom because, being white, I would attract less attention . . .

OUI: Didn't your homosexuality trouble the Panthers?

GENET: It certainly troubled me more than it did them. They found out very quickly that I was a homosexual. But not once did they make a remark, an allusion or a joke. It wasn't by tactfulness. Quite simply, I think they were just short on time and they couldn't have cared less what I am. When a Panther named Zayd came to meet me in Montreal, he had in his hands the first copies of *Funeral Rites* to come out as a paperback in America. He said to me, laughing: "I read it on the plane." That's all he said. Period.

A month later, after public demonstrations by groups of American homosexuals and women's liberation people, the Black Panthers wrote to me, asking for an article on homosexuality because it was a subject they didn't understand very well and one on which I was better qualified to speak than they. Quite simply, I sent David a letter in which I explained to him that, like the color of one's skin, homosexuality was a matter of fate; that it did not depend on us to be or not to be homosexuals. By chance, or more likely by intent, Huey Newton, who had just gotten out of prison, published an article in the party newspaper in which he urged the Panthers to try to understand all minorities, to learn to distinguish between minorities and individuals and to distinguish among individuals who were revolutionaries and those who were not. Newton explained that the important thing was not whether to be or not be a homosexual, but rather whether to be or not be a revolutionary, for by being revolutionaries, homosexuals could prove themselves potential friends. In particular, he asked the members of the Panther Party to stop using, in the paper or in speech, the customary abusive language reserved for homosexuals. "It is no longer correct," he said, "to refer to Nixon or Agnew as a 'fag' or as a 'punk.' There is no reason to debase these words by using them against their ilk . . . !"

OUI: Has your homosexuality helped you to become a revolutionary?

GENET: It seems to me that my homosexuality, from a certain age forward, became a critical option—which, to my way of thinking, it need not inevitably be. One is not a revolutionary just because one is a homosexual. What I mean to say is that there are some homosexuals who wish to affirm their difference and their special quality, and this need leads them to unmask the arbitrary character of the system in which they live. But there are others who wish to pass unnoticed and to blend into the system, therefore strengthening the system. Let us say that homosexuality should lead the homosexual to indict the system; but, in reality, the system is a source of so much humiliation, fear and panic, and is often far stronger, that it forces the homosexual to dissemble and to bow down. When a pederast dyes his hair blue, he is able to launch a revolutionary program by himself; but when, after dyeing his hair blue, he beefs up his breasts with hormones and goes to live with a man, he is merely parodying the system. He is keeping up appearances and not challenging anything at all. Society is amused. He becomes a kind of curiosity, which the system is quick to digest.

OUI: Is one a revolutionary for oneself or for others? To save the public or to save oneself?

GENET: For both at the same time: to keep from becoming that which one is in danger of becoming, and to keep from becoming the sort of person who would endanger others.

OUI: Getting back to the Panthers. In your opinion, what is their goal?

GENET: The goal of the Black Panther Party is twofold: on the one hand the founding of a black nation, and on the other hand the Marxist revolution. And, if I may say so, the first goal by way of the second. It's a young party, only a few years old. All of its leaders are under 35 and they could be my sons. There are other black liberation movements: the Black Power movement of LeRoi Jones and Carmichael, which is oriented entirely toward Africa and whose members affect African styles of dress—robes, lion teeth, etc.—and whose idol was Nkrumah. Their leaders live in Dakar. There are also the Black Muslims, who were quite important in the time of Malcolm X but who are now losing ground. The essential difference between the Black Panther Party and all these other parties lies in the fact that it is an authentic revolutionary movement with a Marxist revolution as its goal.

The leaders are not intellectuals. They have not come from behind the desks of schools and universities. They are all products of the ghetto. They seek for themselves and they seek a way to bring forth this black nation in the midst of this State, within this State.

OUI: You know Angela Davis; what kind of woman is she?

GENET: I have met Angela Davis on several occasions; inasmuch as she spoke excellent French as well as German, she occasionally served as my interpreter. She is a very beautiful woman of 26, quite elegant, born in Alabama into a middle-class black family. She discovered Marxism at an early age. After studying French literature at the Sorbonne, she continued her studies in Frankfurt, West Germany. Most of all, she was one of Marcuse's best students. When appointed instructor of philosophy at the University of Los Angeles, she joined forces with the Black Panther Party. I got to know her in March 1970. That was when the reactionary governor, Ronald Reagan, was doing his utmost to have her dismissed from the faculty—which, by the way, he succeeded in doing very swiftly. Immediately, things began happening all at once. It was the San Rafael incident. But the last time that I saw her, I realized that this woman, who under no circumstances wanted to become a part of America's black bourgeoisie, and no more so of the intelligentsia, little by little was drawing close to

YTiHU
BOSC

the ghetto. She agitated in behalf of the Soledad Brothers. In the San Rafael shoot-out she was anxious to show perhaps that from now on it would be necessary to exchange words for deeds, and to proceed from militant thinking to militant action. What is more, Angela Davis had chosen violence as the subject of her thesis.

OUI: The Black Panther Party is not really alone in its radicalism. You do admit that the U. S. has many white radicals?

GENET: As a matter of fact, there are liberals *and* radicals. For the most part, the liberals come from bourgeois families who long owned blacks as slaves and who often still have some as domestics. Well, in the space of not so many years, they see the blacks demanding not only more humane treatment, but equality of rights and equality in personal relationships. It was hard for them to go along with this. You cannot rid yourself easily of a superiority complex that has been 400 years in the making.

OUI: Still, there *are* intellectuals who have rid themselves of the white superiority complex and who do not have domestic servants . . .

GENET: Just what is your idea of an intellectual? It isn't because you've read Racine and Shakespeare and because you happen to like Mozart that you become a refined person. Yes, there certainly are radicals. But what also distinguishes the Black Panther Party from other black movements, and especially from Black Power, is precisely the fact that they are prepared to collaborate with white radicals. I have met with them, I have spoken with them.

It seems to me that in their dealings with the Black Panther Party, the radical whites must be able to draw on a new dimension in politics: the tenderness of the heart. And this is no mere matter of sentiment. They must remember that even if the blacks have, in theory, the same rights as they do, the blacks do not have the same possession of those rights. They must remember, too, that discrimination exists at every moment, and all the more so among the working class. If at times the pride (or the sensitivity) of the Panthers grates on them, they should recall to mind the arrogance of the whites and their brutality, not only toward blacks but toward the whole world. They should remember that this pride is the result of a burst of political consciousness. They are conscious of being, in the U. S. A., in the front ranks of a revolutionary struggle, and they do not want to let themselves be robbed of that supremacy. It strikes me as the normal thing. It is the first time that, politically speaking, the blacks are superior to the whites in that country. Up until now, they could only show their superiority on the track, in basketball, singing and the like. Now, for once, they are politically superior and they do not want this superiority to be taken from them. So it is only natural that they are quick to anger when their position is contested.

They tend to observe in whites a desire to be dominant once again, or to teach them a lesson. And it must be said that everything happens as if, to the correctness of their ideas (to the extent that they are correct), the whites would go on to add an authoritarianism or a paternalism in their expression of these ideas, and this caused the blacks to descry therein a budding imperialism. Once again, the habit of domination is not readily cast aside. In any case, the American Left, and especially that fraction which calls itself radical, today has the opportunity to replace empty gestures with solid actions, by aiding the Black Panther Party. As for the other whites, those who set such store by their white coloring will find it once again in death: for the time being, the whitest white is a dead white.

OUI: What do you think of nonviolence?

GENET: To speak of nonviolence to the Black Panther Party is to continue to do what has always been done with regard to blacks: preach to them an evangelical virtue which no white has ever applied. And as for black violence—when there is such a thing as black violence—it is never anything more than the altogether new reply to the old violence of the white man.

OUI: Has it ever happened in a meeting that somebody has asked you why you, a European, should be getting involved?

GENET: Yes, of course. I replied that America has given me a lesson in interfering my own business and other people's business a little here and a little there throughout the world. After busying itself in Korea, it busies itself in Vietnam, then in Laos, and today in Thailand and the Near East. Well then, I am busying myself with America.

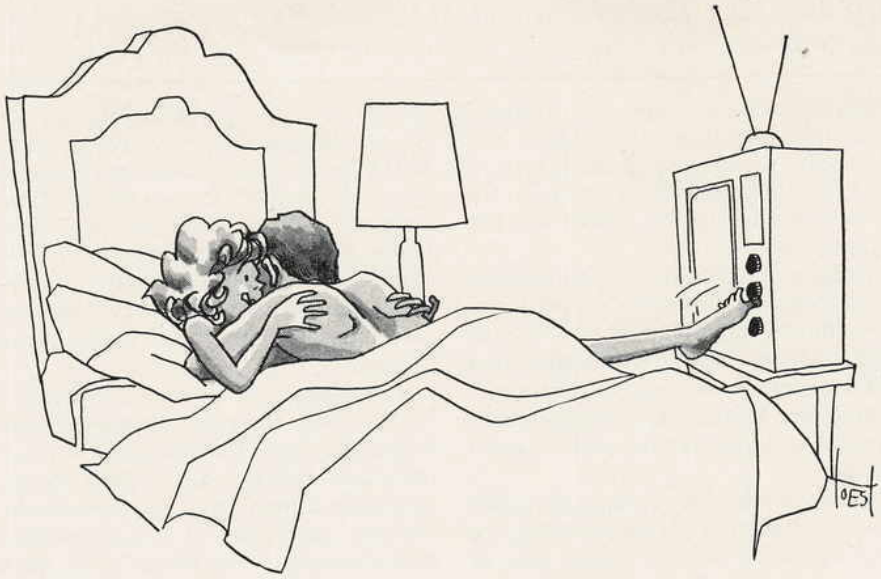
OUI: The Black Panther Party supports the Palestinians. Do you?

GENET: The Black Panther Party and the Palestinian resistance movements are, in fact, allied, and this is altogether natural. They are fighting against one and the same enemy: American imperialism, which in the Near East is embodied by Israel, to recover the rights of which they have been deprived. For centuries now, the blacks of America have been condemned to live on the very land where they were born, exiles of the interior. For the past 22 years the Palestinians have been condemned by the Zionists, with the backing of the great imperialist powers, to live in exile outside their homeland from which they have been expelled. There is nothing miraculous about the birth of Israel. It was founded in violence and with the support of the great powers, especially the United States and the U. S. S. R., for the simplest of reasons: on the one hand, to assuage the conscience of a West that had allowed the Jews to be massacred, with more or less complaisance; and, on the other hand, so that Israel, owing the West everything, might serve as a denoted vanguard for the West's defense of its interests in the Near East.

As far as I'm concerned, there are no innocents in the West . . . or the only innocents are those who take the side of the Palestinians, the Vietnamese or the Black Panthers. It was necessary for the Palestinians to take up arms and to engage in what is called "terrorism," so as to remind the West of their existence. The real culprits in the hijackings of airliners are the people who, whether consciously or otherwise, pay no heed to the Palestinian question. The same news media have been much less severe when the CIA, along with its Hashemites and its Bedouins, organized the massacre of the Palestinians—those obstructors of peace between the great powers! There, too, the corpses do not have the same weight. These days it would appear that the merely threatened lives of a few dozen Westerners counted for much more than the deaths of thousands of Palestinians and Arab women and children. These same Western news media forgot the criminal outrages of Irgun and the Stern Gang. They forgot, and yet they ought to have known after 25 years of wars of people's liberation, that one is a terrorist before one becomes a duly credited negotiator. Indeed, these systematic distortions of the news by those responsible for reporting it are only costly for us, because when the matter involves Vietnamese, Black Panthers or Palestinians, the very same news media which distort at will, denature their objectives and make them out to be criminals, tomorrow will applaud their courage and their stubbornness after they have become the stronger. Because Vietnamese, Black Panthers and Palestinians represent for me the truth of tomorrow! At the start of the war in Algeria, somebody asked me why I was on the side of the F. L. N., and I answered him: "I am always on the side of the strongest." Well then, if today I am on the side of the Vietnamese, the Black Panthers and the Palestinians, it is because I am on the side of the strongest.

Interviewed by Pierre Démeron

DRUG CITY *A stash worth a cool $128 million.*



(Continued from page 42) the sea. A pirate's face. He had a modest two-room apartment near Cagnessur-Mer on the Riviera, and at Pointe-à-Pitre, on the French Caribbean island of Guadeloupe, he lived in an unassuming middle-class house near the airport. Boucan, 57, mild-mannered, quiet, erudite and passionately interested in history, knew the Caribbean like the back of his hand. And he owned two boats.

In March 1971, 425 kilos of heroin were seized in the hull of his $62,000 boat, the *Caprice des Temps,* as it left Villefranche-sur-Mer, a chic Côte d'Azur resort. It was the biggest haul in the history of the drug trade. Its value was about $128 million on the streets of New York City. The man who was entrusted with this cargo had had a long career, going back to Tangiers, when the trade was in hashish. When the police became acquainted with Boucan's boat, he disappeared for a while. But then he resurfaced on the coast of southern Tunisia, then elsewhere in Africa. Wherever the Black Continent stirred, Boucan and his new boat were to be found there. He was suspected—although no one could prove it—of trafficking in arms.

Boucan made frequent appearances in the town of Villefranche-sur-Mer. He soon attracted the attention of Customs officials because he was known as a cigarette smuggler. In 1970, when the *Caprice des Temps* left the Côte d'Azur for Miami, Customs inspectors were certain that he was carrying drugs. Eager to know who his connections were, they didn't bother him.

The big catch came in March, when 425 kilos of heroin were found cached in concrete in the bilges of his boat as it was heading for Miami from Villefranche-sur-Mer. Boucan threw his radio overboard, then jumped over himself, leaving a phony suicide note. But he was rescued by a 16-year-old American and taken to the local hospital in a coma.

Boucan had played the role of the Latin Connection brilliantly—following the route that takes Middle Eastern opium, after being refined in clandestine laboratories in France, through Central and South America to U. S. addicts.

Boucan's interrogation revealed almost nothing. Questioned by Marseilles police for four days and four nights, Boucan gave not the slightest information to the inspectors surrounding him. He did admit to delivering to Miami, in 1971, 100 kilos of pure heroin—with a street value of at least $30 million—but Customs already knew about that. He said he didn't know the people who had come to pick up his cargo. Since officials estimated each trip paid a million francs—$195,000—it didn't matter to Boucan where the drugs had come from. All he cared about was the schedule for deliveries. He was paid for picking up the drug and delivering it; the address of the laboratory and the name of the supplier were of no interest to him. The organization, it seemed, was perfectly compartmentalized and the compartments perfectly sealed off one another. It wasn't important if one chemist or one smuggler was arrested; ten remained to feed the market.

Boucan's arrest created a sensation in France. Nevertheless, the Americans were angry. They felt the French, once again, should have waited for delivery before intervening. Following the vessel on her third narcotics-running voyage across the Atlantic could have provided clues to one of the five gangs that are said by American officials to be providing 60 percent of the narcotics for the U. S. Despite the enormous amount of heroin seized, it was just a drop in the bucket. (If only a tenth of the production reaches the U. S., the dealers still profit. There's a difference of almost $300,000 between the price paid the Turkish peasant and the retail price of a kilo of pure heroin . . . a kilo of raw opium is worth $24, a kilo of heroin just under $300,000.)

French government officials congratulated the police and Customs on the success of this "superb operation." But Commissioner Morin, head of the Marseilles drug squad, was not so enthusiastic. "This arrest will serve almost no purpose. Boucan? His arrest is just one of the hazards of the trade. On the Côte d'Azur there are 17 pleasure ports harboring 16,000 boats of all tonnages. It's impossible to cut them all off. On the Riviera, five million cars pass the French-Italian frontier at Menton every year. We can't search all of them. A million people pass through the international airport at Nice every year. We can't undress them all. So . . . for every Boucan that we manage to arrest, how many pass through the holes in our nets?"

The French police, then, don't think these arrests will do much. But they may be wrong. After Boucan's capture, the price for a bag jumped from $4 to $6, even $7. The supply of heroin on the East Coast of the U. S. has dropped significantly in the past year because of French raids on major laboratories around Marseilles and American seizures of major imports. In Boston, for instance, the price of pure heroin has almost doubled in just one year. New York isn't as bad, but it's feeling the squeeze, too. After all, the *Caprice des Temps* seizure yielded enough heroin to shoot up all the addicts in the U. S. for a whole month.

So the crackdown is hurting French business. Before Cusack's allegations, the French police took a rather cavalier attitude toward the heroin trade because it didn't really affect them. Let the Americans worry about it, they figured. And the police, shall we say, were reluctant to penetrate the mob in Marseilles because of its vast political connections. But today, the pressure is on. The closing down of five major laboratories this year by French police has cut into the supply of heroin coming into the U. S. from France. Times are getting tough in Marseilles. As a result, much more heroin will be entering the U. S. from Southeast Asia rather than passing through the sticky fingers of the Marseilles mobsters. —*Paul Katz*

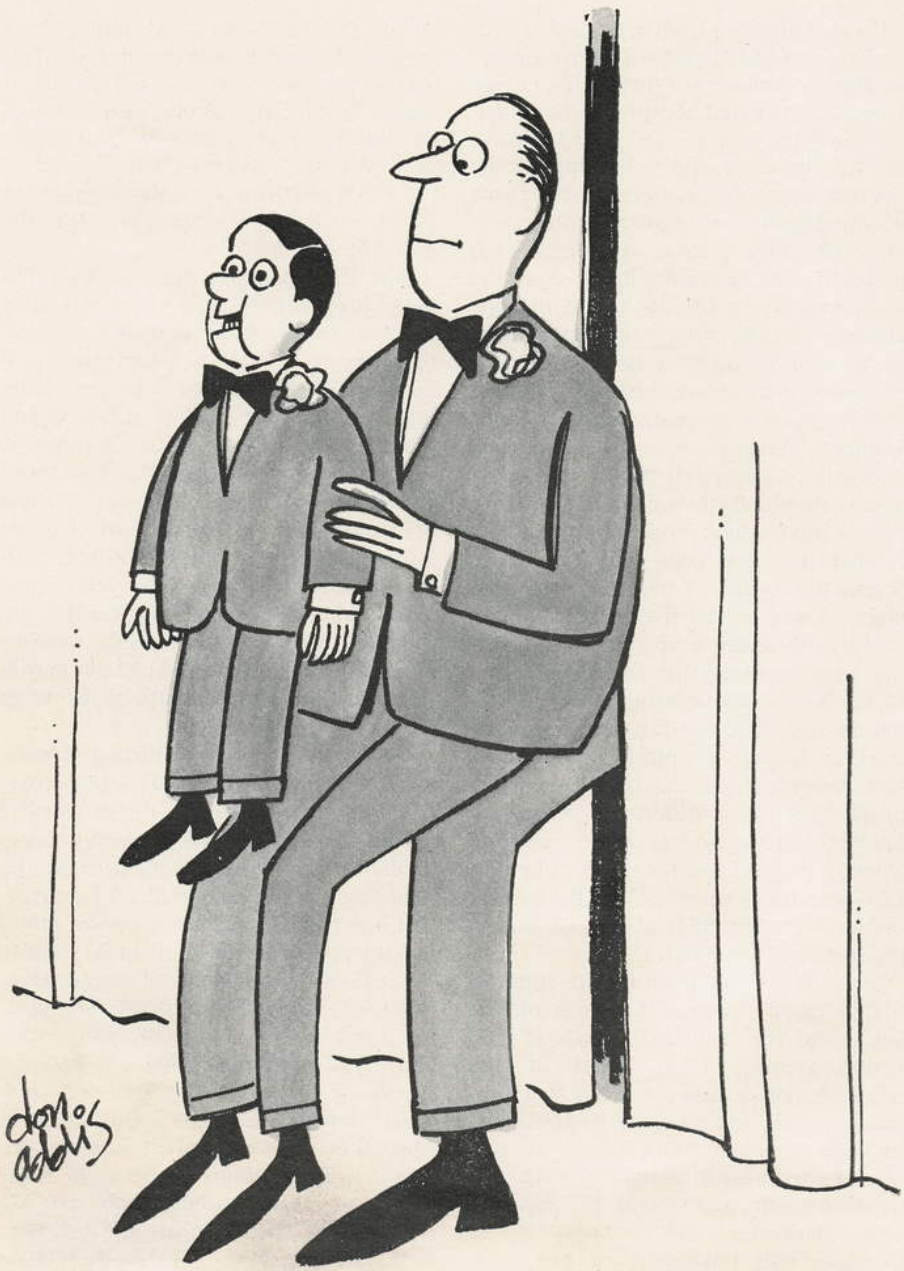
THE BIG TILT *Harvey is a pinball wizard. He once played 17 (seventeen!) hours on one lousy dime. "As long as I have money, I play all the time. Just to pass time."*

(Continued from page 51) without even trying, taking 45 minutes just to get the game back to zero, well, it brings a slight twitch of envy in the hearts of us spectators. What's this guy got, anyhow?

Reflexes, for one thing. Coordination and impeccable timing. He's a master of "gunching"—the ability to move the whole machine around to his advantage without setting off that infernal TILT mechanism. Mostly, he's got experience, 15 years of it, playing the pinballs night and day.

Harvey is what has come to be called a pinball wizard, a phrase preserved for posterity as the title of a Who song in *Tommy*. At the age of 23, Harvey has played the pinballs from Pennsylvania to California, played them ever since he "was big enough to see up over the cabinet." Not too long ago, he and a buddy played one machine for 17 (seventeen!) hours on one lousy dime—and when they walked away from the machine, there were still 15 free games to play off.

This pinball arcade in San Francisco is much like those in downtown Anywhere, U. S. A. The machines vary in price and quality; some of them should have been retired years ago. Besides the pinballs, there are all kinds of other coin-operated games. In the back, for a dime or quarter, you can watch some of the cheapest, grungiest sex flicks ever conceived by man. The whole place is rather dimly lit, and it has that kind of trashy, exotic aura that's often mistaken for funk and is just as hard to resist.



Harvey plays here most every night, all night. In the morning, when his buddy is just getting off work, he comes by and picks up Harvey and they head on home to Alameda, an island over in the East Bay, near Oakland. There, they play the Kings and Queens game in the pool hall, every day, all day.

Like the smoker who "could quit any time"—but never does—our Harvey insists: "It don't get addictive, not to me it don't. If I have the money and I want to waste the money, I just go ahead and do it, and if I don't have the money, it don't really matter to me if I play or not. As long as I have money, I play all the time. Just to pass time.

"I have no idea when I played my first game, but I still remember it. Back when I was a little kid, a real little kid. It was long before I even started the paper route. I used to deliver papers, and then I'd spend the money in the pinball machines. That was in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. I started playing regularly, all the time, I'd say when I was nine, at the oldest.

"My parents thought it was a waste of money, but as long as I made my own money, they didn't have nothin' to say about it. Just as long as I wouldn't be hittin' 'em up for money to play the pinball machines. At first I'd win about 50-50, y'know. I got really good just by doin' it, I guess. I'd win a lotta times right from the beginning, and I just went from there. In Pennsylvania, in this one car garage, a body shop, they had a pinball machine. When they weren't looking we'd stick boards underneath the legs of it to level it out and win more, or else stick wire in it to bend it out and fix the specials.

"You know where the ball runs over the wires and scores points? You can bend that wire up to whatever height you want to, but the ball will still go down over it. What you can do, when it's going down that hole, you can jiggle the machine back and forth and not tilt the machine and the ball will keep hittin' the wire. It'll keep scorin' up for you. The Bank-a-Ball we used to always play in Pennsylvania, we set it up like that one night, and just get the ball in the 50-special and keep shaking it sideways, you build up your score real good."

Harvey got out of the Navy in 1970 and stayed right in Alameda, where

THE BIG TILT *"Pinball's for the challenge mostly."*

he'd been stationed. He is a fixture at the pool hall, where the other regulars always give him a dime to run up a pile of free games so they can all play. When he puts his own money in, he usually plays a few hours and then sells the remaining free games to get back his quarter. He figures it's been years since he spent more than a quarter a day on pinballs.

Harvey describes the day he played 17 hours. "As soon as this dude got out of jail, we started playing the pinball machine. He put in a dime to start out with, and we played for 17 hours the first day on that one machine and one dime. We just drank and played; we was drinking wine. I don't know how many games we won, must have been over a hundred, easy. After about ten hours, when you play regularly, the legs start to give out, and maybe it'll even start botherin' your eyes. Mostly your feet start to hurt from standin' too much. Usually when I'm playing, I just stand on one foot, then switch over after a while to the other foot. After we got done after 17 hours, we just sold the rest of the free games, I think there was about 15, and went and bought another half-gallon of wine. We wasn't even drinkin' that much wine, but it was gettin' to our eyes right away, 'cuz our eyes was strained on that pinball machine all day. Oh, wow!"

That particular machine, Kings and Queens, only registers eight free games at a time, so it just stayed stuck on eight all day and no one could keep track of how many games were actually played. The machine awards a free game for a score of 1600, another for 1700, and a third for 1800. After 1800, it goes back to 1000 and starts again. By the time he'd finished the second ball of his first game, Harvey had broken 1800 and turned it back over to 1000 four times. "Weren't no big deal, really," he assures. And, to him, it really wasn't. He can, and did, tell dozens of similar stories.

"It's for the challenge mostly. I play to see if I'm gonna win, and . . . I don't play it so much for pleasure; I like the challenge of it more, because, uh, I just like challenges, and they're always a challenge. It's your wit against the machine. Besides that, it's somethin' to do, to kill time. Wait around all day and see what everybody else is gonna do for that day, see if there's any partyin' goin' on or anything. But mostly to challenge that machine.

"It all depends on the machine, y'see. It's not only the player, I believe. I mean, you gotta be coordinated, y'know, you gotta have good timing for the flippers and everything. Shake the machine the way you think it should be shook. That's up to you, y'know, whether you want to or not, if you wanna risk tiltin' it. So it all depends on the machines, how they're set up. Some of them lean to the left or right, because you can adjust the legs on them.

"See, a lotta people that play 'em don't even know *how* to play 'em. They don't understand the machine. You gotta know . . . to *really* play the machine good, you gotta *get used* to the machine, the way it's settin' and how it tilts, which way you can shake it and how much, whether you can stop the ball with the flipper and all that kinda stuff, y'know.

"I'm pretty good for nudgin' the board and flipping. And I *know the machines*. I've played all over the country, and when you go to different places, you sometimes get different machines, but there's so many that's the same that when you go into a place to play 'em, there's probably a machine there that you've played already, and you know that machine. So if you beat it somewhere else, you figure you can probably beat it here.

"I don't know why it's so important for me to beat it—I just like beatin' it. If I don't beat it, it's not that the machine's better than me or anything. If I don't beat it the first game or so, it's probably that I'm not used to the machine. I figure I can beat *any* machine."

If you've ever stood glued to one of those machines yourself, stood there and played until your legs started getting sore, until your finger tips were pulpy, until there were bells ringing in your head and until your eyes were bouncing around uncontrollably as if you'd just finished watching about nine simultaneous tennis games—if you've ever done that, dear reader, *and* won yourself a few free games in the process, then you undoubtedly have some idea of the impulses that drive Harvey Smith.

In a climactic scene of William Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life*, a contestant finally beats the machine. The board lights up, bells ring, an American flag pops up waving, and the machine plays *America*. From the stage directions for the play: "(Willie) stands

straight and pious before the contest. Himself *vs.* the machine. Willie *vs.* Destiny. His skill and daring *vs.* the cunning and trickery of the novelty industry of America and the whole challenging world. He is the last of the American pioneers, with nothing more to fight than the machine . . . Willie grips the knob delicately, studies the situation carefully, draws the knob back, holds it a minute and then releases it. The first marble rolls out among the hazards, the contest is on."

Get the idea?

* * *

At ten cents a game (three for a quarter), the gaudy pinball machines with their lights and bells and buzzers are some of the cheapest thrills around. But beyond that, who can fathom those machines and the people who play them? Not me—I play sometimes, but I'm not accomplished enough to afford to take my mind off the game and analyze myself while I'm playing. Unlike Harvey, I have to hustle for my free games, and once I drop a coin in and get going, I don't stop until I've won at least one freebie and my ego is assuaged for a while. Harvey's right, I'm sure, when he says it has something to do with the machine itself; those crazy things exude some sort of voodoo.

Flashback to about a year ago. I am in Ann Arbor, Michigan, visiting a friend who goes to school there. Now, everybody knows there's nothing to do in a college town except go to college, and I paid those dues several years back, so not right now, thanks. Thus while my friend was in class, I was wandering around looking for something to do, when what should I come across but one of the finest pinball arcades my eyes have ever seen. They're becoming popular again in America, especially in the Midwest, and these newer arcades aren't as seedy as the old ones, depending on your perspective.

Anyhow, I walk in, change a dollar into quarters and station myself at a game based on a dance party. On the first three games, I don't win anything, but I do come close enough that I readily pop in another quarter. The flippers are damn good, it's a pretty fast board, and before I know it, that machine and I are going crazy over each other. Bells are going off like a machine gun, and several times by the fourth ball I've heard that comforting CRCK that tells me I've won a free game. The noise level in the arcade has gone down noticeably; I realize without looking up that people have left their machines and are (blush) watching me over my shoulder. I wind up with something like 12 free games. I was there the rest of the afternoon.

My friend had an evening class, so after dinner I was right back in the pinball arcade and confidently slipping a dime into *my machine*, ready to keep it running all night. The first ball came up, bounced off a thumper bumper and careened into the outhole and off the board. I never even got a flipper on it. I did manage to get a flipper on the next one, but something had happened since the afternoon. *There was almost no flipper action at all.* They barely worked. I scored something embarrassingly low on the first game, so low that I was relieved hardly anyone was there to see it, and I spent a good two bucks the rest of the night without winning one game. I couldn't even match the last digit of my score to the number that flashes on the backboard at the end of the game. "Matching" is worth a free game (it's the cheapo way of winning, but beggars aren't choosy) and, according to the law of averages, I should have matched at least once.

What went wrong? To this day, I don't know. But a couple of months later, I had a paranoid vision in which this machine played a cameo role, and that smug sonuvabitch was *leering* at me in a manner so thoroughy demoralizing that I'd never even mentioned it to anyone until now.

* * *

Pinball is based on bagatelle, a 19th Century English tavern game played with a cue and nine balls on a table that had nine holes arranged in an ellipse at one end. The idea was to hit the balls into scoring holes, rather like billiards. The ancient Greeks played a variation of bagatelle, using rocks, on a hillside. The game was a favorite in the court of Louis XIV and was enjoyed by Pickwick Club members, who played at the Peacock Tavern in Charles Dickens's *Pickwick Papers.* Bagatelle was also a pastime of no less a figure than Honest Abe Lincoln. From bagatelle came Russian bagatelle, and from that came the early pinball games.

Legend has it that, in 1929, John J. Sloan, an advertising representative for *Billboard*—then devoted mainly to the circus and carnival, now the trade journal for the music biz—found the janitor of his apartment building playing bagatelle on a board he'd designed himself. Sloan liked the game and took the idea to a company in Youngstown, Ohio, which manufactured carnival items. The company designed a coin mechanism for the game and sold a handful before the Depression. The game was large and expensive (about $100) and quickly fell out of favor.

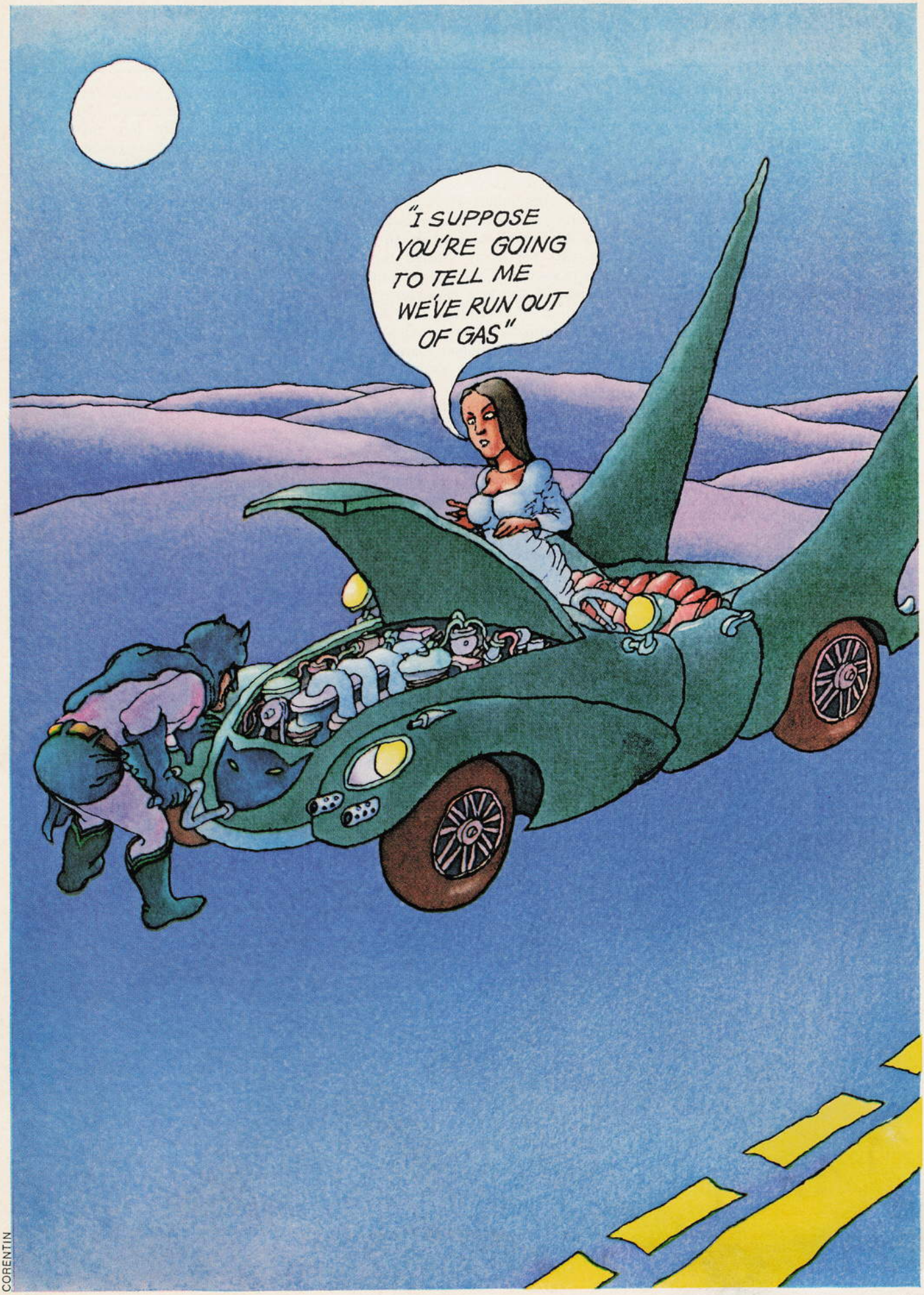
But in 1931, Raymond T. Moloney talked his senior partners in a Chicago printing shop into giving the game another try. They came up with a board small enough to fit on a cigar counter, and named it Ballyhoo, after a popular satirical magazine that was considered risqué for its time. The player got seven balls for a penny and, in the heart of the Depression, Ballyhoo immediately caught the public's fancy. The machine cost approximately $16 and about 50,000 were sold in the first seven months of 1932.

Moloney and his partners formed a company called Bally to continue manufacturing the machines. Bally still manufactures pinball machines—as well as other coin-operated amusement devices—in Chicago, which is also the headquarters for the other three manufacturers of pinball games: Williams Electronics, Gottlieb and Chicago Dynamic Industries.

The prototypical Ballyhoo game was manually operated but differed from bagatelle in that the ball was propelled by a corner spring launcher instead of a cue and the holes were guarded by brass nails or pins. A newspaper in Lexington, Kentucky, is said to have come up with the "pin-and-ball"—later shortened to pinball—moniker for the game. By 1933, Ballyhoo had become battery-operated and, in 1934, it went electric.

Shortly thereafter, the trimmings started appearing. Legs were designed for the board and it was removed from the cigar counter. Automatic scorers, free game devices and tilt mechanisms were conceived. Construction of the machines halted between 1942 and 1946, as companies switched their efforts to war tools. During the Second World War, players here and abroad relied solely on used machines, creating a demand that was met only when manufacturers could overcome the lumber shortage. (The cabinet is made usually of birch or gumwood from Wisconsin forests.)

The years immediately following the war were the Golden Age for pinball. Innovations such as flippers (designed by Harry Mabs of Gottlieb), thumper bumpers and multiple-player scoring accelerated the craze. The last major innovation, introduced by Bally in 1966, was the flipper zipper, the device that



CORENTIN

closes the flippers so the ball can't be lost through the outhole between them. The flippers close and open when certain targets are hit.

Pinball today is still illegal in several areas, including its home town of Chicago. The game has been associated with gangsters almost from its beginning, and is in some places considered a gambling device. The reasons seem to be mostly political, based on guilt by association (Bally, for example, is also the world's largest manufacturer of slot machines) and on "scientific" tests that used nonscientific techniques.

A crackdown on slot machines in 1934 undoubtedly contributed to the popularity of pinball, which provided a good alternative, and in that same year, pinball machines were built to dish out cash on winning scores. Since the game then was primarily one of chance (remember, there were no flippers and the player had little or no control over the ball), gambling became a major issue. Therefore, manufacturers decided to drop the device that returned money and put a free-game meter in its place. That eliminated some criticism, but pressure mounted when it was noted that the free-play meter still made it possible for the location owner to pay out cash himself, if he so desired.

The anti-pinball hysteria continued. Parents said the vile machines were robbing their children of lunch money. Police and politicians insisted the game was mob-controlled, and it didn't help matters any when a Brooklyn man, an official in Murder, Inc., was found in the bottom of a Catskills mountain lake —strapped to a pinball machine.

The biggest blow against the machines came in 1942, in New York City. Mayor La Guardia was instrumental in getting the machines classed as gambling devices, and the police moved in. About 12,000 machines were confiscated in a political public relations exhibition that featured newspaper photos of the mayor breaking machines apart with a sledge hammer.

Besides the allegation that pinballs were controlled by the underworld, La Guardia pointed to science for justification. An NYU professor had divided 100 of his students into two groups. One was "instructed" to become "good" at pinball, the other to merely release the ball and let it roll as it may. After a month of such tests, the professor announced that the group that tried to score big did only ten percent better than the other group. This he offered as "proof," ignoring the fact that in most scientific tests ten percent is an impressive margin and forgetting that you don't "instruct" people to become "good" pinball players, especially in a month.

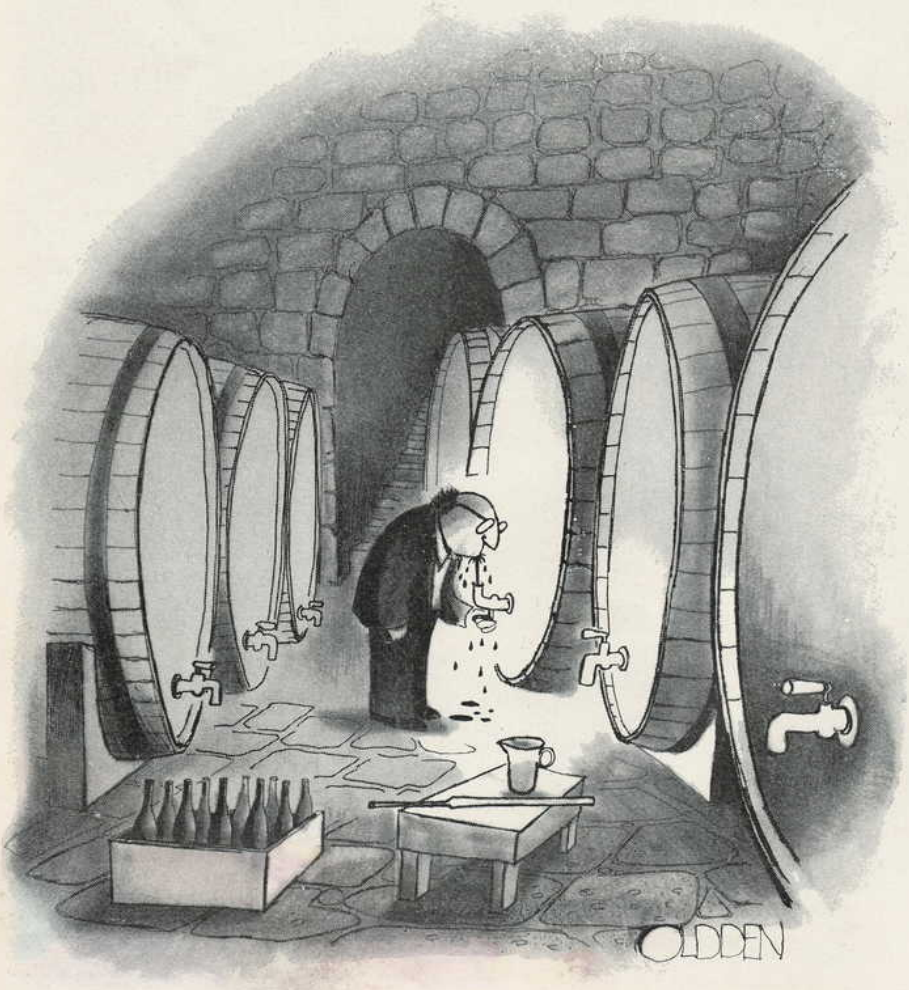
But La Guardia was the rule, not the exception. Until the introduction of flippers, which most definitely made it a game of skill, pinball was in big trouble. To this day there is an uneasy truce between the game and the guardians of public morals. In some places where the game is legal, free games aren't; in a very few places, the machines still pay out cash on high scores. Besides being outlawed entirely in some states and cities, pinball is still subject to constant investigations by racket busters and vice squads where it is legal.

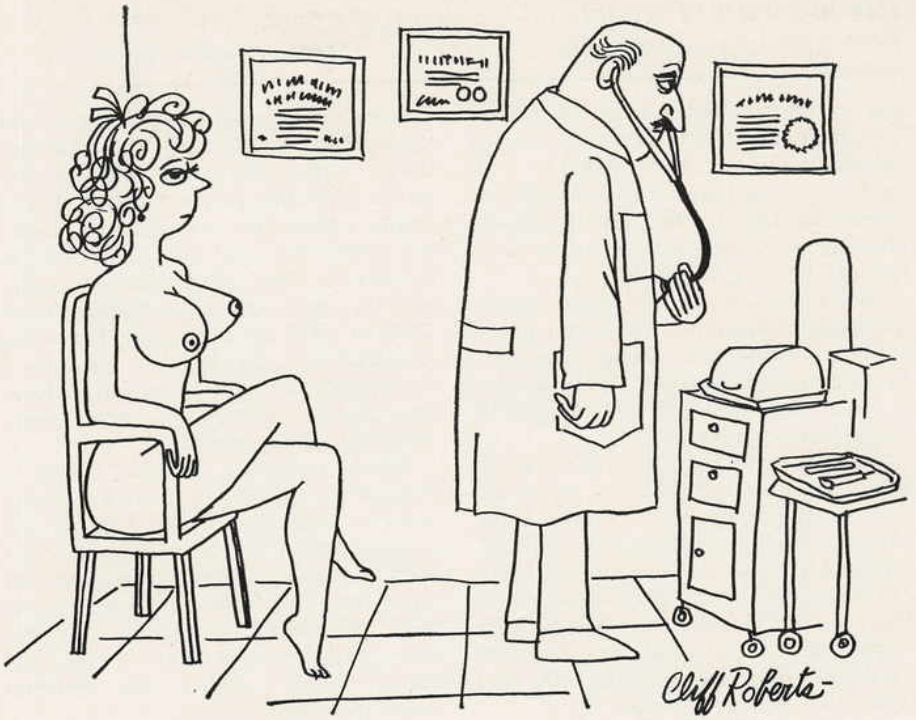
Meanwhile, the game has spread around the world. It's not at all unusual for one of the Chicago factories to receive a parts order from Tanzania or Yugoslavia. Even Russia has been showing interest.

In France, it's known as *Les Flippers*, and has been popular in corner bars and cafés since the Liberation. Restrictive laws have just about wiped the game out in Italy, but *billiardini* is still found in some places. The game has been a craze in Germany for the last 20 years.

In Japan, in the early Fifties, a pinball variation called *pachinko* became so popular it caused the kind of hysteria that pinball did in the U. S. *Pachinko* was the poor man's pinball, an incredibly simple game that stood upright to save space. The ball was driven from the bottom right corner up to the field by a spring plunger. If the ball happened to fall into one of the several fenced cavities on the board, the player would win a given amount of steel balls he could trade in on prizes worth no more than 27 cents.

Still, the game was all the rage in Japan. At its peak, there were more than a million games, with 7900 arcades, 100 of them for children only, in Tokyo alone. In 1952, the Japanese spent 100 million yen on *pachinko*, about 12 percent of their national budget. Physicians had them installed in their waiting rooms. A 72-year-old lady bled to death when she went into a rage





and smashed the game's glass cover with her hand. Divorces were blamed on *pachinko*, and one young man committed suicide as a result of the game. The poor devil was discovered clutching a handful of little steel balls.

Four-player games are the most popular in Europe today, but wherever the game is installed, the locals make two demands. The game must be in English (except for the instructions), and must have an American motif, like baseball. Otherwise, it's not genuine. They regard it as yet another fascinating product of American technology and culture, like electric rock and roll. Although Europe once had to rely solely on used machines, about half the new machines manufactured now go there. Except for the coin mechanisms and instructions, Europeans play the same machines that Americans do. A few companies in Europe have taken a shot at manufacturing pinball machines, but they all quickly went out of business.

* * *

Herb Jones, Bally's advertising manager, has been in the business for 40 years. A *graduate* of Harvard and now 72, Jones is recognized as the sage and unofficial historian of the amusement-games industry. Jones has his own theories about the attractions of the pinball game in particular, and these theories are generally adhered to by nearly everyone whose job it is to design new games.

He speaks in a hoarse voice bordering on a whisper. "Talent in designing these machines is hard to come by. It's partly an intuitive thing, based on experience, figuring out just what the players might like. There aren't too many good designers, but there are three basic factors which all the good ones follow.

"The first is that the machine can't be too hard and it can't be too easy. The player will get discouraged if he doesn't think he has a chance, but he'll get bored if he wins easily. The second principle is what we call the came-close-try-again appeal. If the player does well enough that he thinks he can get a free game with just a little more skill or luck, he'll play the game. The third factor is what we call last-ball suspense and last-inch suspense. The player must know that on the very last ball he shoots, he may hit a target that'll zoom a mediocre score way up. He must know that chance exists. Or in the last inch or two, where the ball sinks, it may cross a zone at the outhole that's worth 1000 points, so that as each ball retires it may add the 1000 points that'll put him over.

"These principles have been used in many different ways and for many years. It's *not* just frenzied action on the board, but it's action based on these three principles, and I think it was at first intuitive on the part of designers.

"So you have the three principles, and then there are other attractions. There's lots of action; that's there to keep the player involved. There must be a variety of ways to score. And there must be several shots that are specifically skill. They usually have to do with degree of force or swiftness with the flippers. So while there are some objectives that are random, there *must* also be some that are a matter of skill on the part of the player."

Jones takes me into the Bally showroom to illustrate some points, failing miserably. "I could play this game all day and never win a free game," he confesses. "But on the average, we try to make the machine so it gives one free game for every two paying games. A lousy player like me won't win any replays, but a good player will win several."

When he opened a game to show me what's inside, I was amazed how simple it looked, given all that is in it. According to Jones, the machine can be defined as "one complete circuit divided into many sub-circuits that open or close, depending on what targets are being hit."

A typical game may have 2500 to 3000 different components, Jones noted, counting all the different fasteners, screws and switches; the machine will have approximately 5000 parts, all told. There are usually about 60 to 80 relays per game, and these relays and solenoids convert electrical energy into the mechanical energy required to operate the thumper bumpers, rebound kickers, kick-back kickers and flipper zippers. Each machine contains about 5000 feet of wiring, and Jones figured that Bally uses some three million miles of wire every year.

The main tilt device—the one that guards against excessive gunching—is simply a plumb bob hanging inside an electrically charged circle. When the machine is nudged too hard, the plumb bob brushes the edge, and it's all over. (By the way, the plumb bob continues swinging for a few seconds afterwards, so if you tilt, give it some time to stabilize back in the center before going another round.)

This tilt mechanism is theoretically one of the only two adjustable parts on the machine. Jones said that's the operator's choice, as he needs some control over how much he can allow his machines to be banged around. Aside from that, the only thing adjustable is the three and one-half degree inclination built into the machine, which the operator can raise or lower by one-inch screws on the legs.

Jones concluded reassuringly. "Pinball bridges all racial and age gaps. There's every evidence that pinball is a form of amusement that generation after generation takes up enthusiastically. It's never lost popular appeal. Now you take something like yo-yos. They come

and go, they're always fads. But pinball is a perennial. It's very popular in the colleges and it's very popular with adults. It's not too taxing physically or cerebrally, but it offers thrills and excitement, so anyone can do it and anyone can be attracted by it."

My quest for the mystery lurking inside those machines had taken me to Williams Electronics, where I had spoken with design engineer Steven Kordel, a quiet man decidedly uncomfortable about being interviewed.

"You have to give the public what it wants. Even on my vacation, I'll go out and watch people play wherever I am. Maybe I'll see something new and different. I'll go to amusement areas and see what kids like to play, what adults like to be amused by. That's very important. My idea of entertainment sometimes does not coincide with what others like as entertainment.

"I'll be watching for reactions to certain moves of the ball and score. If I was watching you play, I'd be looking at your face, concentration, happiness . . . The main thing is the enjoyment you've gotta be getting out of certain features of the game. I would be able to tell just by looking which ones you're playing and which ones you're not, and I would know which things to eliminate next time.

"There are certain features that were used 20 years ago that can be reworked today and *make* a game. But the public also demands new features, new challenges and objectives, so you've got to update the games with each new design. All you know is, you've got to think of the mind of the guy that's putting in the coin. They'll always put in the first coin. The question is, can you *keep* them playing? The reaction they get from their first coin will determine whether or not they're going to play a second time, a third time, a fourth time, fifth time, *hundredth* time. In other words, a person who's really interested, he's not that interested in replays; he'll get an occasional free game, sure, and that's good, that tests his skill. But he's not interested only in that—he's interested in having some amusement."

Kordel sometimes does a design in only three weeks, but more often it'll take one to three months. It's all coordinated with artwork and theme, and then goes into production. The companies build their own games in assembly-line factories that roar not only with the usual factory noise, but also with the sounds of thousands of pinball bells. They'll turn out maybe eight new, incredible, different pinball games a year designed for one, two or four players.

Sample games are manufactured and shipped to about 100 "typical locations," where the local operator observes how the game is received and reports back to the manufacturer. If the test public likes the new game enough to play it more often than the older ones on either side of it, anywhere from 2000 to 7000 are then built. From the manufacturer, the game is sold to a distributor who then places it in a location, usually splitting the take evenly with the location owner.

Nickel machines are now almost a thing of the past. The standard machine today is usually a five-ball game, ten cents a game or three for a quarter. But operators are finding that players will settle for three balls for a dime, and some are scaling down; moreover, future games will probably not even take dimes, giving instead two five-ball games for a quarter.

Among other new features under consideration is a tilt device that nullifies only the "guilty" ball and doesn't end the game entirely. Noise is another factor being given special attention. Chimes will replace bells in some machines, and don't be surprised if next time you hit a home run on a baseball game, you hear the roar of the crowd.

* * *

There are no formally sanctioned pinball tournaments in which people like Harvey Smith can strut their stuff against other wizards, but if such matches existed, surely the champion would be Arfur, the Teenage Pinball Queen, the scourge of the late Sixties. She has become legendary in the competitive pinball underground.

Arfur was discovered in a pub in London's Soho District by British pop writer Nik Cohn, who is reputedly no pinball slouch himself. (Peter Townshend says he wrote *Pinball Wizard* for his friend Cohn.)

By chance, Arfur had wandered into the pub where Cohn was playing, having just arrived in England from New York. She watched him shoot, challenged him to a match and proceeded to make minced meat of him. At the time, Arfur was all of 15 years old.

She was raised in Montreal by her aunt, her parents having died when she was six, and at the age of 12 was inspired by a Palooka machine to become a professional pinball player. She ran away to New York, where she was taken in by an old Canadian friend and fellow wizard named Porky LaMotta. She began playing for money, sponsored by a 65-year-old operator known as Far French, who fed her and paid her expenses in return for half her winnings. She walked out on Far French when she discovered he was making a lot of money off her on side bets. Besides that, Arfur had just finished shooting down Fast Hand Eddie of Chicago in a crucial match, and had run out of competition in America. She split for Europe, where she met Cohn, who decided he couldn't beat her so he'd better join her. He became her new manager.

Arfur ran out of competition in Europe almost as quickly as she had in America. She was unstoppable. After disposing of Danny "Fancy Dan" Andler of Belgium, she was forced into a sort of involuntary retirement for lack of a worthy opponent. She toyed with showbiz for a while, but has since dropped from sight.

Arfur didn't mess around. She played poker-faced, and before each game would rub on her finger tips an ointment she made by mixing goose grease and lemon jelly, and then cross herself three times. Her existential/mystical philosophy of pinball was revealed in a 1969 interview with Cohn:

"People think pinball is a game," she told him. "It isn't. It's an art form. It's cosmic and it holds the secret of all human life.

"When you shoot it right, for instance, there's a moment when you and the table become the same thing, when it's impossible for you to make a mistake and you fly. This is the most perfect feeling that life can offer.

"In pinball, everything depends on relaxation, on inner balance, and you have to shut out everything but the table, you have to be timeless. It isn't a joke, it's a lifetime's vocation, a discipline. Myself, I don't drink, don't smoke, don't let my mind run on anything else. And most Americans are too neurotic for it, too tense; they try to win by force.

"Sometimes, of course, they may hustle up a few cheap wins like this, but eventually the table will get wise to them and reject them. In the long run, reverence is the only method that brings results.

"As a race, the Chinese are the finest artists of all—they have a history that stretches far back into the past, they're in touch with eternity and they shoot with true serenity. They accept fate as it comes, they have repose. If you listen carefully, you'll find they even speak like pinballs.

"When I first hit New York City, my friend Porky gave me a motto that I've never forgotten," she concluded. "Live clean. Think clean. And shoot clean pinball." —*John Morthland*

A Christmas gift suggestion for the man who has everything
from
Oui
the magazine for the man of the world.
This Christmas, give him the world of OUI. It's a new outlook on life for the young American man. An international point of view. A Continental sense of humor. Fiction, fact and photography by trend-setting contributors from around the world. And the women. Truly beautiful. And quite unlike the girl next door.
Give him the world for Christmas. Give him OUI.
$9 for first one-year gift (Save $3.50*)
$7 for each additional one-year gift (Save $5.50*)
Please send my gift to:
NAME (please print)
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
☐ Send unsigned gift card to me.
☐ Send my gift card signed "from
☐ Enter my own subscription.
$ enclosed. ☐ Bill me after January 1.
☐ Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no.
Total subscriptions ordered:
(Enter additional subscriptions on separate sheet.)
MY NAME (please print)
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP 7210
*based on current newsstand single-copy prices.
Rates and credit apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO addresses only.
Mail your order to:
OUI Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611

THE BREAST AESTHETIC *"For Christ's sake, touch them," shrieked the doctor. "Touching them won't make you a lesbian. You can't even feel it in there, can you?" I touched them!*

(Continued from page 49) sleek, champagne-colored E-type Jaguar pulled up to the curb. I watched it through the window in the red-and-gold room. "That's him, that's the doctor!" shouted Marcy. The doctor was tall and he was wearing a velvet suit, the same color as the Milk of Magnesia bottle. "You sure you don't want surgery?" she asked as he entered the building. The doctor came in, kissed Marcy on the mouth and looked at his watch. He was rushed. He had someone to meet. Just then Marcy's friend Jayne bounced into the room. The doctor greeted her the same way. As she lifted her head to be kissed, she knocked the doctor in the chin with the pink plastic rollers covering her skull.

"I had the doctor come," Marcy said, "so that he could correct any medical stuff I tell you about the surgery." As Marcy began to describe the surgical procedure, I found myself absorbed in the pattern of her red-and-gold carpet. "And then you make a cut at the nipple," said Marcy. Without conscious thought, I found my arms coming up to my chest to cover my breasts. Marcy went on. "And then you put the plastic bag into where the cut is made and the bags are filled up with saline solution and resealed." *Resealed!* Was the man seated before me a Nazi? I listened to him as he spoke. I thought I caught a German inflection. I closed my eyes, still hugging my breasts. In fact, I was now leaning foward in a desperate fetal position.

"You know," Marcy was going at it nonstop, "a lot of people ask me what happens to you if you get into a car accident. They want to know what happens if the bag breaks. Well, I know a girl who did get into a car accident, and the girl told me that if she hadn't had those bags she would have died. Those bags saved her life. They protected her rib cage."

Perhaps, I wonder, the National Safety Council will demand similar operations for new-car buyers. Marcy took a deep breath and continued. "The doctor told me that if the bag breaks the liquid is absorbed by your body. All you have to do is come to see him and he puts in a new bag and fills it up. There's nothing to it." I just couldn't believe that Marcy had gone through this madness without thought. After all, having one's bust filled with plastic bags was no small matter. It made the silicone injection seem civilized.

We were standing in a small room. The doctor wanted me to see Marcy's breasts and feel them. "You must see how natural they are," said the doctor. Jayne and Marcy stood in front of him. "All right, girls," he said, "remove your tops." I looked at him. "Not you," he said, "just Marcy and Jayne, because Jayne has a normal bust and I want you to compare the two. I want you to feel the similarity."

I told him I would be satisfied just to look. "How can you tell anything just by looking?" he snapped. Marcy lifted her black sweater and unhooked her black-and-pink nylon bra. Jayne unsnapped her white cotton bra. The breasts confronted me. Marcy's bust was not enviable. I had seen a picture of her "before" bust and her new bust looked like the "before" picture, except it was larger. It looked ill at ease on her narrow frame. Jayne's bust was, to put it as the magazines might, strapping. I had no desire to continue looking at either pair or to touch them. First of all, those breasts were not particularly attractive. Secondly, my only experience touching a female breast other than my own (which I do in my neurotic quest of breast cancer) was at the age of 12 with two nice girlfriends in a confused search for our sexuality. (To this day we make no mention of that episode.) "Go on, touch them," ordered the doctor. I kept thinking of those plastic bags inside Marcy's breasts, sealed there for all eternity. "For Christ's sake, touch them," shrieked the doctor. "Touching them won't make you a lesbian." *I touched them!* The tips of my fingers, I mean the absolute tips of those fingers, flew onto those breasts. "Well?" asked the doctor. "You can't even feel the prosthesis in there, can you?" His voice was proud. He instructed the girls to dress.

"Isn't he wonderful?" asked Marcy as the doctor went off in his E-type Jag. Again, I told Marcy she must tell me more, must probe the reasons for her surgery. I told her that she would have total anonymity.

"Well, I guess I did it for my boyfriend," she said. "He's big, over six feet, and I guess I wanted part of me to be big, too."

"I grew up in the Fifties," said Marcy, "when everyone who was glamorous had a big bust. I guess I figured that unless I had a big bust I would never be glamorous. All the stars had big busts. I felt more womanly when I got my big bust." Was this the logic of the flat-chested women of America who went as willing victims to the surgeon's scalpel? There must have been more important elements at work. If there were any, they had escaped Marcy.

"Listen," said the East Coast, "you seem to think that being flat-chested isn't a serious problem." "Hmmm," I answered. "We're not a humor magazine, you know," the East Coast came back. "Our editor is flat-chested and she takes these things seriously. There is nothing about this gal that any of our readers can identify with. Where's the conflict? Where are the personal, intimate feelings of this gal?"

I fell silent. "You know," continued the voice, "no one has an operation like this unless they have a damn good reason. It's not like getting your tooth pulled."

"She's that kind of gal," I answered. "She seems to have done it just because she had nothing better to do."

"Tell her," said the voice, "that she has to be more honest."

"But I am being honest," said an indignant Marcy. "They want me to say that my life has changed, but it hasn't. Nothing's changed."

"OK," said the lady from the East, "she won't be honest with you. She won't tell you anything, so you'll just have to make something up."

"But she was honest," I said, "as honest as she can be."

"Well, that kind of honesty we don't need. No one is going to believe her," said the East Coast. I told the voice that making up a story was not exactly honest, either. "Well, we have millions of flat-chested gals who are going to read this and they have to identify with this gal. Why don't you pretend that you're flat-chested? You're a writer."

"How about you?" I asked. "Are you flat-chested?"

"No," said the voice apologetically. "Don't you have any friends who are?"

I did have flat-chested friends. None of them had interesting experiences to relate. They laughed when I described the operation. I pieced together stories. I invented situations. I related to the fabrication.

"I think we can use it," said the East Coast. "The only problem is that it reads kind of like *Dragnet*. There are no light moments. But it seems honest and the gals will really identify with it. Did you ever find out why she did it?" "No," I answered. "Only what she told me," I added. "Hmmm," said the East Coast. "It really makes you wonder about people and why they do those kinds of things. You'd think the girl would have a damn good reason." "You'd think," I said, and signed off.

—Roberta Ostroff

GUERRIER

CLASSICAL MUSIC *You might get put off by the Latin and Medieval German, but the words written by wandering drunk scholar-poets are really rough, bawdy and sensual.*

(Continued from page 74) him a group of scholars, much as Charlemagne had done a couple of centuries earlier, and set them on various projects, including translating all existing Moslem literature and scientific works, writing the history of Spain and the world (they never did finish that one . . .), introducing chess to Europe and composing a group of songs in praise of the Virgin Mary. Alfonso himself had his fingers in some of these pies, and others he preferred to leave alone. But it appears that a good many of the 426 *Cantigas De Santa Maria* were composed, in whole or in part, by Alfonso. Some tunes in the cantigas have their origins in the Mozarabic liturgy, and others are Hispanic Moslem songs and Jewish melodies, all jumbled up in this incredible collection. Not only that, but the lyrics, which are in large part anecdotes relating to the Virgin, are pretty strange, since they involve such things as knights entering into the service of the Devil and sacrificing their wives—that sort of thing. The two recorded performances I have of these works are completely different, and each is superb in its own way. Which brings us to a major problem of old music—that of performance.

One of the few things that all musicologists agree on is that nobody knows how most of this stuff should be performed. Various scholars have come up with various solutions to the "code" of ancient notation, but a kind of "Rosetta Stone" hasn't been found that would bridge the gap in our knowledge. Such things as how fast or slow it should be performed, what instruments should be used, what type of vocalists should perform a given work—all these are minor problems when it becomes evident that we don't even know how to read the melodies.

Not to worry, though—thanks to painstaking research and some educated guesswork, we have a pretty good idea. And from that idea, we can tell certain things. For instance, any harmony that sounds like any harmony in use today is purely coincidental. The harmonic system in use in the Middle Ages was based more on mathematics than anything else, and music was taught in the same package as mathematics and astronomy. The theoreticians of the day saw such cornerstones of present-day harmony as thirds (C to E) and sixths (C to A) as horrible discords, but thought nothing of using seconds (C to D) all over the place. As a result, the music sounds rough, somewhat primitive and other-worldly to our ears. If you listen enough, though, you will start realizing (and you may be surprised at just how quickly) that there is indeed an internal logic to it, and that the mode (sort of like scales), rhythms (there were only two—duple, or *imperfectus*, and triple, or *perfectus*, called that because it symbolized the Trinity) and melodies are quite appealing.

Mention should be made here of one of the earliest collections of secular music that we have. In 1803, a pile of manuscripts was found in the southern German monastery of Benediktbeuern. It seemed to be a collection of poems, divided into four sections: moral and satirical songs, drinking songs, love songs and sacred plays and Goliard songs. The Goliards were wandering scholar-poets who were drunk a good part of the time. The poems, written in an odd mixture of Latin and Medieval German, show a facet of the times that many scholars prefer to forget—the rough, bawdy, sensual side. Eventually, the collection got to be known as the *Carmina Burana*, the Songs of Beuern, and about 150 years after they were discovered, somebody came up with the music for them. The melodies were perfectly suited to the subject matter, and almost a thousand years after they were written the poems of these medieval cultural renegades inspired yet another musical oddball, Carl Orff, to write his masterpiece of *musica profana*, which he named after the collection.

SEX AND DOPE IN THE 14TH CENTURY

By 1300, things had begun to change. Music was no longer the exclusive property of the Church, and noblemen had begun to hire composers to write music for their private chapels as well as for the lavish entertainments at court. People were loosening up some, and dancing and singing were becoming more and more important.

Music was now taught at the great universities, resulting in the spread of musical knowledge to the upper classes, which in turn gave us the first musical dilettantes. Traveling singers of popular songs, known as troubadors, became extremely popular as early as the 12th Century, although nobody bothered to set down their music, and young noblemen composed songs of love on the lute as the whole complicated and somewhat repressive trip known as courtly love spread. These activities, though, were thought of as crafts—useful skills—and little more. It was only toward the end of the 13th Century that anybody thought enough of one of these craftsmen (and their being of noble birth probably had a good deal to do with it) to set down his melodies. The noble composer was named Adam de la Halle, the Hunchback of Arras, whose best-

CLASSICAL MUSIC *You even hear songs about pot.*

known work is *Le Jeu de Robin et Marion*, a romanticized version of the Robin Hood story that very carefully sets the whole thing in France.

The status of composers began to change. In 1324, the Pope got upset at the music being used in churches. It was too ornate, he said, and composers were getting carried away, spending more time in figuring out new ways to write their music and less time figuring out how to praise the Lord. People attended church out of a desire to hear the music, rather than out of a desire to worship God. And on and on.

So what could a composer do? His one big gig had been snatched away from him, and, even more maddening, just a few years earlier a great work had been published that opened up all kinds of new avenues for him to explore. In 1320, a 29-year-old poet-composer-diplomat named Phillippe de Vitry had written a book called *Ars Nova*, the New Art, which gave people a whole new way of looking at music. He rejected the purely mathematical approach, suggesting that maybe what sounded good might well *be* good, and proposed a new system for notation to make things easier (especially because it was based on the old system); he messed things up good. Things like that get people into trouble, particularly if those people are mixed up with an inflammatory political document that roasts the Pope and his friends.

The document is a long poem with commentary, called the *Roman de Fauvel*, which contains such subtle statements as, "On the chair of Moses the modern flock of prelates hides beneath hypocrisy," and "I see trouble coming, for everything is backwards and nothing is going right." A bunch of young composers who were writing in the style of de Vitry jumped at the opportunity to set *Fauvel* to music (and, although most of his music is lost or unsigned, de Vitry is supposed to be one of them), which hardly endeared them to the corrupt old bastards they were so actively opposing. In light of the popularity of *Fauvel*, the Pope's ban on polyphony in the Church, which came shortly after its publication, doesn't seem so strange at all. But the fact was that these guys were stuck. There were basically two ways to get gigs—get hired by a nobleman or work in the Church. If the Church was unfriendly, well, that left only one alternative. And that's why most of the great music in France and Italy from the 14th Century (which was mostly where it was happening at the time) came out of the courts.

The courts became everything the Church had been 50 years earlier: places for study, invention, writing, composing and learning. True, the men who presided over them were pretty corrupt themselves, and, true, they weren't exactly helping the economic situation or the political situation any, but it was a gig . . .

Take Jean de France, Duke of Berry, for instance. Being the brother of the King of France (which is where de France came from), he had money. Not content with that, he was a greedy son of a bitch, and he wanted more. He owned 12 castles and lived in each of them from time to time. He gathered around him some of the most important painters, literary men and composers just for the sheer joy of bragging that he "owned" them. In spite of the incredible cultural climate, we are told that Jean was a complete boor, a slob and not all that intelligent to boot. Regardless, he was responsible for protecting some of the greatest artists of his time, and the inventory of his possessions that was drawn up after his death is one of our major sources of information on day-to-day life in those days.

An interesting sidelight on the Duke's court: A literary clique formed there that became most noted for an unusual practice—smoking hemp. One of the composers in this clique, Sola, has left us an interesting piece called *Fumeux Fume*, the words to which go like this:

"Smoky fumes in the smoke, smoky meditation. He puts his thought in smoke, smoky fumes in the smoke, because the smoking pleases him well as long as that is his intention. Smoky fumes in the smoke, smoky meditation . . ."

The piece is, in terms of the period in

they go together

not only do they GO together... they go ANYWHERE together.

the 2001 is a completely portable AM, FM stereo and 8-track stereo sound system that goes with you... ANYWHERE

2001

by

Weltron®

THE NEW SHAPE OF SOUND

WELTRON COMPANY DURHAM, N.C. 27702

Satin sheets, of course! Ours come in a dozen vibrant colors: Silver, Gold, Blue, Black, Mint, Orange, Bronze, Olive, Red, Pink, White or Orchid acetate satin. Washable. A sleep to remember!

SHEET SETS (2 straight sheets, 2 cases)

Double set **$17.50** Queen set **$20.49**
Twin set **17.25** King set **23.99**

3 letter monogram on cases—**$2.00**

For fitted bottom sheet, add $2.00 to double or twin price; $2.50 to queen price; $3.00 to king price. Send check or m.o. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s.

SCINTILLA,© INC. 4802 N. Broadway W-11 Chicago, Ill. 60640

"All Things Exotic in Satin"

The Chance of a Lifetime

(See Page 111)

CLASSICAL MUSIC *You can listen to nifty riffs played on rebecs, shawms and krummhorns.*

which it was written, extremely eccentric, with all kinds of weird chromatic changes and odd dissonances.

And so the style of music that grew up during this period that came to be known as the Ars Nova (after de Vitry's book, as opposed to the Ars Antiqua of Leonin and Perotin) began to mature. Since the composers didn't have (or didn't want) the comfort of a large body of Gregorian melody on which to draw, and since they didn't have the structure of the Mass on which to lay their inventions, new forms had to be found. Of course, there were certain advantages to writing secular music. For one, there were all those instruments that weren't allowed in church.

Naturally, at this time no orchestras or bands existed, but instrumental ensembles were used with vocal groups. Recorders and lutes were played by nearly anybody with a musical background. The rebec, an early ancestor of the violin with a teardrop-shaped body, was used a lot and the shawm, an early oboe, and the krummhorn, a curved-bodied instrument with a double reed enclosed in a cap, began to be seen. There were also many types of drums used to accompany dancing, but brass instruments were still being used to scare people on the battlefield.

Another advantage of writing secular music was the existence of a lot of fine poetry lying around just waiting to be set to music; poetry dealing not only with love but also with boating, hunting and all the other pleasures and beauties of nature, so much of it so *emotional*. About this time, it occurred to composers that music could express, as well as cause, emotion—a notion which, belive it or not, hadn't occurred to them before—and they saw that the Ars Nova style could be a very expressive one. One trick they tried along these lines was taking two texts and setting them to music, but crafting the tunes so they fit together, thinking that the juxtaposition would result in an interesting whole. And, of course, if they were moved by genuine piety to write a religious piece, their patron usually had a chapel in which it could be performed.

Out of political turbulence and upheaval came the most accessible music of the Middle Ages, beautiful pieces with harmonies that went from wide open to close to open again, rhythms that keep the listener on edge until their final resolution, and vocal works that need no translation to help get across their emotional content. Many readers may already be familiar with one Ars Nova work, the *Ballata* by Francesco Landi that Judy Collins recorded on *Wildflowers*.

The Ars Nova period also saw the rise of instrumental music. Actual pieces were still written as vocal pieces, but one, or several, of the vocal parts could be replaced with instruments. This practice continued right up to the end of the Renaissance. Because nobody ever specified what was supposed to be playing what or who was supposed to sing what, a great deal of confusion surrounds early music. Much of the early dance music, for instance, could be sung, although today it is usually performed instrumentally.

Oddly enough, the one piece most people think of when the Ars Nova is mentioned is a sacred one, written by a composer who is considered by many to be the genius of the whole period, Guillaume de Machaut. His *Notre Dame Mass* may or may not have been written for the coronation of Charles V in 1364, but it is a work suitable for such an occasion. With its smooth, flowing, but somewhat irregular lines shifting on the four vocal planes, it reminds me of shafts of light coming through the stained glass windows in a cathedral. Sounds corny? Listen to it and see if you don't agree. The *Notre Dame Mass* is also the first one written by one composer, not counting the various organum settings of sections of the Mass by Perotin and Leonin. I guess that the Vatican must have gotten itself a new Pope by this time, because the reason it's called the *Notre Dame Mass* is that it was performed at Notre Dame Cathedral.

Machaut himself is a pretty interesting-sounding dude. He is most famous for his secular works, vocal pieces called *ballades*, *rondeaux* and *virelais*, which reflected the peak of the dying troubador tradition. Born in 1300, he managed to cram his 77 years with all kinds of activity, from being a priest to hanging out with some of Europe's most impressive royalty, serving as court composer for some of them and as a diplomat for others. He might have lived forever with those friends, but at the age of 77 he decided to become a warrior, of all things. He was killed in the midst of a battle, and with him died a good deal of the spirit of the Middle Ages.

Music was about to go into one of its periodic slumps, and when it awakened, the Renaissance had arrived. —*Ed Ward*

This is but a section of a book on classical music written by Ed Ward, a well-known rock and roll critic. Subsequent sections of the book may or may not appear in these pages, depending.

LASSALLY

MAIL

CONTESSA REPLIES

Just for starters, I'm not a countess, so your title, *The Bareback Contessa*, is invalid. I only played the role for a while when I was married to my ex-husband, the so-called "make-believe Count Igor Cassini," alias Cholly Knickerbocker, until the moment when I grew up, became a little wiser and left my pink slippers, my roses, my glove, my palaces and my ex-husband to escape with true beloved in an old red Bentley to Greece, leaving that superficial Christmas-tree world behind.

Yorgo Voyagis, the man in my life and the father of my child, is an actor like myself, a marvelous Greek of Byzantine origin, who has been making films since the age of 16. He is known to American audiences for his appearances in *Zorba the Greek* and *The Adventurers*. We met, as a matter of fact, in an Italian movie studio where we were each working in different pictures. We're living happily ever after, doing our own very special thing, in the real world of love and work.

NADIA CASSINI
Rome, Italy

QUERY

What the hell does OUI mean?

BEN HILLHOUSE
Central City, Colorado

It means "yes." It's the kind of word men and women say to one another when they agree.—Ed.

COMPLAINT

Another half-assed magazine, if you want my opinion. A few tits, a bit of ass, a flash of pubic hair here and there. It's just a tease. If you were a woman instead of a magazine, we'd know what to call you. If you're going to be erotic, why not go all the way to paydirt? Let's see it done, and let's see what's doing it. The possibility of erotic hard-core pornography is virtually untapped. Give us all or nothing at all. Anyway, you're better than *Penthouse*. I give you four issues to shape up.

LARRY THE TURTLE
Willowdale, Canada

WE WILL BURY YOU

I think you people are wrong in doing what you do. This country doesn't want another "obscene-zine." If you think you're connecting with what the younger generation wants, you're wrong again. Neither I nor my friends read *Penthouse*—we do read *Time* and *Newsweek*, so we know what your motives are in putting OUI on the stands—money, just money. Happily, neither you nor *Playboy* may be long for the newsstands, at least out here in California. On the November Presidential ballot is an initiative that could *knock you off*. It's about obscenity. If it passes, it will revise the state law which allows all sorts of junk publications (like yours) to be sold or mailed. It will eliminate the so-called "redeeming social interest" test entirely. Local authorities will be able to say again what can be sold, shown and performed. You're just a bunch of businessmen/pornographers, and pornography is as bad for people as dope!

BOB BLOCK
San Jose, California

There is another initiative on the ballot in California this November; if it passes, the death penalty will be reinstated. —Ed.

HOPPER: NON!

Listen, I don't care what Michael Goodwin or anyone says, Dennis Hopper is a bad movie director. I mean, he makes movies about making movies, and who cares? Making movies is like making anything else, like chairs. Would you want to sit in a chair built by a guy who was determined to show how weird making chairs is? Nah. People like Hopper seem to think that the audience in a movie theater is just itching to rise to its feet and scream "*Auteur, auteur!*" People just want to see a movie; they don't give a damn about who made it or what his problems are. Hawks and Hitchcock know that; where's Hopper been? Bah.

ROGER JOHNSON
New York, New York

HOPPER: OUI!

Thank goodness somebody finally wrote something decent about Dennis Hopper. He's the most original talent in movies today, and much credit should go to Michael Goodwin for recognizing that fact.

PAUL MORALES
Miami, Florida

THE CIA SYSTEM

In re your CIA pilots thing: It just goes to show that people are willing to do anything if you pay them enough money. The part that really hurts is that, one way or another, it's me and every other taxpayer that's footing the bill. As usual, there doesn't seem to be anything we can do about it. Is this the system we're supposed to work within?

JAMES EDWARD NIGHTENGALE
Cambridge, Massachusetts

ANIMAL SKINNY

Since you're interested in animals (*Brief Encounters*), I took your magazine to the zoo and asked a lot of questions—and guess what? The erect *kangaroo* penis is 14 inches long, lady kangaroos become sexually aware for 12 hours every 32 to 38 days, then there are 30 to 40 days of pregnancy, followed by another 60 days in mom's pouch before the little nipper's ready to start hopping. *Hippos* have penises that are ten to 12 inches long, they can get it on three days monthly, pregnancy is 237 days. *Zebra* penises measure 18 inches, female is sexually attractive two to seven days every three to four weeks, pregnancy is one year. *Mules* sport 21-inch penises, one inch longer than horses—but it hardly matters (in terms of baby mules), because baby mules don't come from ma and pa mule teams anyway. *Baboons* boast six- to eight-inch penises (if they could boast), lady baboons are in the mood four to nine days every 40, pregnancy is 183 days. *Lions'* penises are a mere five inches, oestral ecstasy is a possibility one week out of three, pregnancy 108 days. *Dragonflies* don't exactly have penises, they have little hook-like jiggers a quarter inch in length that guide packets of sperm toward the ovary ducts, and (while it's a whopper when they do screw) they only do it once—and it happens in the scheme of a one-to-three-year life cycle wherein the idea of "pregnancy" doesn't mean much. *Seals* got penises four inches long, mating happens only once a year—the fling lasting from a month to a month and a half—and calving occurs ten months later. *Camels* do all right with their two-foot peters, but after that statistic, everything else is so irregular in their sex lives that it's hard to say anything definite except for this: pregnancy lasts about one year. *Rhinos* have eight-inch penises, nonerect, and are so secretive about doing *their* thing for speculation, they seem to make it three days out of every 40 to 50; pregnancy is 488 days. *Galapagos tortoise* has a penis that is not only a foot long but six to seven inches across (they bang one month of the year, the eggs incubate maybe 200 days, depending on the humidity). They don't have automobiles at the zoo.

FRED FREEMAN
Chicago, Illinois

Middle-of-the-road stereo people are missing the fun of Marantz.

BLAH PEOPLE. Middle-of-the-road people who only listen to the midrange because their power amplifier DISTORTS the high and low frequencies. Because their 250 watt amplifier is really only 250 watts right in the middle. Because that's where it's measured SMACK DAB IN THE MIDDLE! So when the power drops off on either side they miss the BOOM, KA BOOM of a bass and the crisp swissshh of the wire brushes.

Now take the Marantz amplifier Model 250. Marantz says it delivers 250 watts RMS. That's 250 watts total RMS CONTINUOUS power. Over the whole powerpushin' listening range. Right through from 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz with total harmonic and intermodulation distortion at less than 0.1%! Fantastic!

Uncompromising music lover. Professional sound engineer. The Marantz 250 amplifier working in *any* system delivers continuous power at the critical EXTREME frequencies. EXTREME right. EXTREME left. EXTREME high. EXTREME low. Pure sounds. Total reality. Your kind of stereo.

Priced at $495, the Marantz 250 professional power amplifier is only one of a brilliant line of components, receivers and speakers from the makers of the world's most expensive stereo equipment. Including a $149.95 console amplifier.

Visit your Marantz dealer and listen to our line. Marantz stereo at any price is damn well worth it.

marantz.®
We sound better.

©Marantz Co., Inc., a subsidiary of Superscope, Inc., P.O. Box 99P, Sun Valley, Calif. 91352. In Europe: Marantz Int'l S.A.—Rue du Châtelain 40, Brussels, Belgium. In Canada: Electrohome, Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario. Prices and models subject to change without notice. Send for free catalog.

© Lorillard 1972

Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
For all the right reasons.
Kent.

America's quality cigarette.
King Size or Deluxe 100's.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine; 100's: 20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '72.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.